Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 21, 1945

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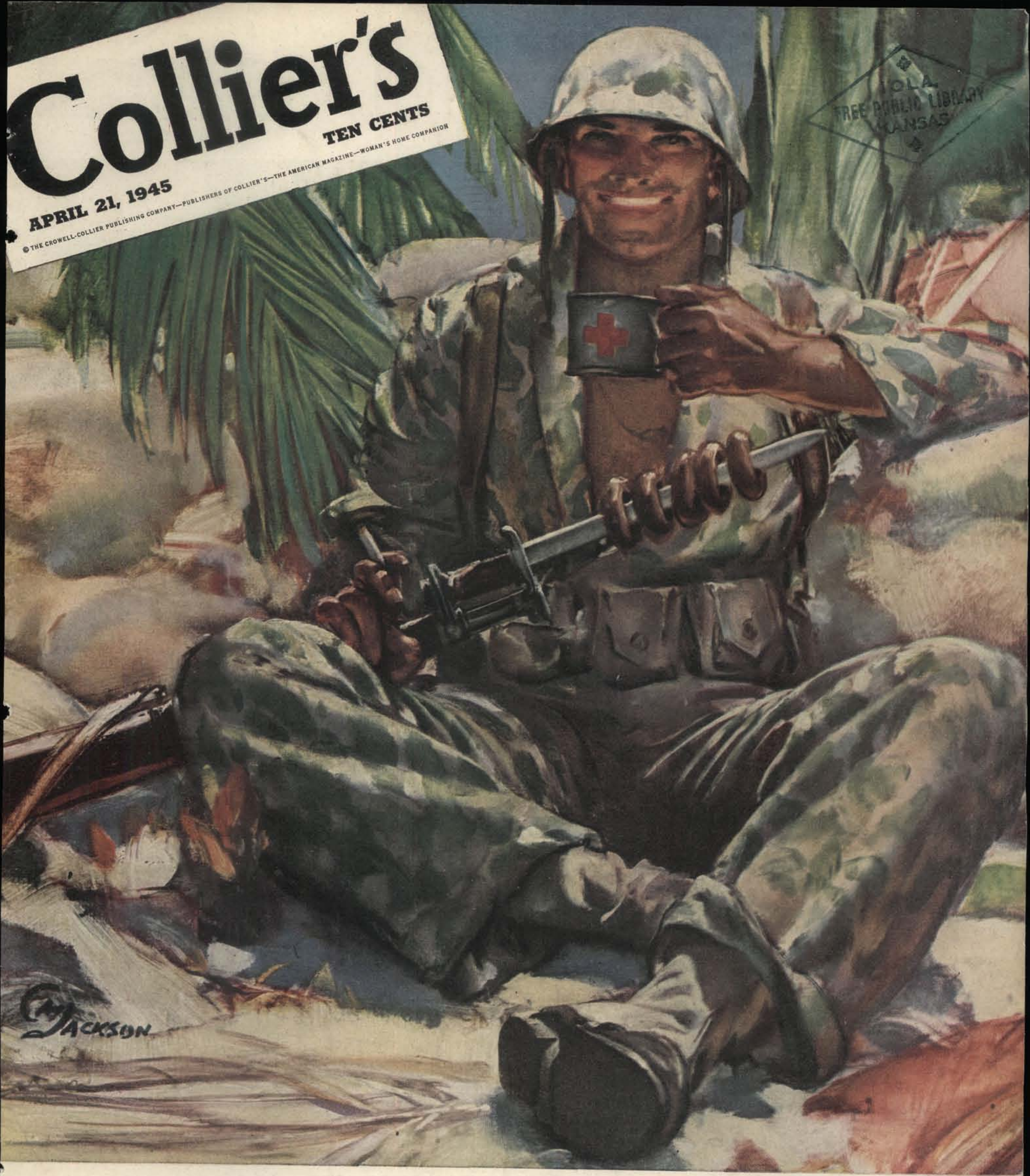

THE COST OF LASTING PEACE

By HAROLD E. STASSEN

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April-21-1945

PROTECTORS IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

SODIUM
HYPOCHLORITE

Disinfected, deodorized, before you can say sodium hypochlorite! Seems there's an almost endless list of things this cleanser-disinfectant is good for—from use in laundering pups (as John Lardner's children are, here) to sweetening dental plates. Commonest uses: in cleansing refrigerators, woodwork or linoleum, removing stains, bleaching clothes. But read the label! You'll find dozens of ways sodium hypochlorite can protect your family's health, save time, work. Whatever trade-named variety you prefer, if you're intelligently lazy, you keep one of the neat brown bottles within easy reach, upstairs *and* down.

Mrs. John Lardner's furniture can take it! "I spread wax and polish on floors and furniture with a lavish hand," says the wife of the war correspondent and columnist. "It's amazing how frequent coatings protect surfaces against wear and tear." Her youngsters can dish out wear and tear, too—not being exactly the mopey type (as you may gather from the picture of pianist John, above).

"Gunning for moths, ants, flies is young Susan's department," says Mrs. Lardner, who buys insect spray thriftily in large bottles. "I had *one* experience with moths—then I got smart!" So blankets, drapes, winter clothes (when Susan can be parted from her "dress-up") are shaken, brushed, sunned and moth-closeted in a protective cloud of spray.

INSECT
SPRAY
SODIUM
WAX
Polish

"Goodness, how my second char-closet saves steps," Mrs. Lardner says. Why tote cleaners? Put up a rack for a duplicate set on a closet door! Glass bottles let you see when to re-order, are easy to open, close, pour from, wipe clean.

Liquid
WAX
Duraglas

Economical, truthful glass containers look so attractive we're apt to forget that they are made mostly of sand—one of nature's most abundant materials. This, plus the uncanny speed and skill of today's modern glass-making techniques, makes possible the low cost of these protective, convenient, modern containers.

Enjoy Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians Thursdays, Coast to Coast, Blue Network—EWT 10 PM, CWT 9 PM, MWT 8 PM, PWT 7 PM.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . TOLEDO, OHIO
—makers of containers that give a "lift to living."

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

"I can't *believe* it, Unk—

brushing your teeth without massaging your gums!"

UNK: Hey, Spike—quit heckling me! Gums! Why all the excitement about my *gums?*

SPIKE: Don't let my teacher hear you say that, Uncle Joe. We're taught in dental hygiene that gums need massage every day just as much as teeth need brushing.

UNK: Then you're 'way ahead of *my* school days. Okay, Professor, *why* do gums need this massage?

SPIKE: Now, Unk—didn't *anyone* ever tell you it's important to massage your gums regularly with Ipana? We eat so many soft foods, you see—the kind that let gums get tender and — Hey! How about *your* tooth brush? Ever spot any "pink" on it?

UNK: I'm not saying, Professor. But just suppose I *did*... what then?

SPIKE: Oh-ho, Unk, so that's it! Well, here's the lesson for today: *See your dentist right away!*

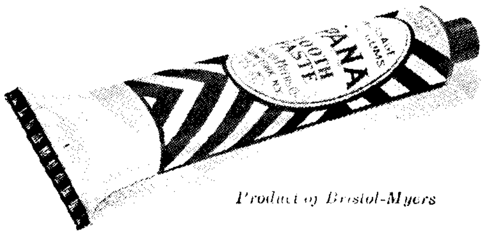
ALL OVER America today, thousands of teachers explain the value of regular gum massage to healthy, sparkling teeth.

Furthermore: a national survey shows that 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and protect your teeth.

If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," heed the warning it flashes from your gums. *See your dentist fast.* As dentists so often do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to increase circulation in the gums, help keep them firmer, sounder.

Easy to see why more than twice as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice, according to a nation-wide survey. So remember...



Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!

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IT IS THE BEST!

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RCA Victor

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FOR APRIL 21, 1945

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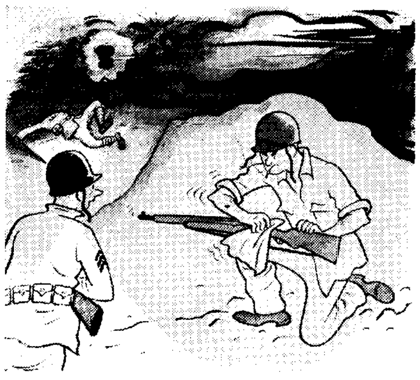
COVER By *E. M. JACKSON*

any week

OUT of Iwo comes a thing having to do with a sergeant who was told to find out why Murphy, an ex-Chicago gunman, was firing so slowly. The sergeant investigated and reported back that the delay between shots was due to the fact that, after killing a Jap, Private Murphy carefully wiped his fingerprints off his rifle.



WHERE he gets them we don't know, but Jim Marshall, our California colleague, asks us if we'd heard about the postwar sign for the Pentagon Building: "Washington Slept Here." We've spent considerable time trying to get in and out of that edifice, and how anybody manages to sleep there amidst the palpable confusion is beyond us. But perhaps we're being too critical of both Washington and Mr. Marshall, who reports further that "on Sunset Boulevard, in Los Angeles, there's Sven Olsen's Little Aloha Chili and Steamed Clam Hacienda."

IF YOU have a moment to read something with significance, here's a letter from Mr. Jacob Stone, "Archaeologist" of West Vancouver, British Columbia. It was mailed March 2d, arriving here March 6th. "According," Mr. Stone writes, "to the Bergsonian philosophy, the future cannot be foreseen because now it is nothing at all and is yet to be created. Disregarding this opinion and the belief, promulgated by our leading military experts, that the Germans will prolong the war by contesting every street, while the Japs fight on for the next two years or more, I should like to make the following very startling suggestions: Firstly, that the war will come to a dramatic double finish on the 23d of the current month of March. Secondly, that before the exaltation has subsided, a hellish anticlimax will develop which will plunge the world into war once again. This extension of the conflict, I suggest, will start on the summer solstice, June 21, 1945, and, after lasting 306 days, will end April 23, 1946. Truly awful, but don't blame me. This is but an excerpt from a message written over 5,000 years ago by guys who had never met Bergson."

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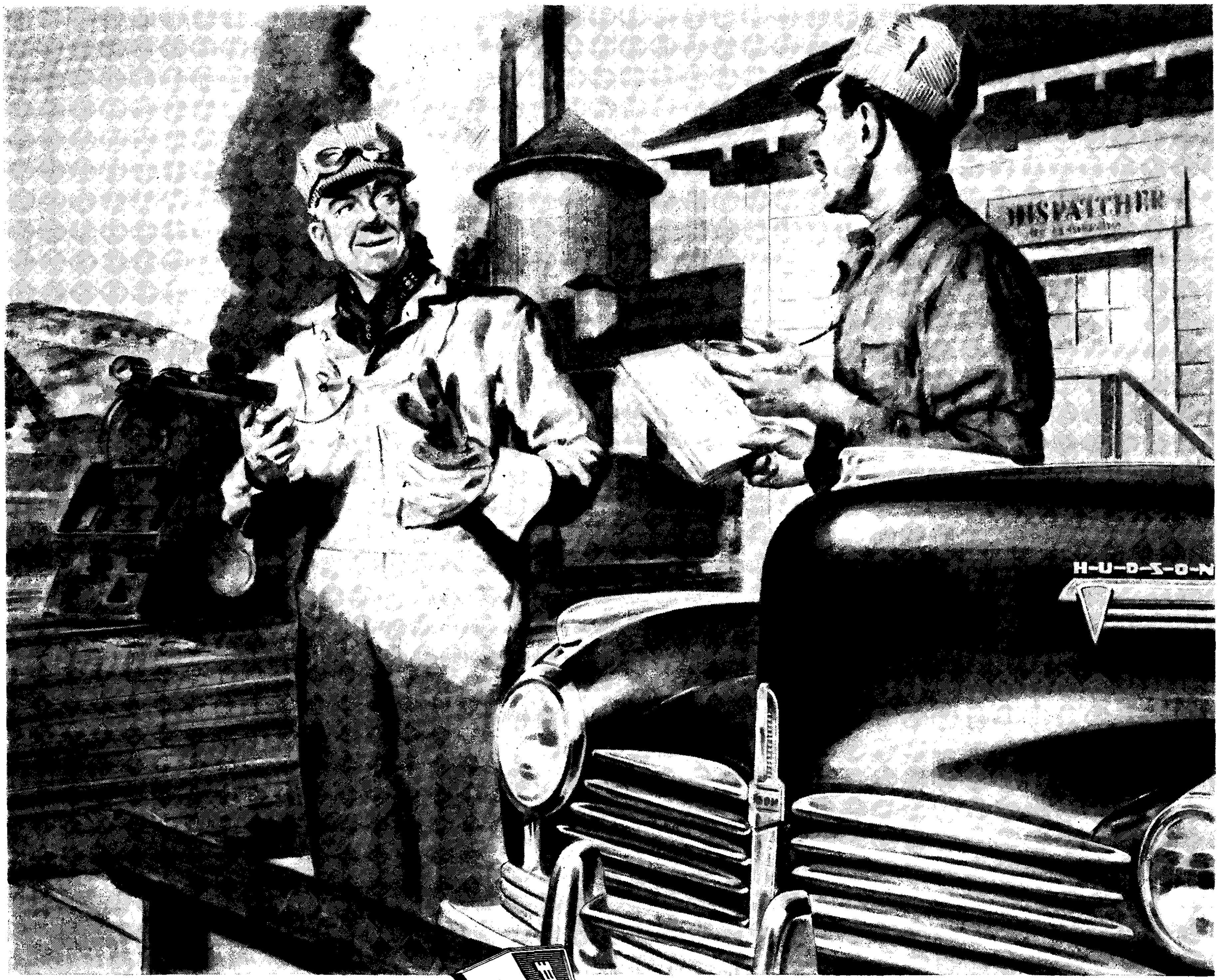
"You and Number 6... always on time, Bill!"

HUDSON pays tribute to American railroads, and the vast army of railway workers who have accomplished a wartime transportation miracle.

They have moved loads that stagger the imagination. They have met "impossible" schedules. Their equipment has stood up under punishment never matched in history.

We are proud that veteran Hudson cars have also played an important part in the wartime marathon — helping workers not only in railroads, but in all essential home-front activities.

They have traveled billions of miles since Pearl Harbor—setting an enviable record for reliability, endurance and economy, and constantly winning new friends for Hudson. We are confident that when fine cars can be built again, more motorists will look to Hudson—one of the eight oldest names in the industry—for their personal transportation.



Buy War Bonds . . . and Keep Them

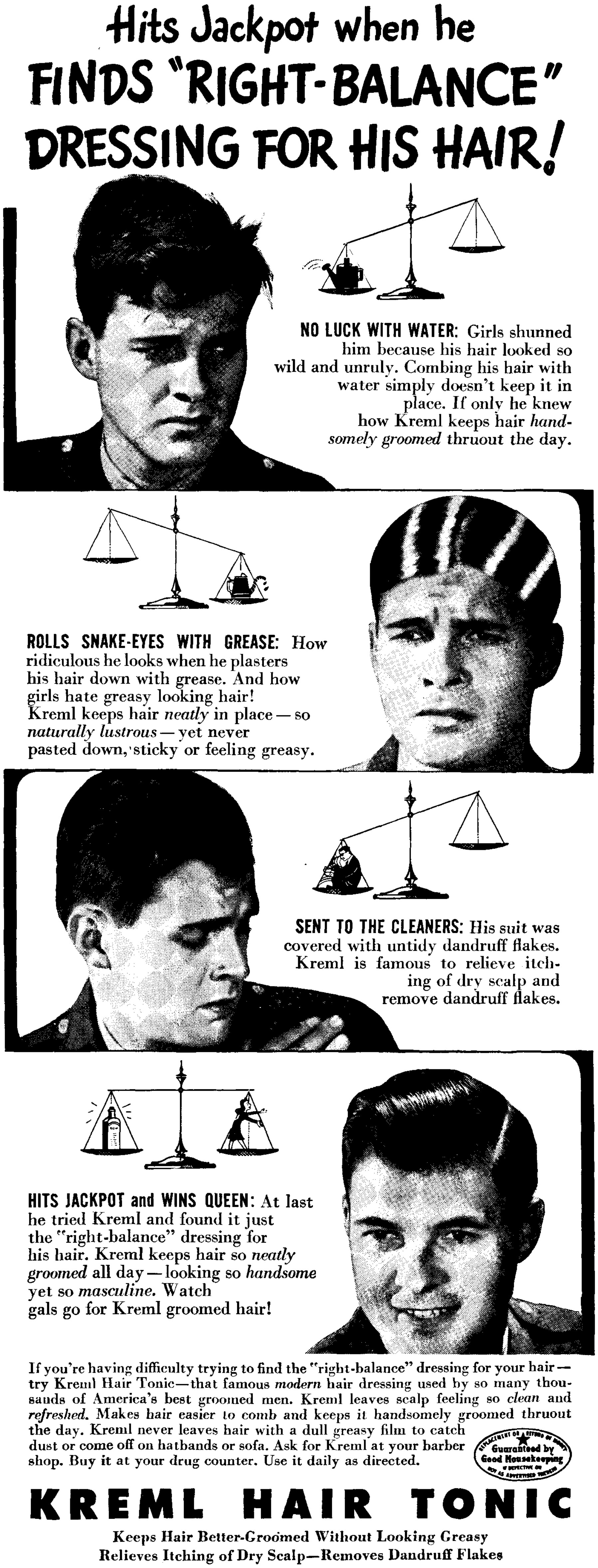
The Hudson Triangle, long an identifying mark of Hudson motor cars, has come to be respected as a symbol of progressive engineering and painstaking craftsmanship . . . qualities that have been further emphasized in Hudson's performance of important and exacting war assignments. When cars can be built again, this emblem will identify outstanding Hudsons from the combined war and peacetime experience of this veteran organization.

HUDSON

MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

35 Years of Precision Manufacture

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION


Hits Jackpot when he FINDS "RIGHT-BALANCE" DRESSING FOR HIS HAIR!

NO LUCK WITH WATER: Girls shunned him because his hair looked so wild and unruly. Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. If only he knew how Kreml keeps hair *handsomely groomed* thruout the day.

ROLLS SNAKE-EYES WITH GREASE: How ridiculous he looks when he plasters his hair down with grease. And how girls hate greasy looking hair! Kreml keeps hair *neatly* in place — so *naturally lustrous* — yet never pasted down, sticky or feeling greasy.

SENT TO THE CLEANERS: His suit was covered with untidy dandruff flakes. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.

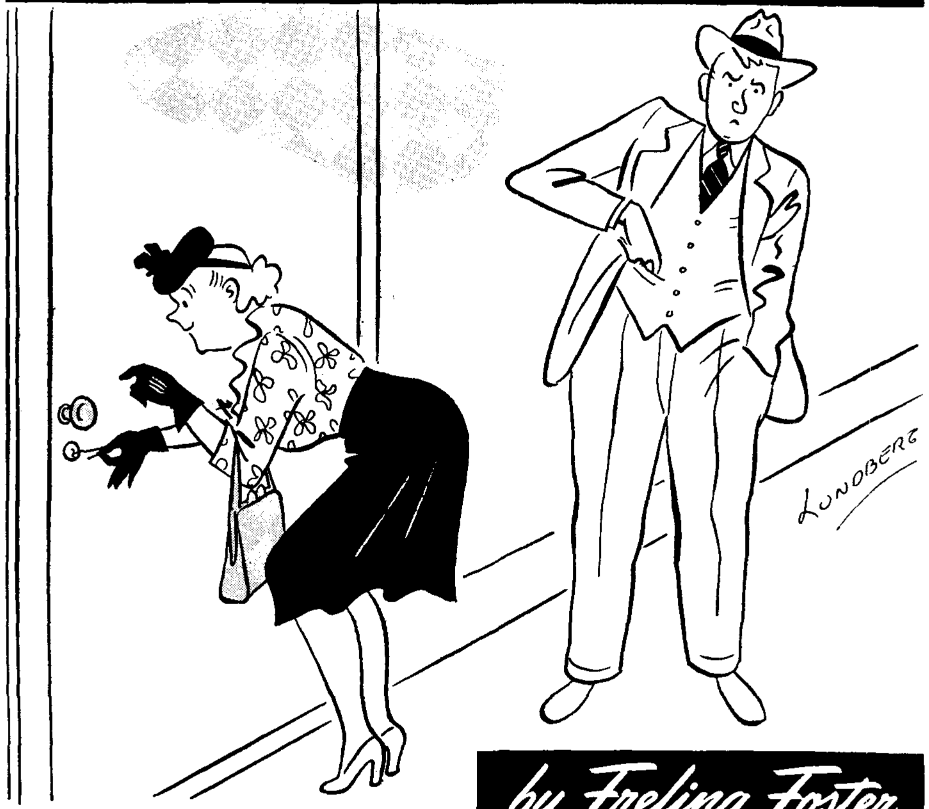
HITS JACKPOT and WINS QUEEN: At last he tried Kreml and found it just the "right-balance" dressing for his hair. Kreml keeps hair so *neatly groomed* all day — looking so *handsome* yet so *masculine.* Watch gals go for Kreml groomed hair!

If you're having difficulty trying to find the "right-balance" dressing for your hair — try Kreml Hair Tonic—that famous *modern* hair dressing used by so many thousands of America's best groomed men. Kreml leaves scalp feeling so *clean* and *refreshed.* Makes hair easier to comb and keeps it handsomely groomed thruout the day. Kreml never leaves hair with a dull greasy film to catch dust or come off on hatbands or sofa. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy it at your drug counter. Use it daily as directed.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

Keep up with the world



by Freling Foster

Any key-operated lock on the market today can be picked in a matter of minutes by several American experts.

No book ever caused more commotion in this country than The Impending Crisis of the South, written and published in 1857 by Hinton Rowan Helper, a native of North Carolina. As it was not only a vitriolic attack on the South for owning slaves, but also one written by a Southerner, the sale and possession of the book was prohibited by law in every state in the South. Owing to the notoriety that attended the hanging of three men and the beating of scores of others for owning copies, it passed through more than 100 editions within two years.

Probably no country equals the United States in the number of towns having peculiar names. For example, among the hundreds are: Battiest, Okla,; Dames Quarter, Md.; Frostproof, Fla.; Nine Times, S. C.; Smoky Ordinary, Va.; and Whoopflarea, Ky.

Nazi military men who have committed atrocities, and whose names, therefore, probably appear on the Allied lists of war criminals, are now being "killed in action" by their government on a wholesale scale. After their alleged death has been officially recorded and their next of kin notified that they are dead, they are given new identification papers bearing a fictitious name and then transferred to another unit.—*By Arejas Vitkauskas, Jersey City, N. J.*

In imitating their Western sisters, Japanese women sometimes undergo an operation which removes the Oriental appearance of their eyes.

As the ionization of the upper atmosphere by sunlight makes it somewhat magnetic, the north end of a compass needle turns slightly to the east in the morning and then slightly to the west in the evening, and does not return to normal until about midnight.

Men and materials dropped from a warplane require about three square feet of parachute canopy for each pound of their weight. . . . Many kinds of aquatic creatures, such as fish, clams, oysters, shrimps, crabs and lobsters, grow in size as long as they live.

The flame throwers used by American soldiers were recently made more deadly and safer to operate by the adoption of a jellied gasoline, which is prepared on the battlefield by stirring a powder into ordinary motor fuel. As this jelly produces a cohesive stream of fire instead of a billowing flame, it not only sticks to and ignites anything that will burn, but it can be shot through small openings, such as the narrow slits of tanks and pillboxes, at a distance of 60 yards.

The Glory of the Sea is the finest and rarest of all sea shells. Less than 25 specimens are known to exist, and all were found more than a century ago.

When the Department of Chinese at Columbia University was endowed by General Horace Carpentier in 1901, he named the benefaction after his Chinese valet, Dean Lung. So the Dean Lung Chair became and has remained the only chair of learning in the world founded in the name of a servant.

In the first World War, a spy in London used a method of sending his messages to Germany that deceived the British censors for two years. He got a job in the pressroom of an old and respectable magazine whose masthead, a drawing of a swarm of bees around a hive, was so familiar that apparently no one had looked at it for a long time. So the spy used it to convey his code messages by rearranging the bees in a new drawing every week. Finally, he gave himself away by adding several extra bees in India ink on the one copy he mailed to Switzerland, and they were so prominent that a censor spotted them at once.

Latest aircraft instrument is an automatic navigator that constantly shows the latitude and longitude of a plane in flight. . . . A new and remarkable chemical, while harmless to grass, rids lawns and fairways of dandelions, plantain and other weeds.

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FM Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

DOROTHY LAMOUR starring in **A MEDAL FOR BENNY,** a Paramount Picture.

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

Listen—it's Dorothy Lamour *herself* in natural color on FM radio

DOROTHY LAMOUR! . . . A beloved voice floating on velvety silence . . . A song so *clear*, so *warm*, so breathlessly *real* that suddenly you realize something truly revolutionary has taken place.

This is Lamour on General Electric FM — the radio with "natural color" tone . . . brilliantly new, and entirely different from conventional radio! For conventional radio — radio in "black-and-white" — misses more than half the range of tones you ought to hear.

FM (Frequency Modulation) brings you, for the first time in radio, all the gorgeous, resonant beauty of the voice — because you hear those thrilling and delicate *overtones* that give to each voice its own inimitable richness and glowing charm.

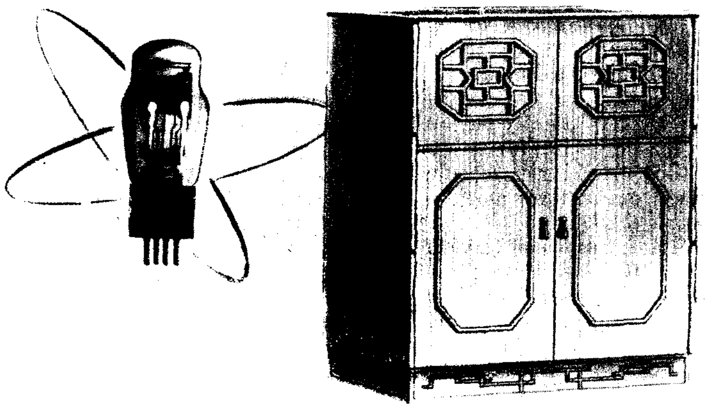
This is General Electric FM "natural color" radio. It is radio that reaches new heights of tonal fidelity, with static, fading and station interference reduced to the vanishing point. It is the kind of radio you will want to own after Victory.

Quality Finer Than Ever Before

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public . . . operates its own FM broadcast station . . . and is the only manufacturer to build FM complete . . . from station equipment to the radio for your home. This unmatched experience in Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will have all that's best in radio.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews an entirely new kind of radio that reduces static to the vanishing point . . . Radio-phonographs that reveal music on your records you have never heard before . . . Self-charging portables that eliminate expense of frequent battery replacements . . . Latest advances in television . . . No matter which General Electric model you prefer, its G-E monogram will stand for the highest quality in tone, style, performance . . . all at popular prices. For your free copy of "Your Coming Radio," mail a postcard to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

***Hear the G-E radio programs:** "The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.*



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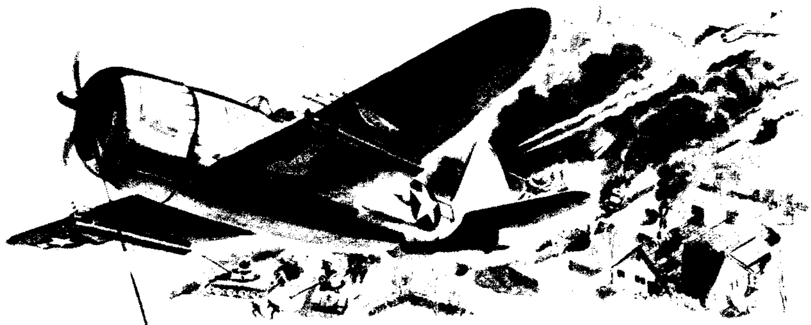
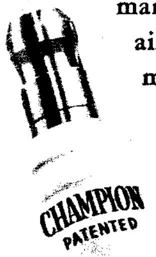


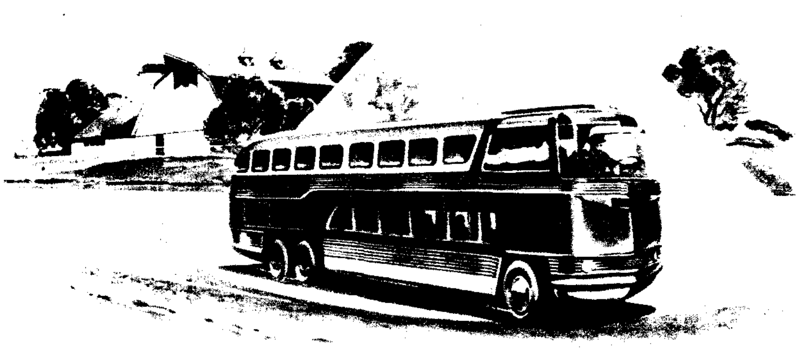
CHAMPION . . THE AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG WITH AIRCRAFT PRESTIGE

Champion Spark Plugs have always enjoyed the reputation for better performance, now vastly enriched by prestige gained in the services of our air forces. In the most powerful, fastest combat planes Champion-Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs have distinguished themselves to an exceptional degree by providing extra dependability, efficiency and long life, under the most gruelling operating conditions.

Today the Champion Spark Plugs for your car are blood brothers to those used by our air forces. They embody all the same structural and operative superiorities, the same basic materials and precision manufacturing which distinguish the aircraft types. Naturally these automotive Champions will insure an extra measure of performance and dependability in your present car. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



Buy More and More War Bonds Until the Day of Victory



DEPENDABLE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S.A.A.F.

The ATC is getting used to strange cargo. Men of the First Air Commando Group in India are shown unloading fuselage of a helicopter from a plane

IN OPERATING the world's greatest air-transportation system, the Army Air Forces Air Transport Command has carried some strange cargo. The ashes of a Russian diplomat, Eskimo huskies, a dead Chinese, warm beer, high and low officers of the German and Jap armies, and pigs, are a few of the items that have been flown to and from remote corners of the globe as air cargo.

Above Siberia one afternoon in February of this year, an ATC Douglas C-47 droned toward Europe on another mission to Moscow. Soviet Ambassador and Mrs. Constantin Oumansky had been killed in a plane crash near Mexico City along with three secretaries of the Soviet embassy there. During the Big Three conference a few weeks later, President Roosevelt offered Marshal Stalin an American military airplane to bear the ashes of the ambassador, his wife and the attachés to their proper resting place in Moscow. Marshal Stalin accepted, and the Air Transport Command set up the mission.

On the morning of February 13th, a C-47 waited at Hamilton Field, California, for the arrival of a Mexican air force plane bearing the five urns. Its cargo aboard, the C-47 flew to Alaska, where the urns were turned over to Russian airmen who took them on home to Moscow.

Flights like this do much for the friendship between the peoples of America and Russia, but no such special treatment is accorded the remains of high-ranking Americans whose lives are lost on foreign soil. When suggestions were made that the bodies of Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair and Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., be flown back to the States from France, the ATC demurred and was backed up by the War Department. There was sound reasoning behind this turndown, however. Thousands of young Americans must lie in foreign earth until the war is over, and no exception is made, up to and including generals.

PERHAPS the strangest cargo ATC has carried was a shipment of 125 dogs across the North Atlantic. Right at the time when a Senate investigating committee was getting ready to ask about the "A" priority put on Elliott Roosevelt's mastiff, Blaze, for an air voyage to Hollywood, ATC was secretly making flying kennels out of three Douglas four-engined C-54s.

At Presque Isle, Maine, Lieutenant Colonel Norman Vaughan of Hamilton, Massachusetts, remembered for his exploits with dogs on the Byrd expeditions, had prepared twenty dog teams for action. Primarily the dogs were to be used in some forbidden reach of Baffin Land or Greenland to rescue downed airmen. With the swelling of the German bulge on the Western front, Colonel Vaughan read between the headlines and saw the job his huskies could do in evacuating wounded Yanks from the snow-covered battlefields. He told his plan to the Surgeon General in Washington, and thirty-six hours later, the hardy, well-trained pooches, with full equipment, were sniffing the air above the Atlantic, off to war in France.

On another occasion, in Casablanca, a plane manifest listed an assortment of high-priority cargo and one dead Chinese. He had passed away on the road to Morocco, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek asked the White House to return him to Chungking by air. It was done.

Other ATC planes have roared to the Canal Zone, loaded to the ailerons with cartons of toilet tissue and garbage cans, when a famine in those two housekeeping commodities loomed in that area. And when the Japs pasted Dutch Harbor, back in 1942, the dead lay unburied in that little Alaskan village until ATC could fly caskets up from the States.

THE lads who fly the treacherous Hump on the India-China route didn't take long to recognize the refrigeration possibilities of their high-altitude flying. Their chief social problem was cooling beer, so it was a simple procedure to load a case or two in an unheated baggage compartment of a C-54 and let it chill in the rare atmosphere above the Himalayas. When ATC's brass hats caught up with the flying icehouses, the practice was stopped, and the space occupied by beer was taken up by more sorely needed supplies.

Biggest of all shows is the occasional arrival at some American Port of Aerial Embarkation of Nazi officers. Men ranking as high as colonel general in the German army have ridden bucket seats across the Atlantic. One load had probably more military rank than has ever been collected in one airplane before. Twelve Nazi generals were on the passenger list. They stepped out in smart, brisk fashion. Each carried a beautiful powder-blue cape, wore an Iron Cross, was freshly shaven. Boots looked like black mirrors, and spurs glistened in the sun. An ATC colonel met them and was amazed to hear each address him in impeccable English.

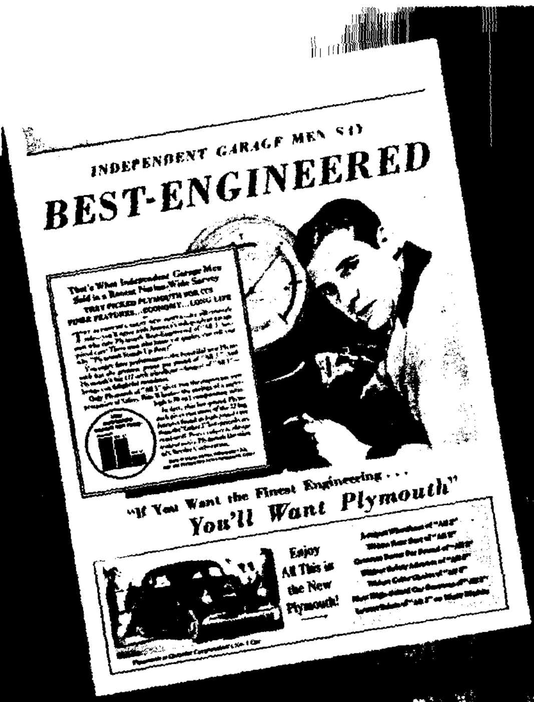
Suddenly the Hitlerites clicked their heels and saluted the colonel—not the Nazi raised hand, but the G.I. hand-to-the-right-eye salute. It startled the colonel who commented later, "That's the first and last time I'll ever be saluted by twelve generals."

A contrast in prisoner arrivals concerned a Japanese officer. The coded message that alerted the Port of Aerial Embarkation indicated that a few extra guards at the field might come in handy. ATC wasn't taking any chances. Soldiers with tommy guns and tear-gas grenades were posted around the taxi strip. The port officers stuffed extra

(Continued on page 68)

"BEST-ENGINEERED"

said independent garage men back in 1941



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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 21, 1945

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IFOR THOMAS

THE COST OF LASTING PEACE

By Harold E. Stassen

EVERYONE knows the price of war. We know that it takes the lives of thousands in battle and maims in body and mind millions of others. We know that the dislocations, the separations, the congestion, the emotional stresses and strains, have an impact upon our entire people, the detrimental extent of which only time will tell. We know that in many of the countries of the world, directly hit by the full force of war, the homes and entire productive ability and equipment of millions of people are destroyed. We know that in the wake of war come disease and famine and pestilence, and the sad plight of a generation of undernourished, fear-stricken children.

Harold E. Stassen was elected governor of Minnesota in 1938 at the age of 31, the youngest governor in the U.S. In 1943 he resigned to join the Navy and rose to the rank of commander. While overseas, he was made a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. He will be a delegate to the United Nations Conference opening next week in San Francisco. Opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and are not to be construed as reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large

We know all these things are the price of war and seek earnestly to avoid its recurrence. We say we hate war. We say we love peace. Yet somehow we shrink from paying the price for peace. Somehow we even hesitate to discuss in plain language what it will cost to maintain peace—a just and lasting peace—in the world.

I believe that it is high time to talk frankly and directly about the cost of peace. I believe it is time that it is said directly that there is no such thing as a cheap peace, or a peace of small price.

What are some of the things that we must pay to obtain a lasting peace after the United Nations win this war?

First of all, we must give up the extreme narrow, out-of-date principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty. I know well that the mere mention of this causes some political orators to grab a microphone, take a bombastic pose, and ask, "Will you pull down the Stars and Stripes? Will you permit Hottentots to tell the free people of America what to do? Will you have these United States of America bow down before foreign rulers?"

Let us hold on to our seats while this wave of false, unfounded, emotional oratory takes place, and then proceed, as intelligent men and women, to analyze what this principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty means, on the one hand, and what we think are the true principles that should guide our conduct, on the other.

The extreme principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty is the principle that each nation is a law unto itself, that it can do in world affairs absolutely what it pleases, that it does not need to pay any attention to the effect of its actions upon other nations. It springs from the old theory of the divine right of kings, that notion of centuries ago that kings could do no wrong, that their power came directly from God, and that neither the people nor the laws could have any control over them.

The Penalty of Isolation

The absolute right of kings has long since been limited by recognition of the basic rights of man, but nations have clung to the absolute nationalistic-sovereignty doctrine which sprang from this background; they have not recognized the change that took place, and they have paid a tragic price for the resulting limitation of world co-operation.

As I stated in my March 7, 1945, address at the University of Minnesota, I believe one of the seven cardinal points of America's world policy should be: "That we do not subscribe to the extreme view of nationalistic sovereignty; that we realize that neither this nation nor any other nation can be a law unto itself in the modern world; that we are willing to delegate a limited portion of our national sovereignty to our United Nations organization, so that it may be effective in the tasks we expect it to accomplish. That we hold that true sovereignty rests in the people, and that there is and must be a law of humanity above and beyond the narrow rule of nationalistic absolute sovereignty. That man is in truth and in fact endowed, not by his nation, but by his Creator with certain inalienable rights."

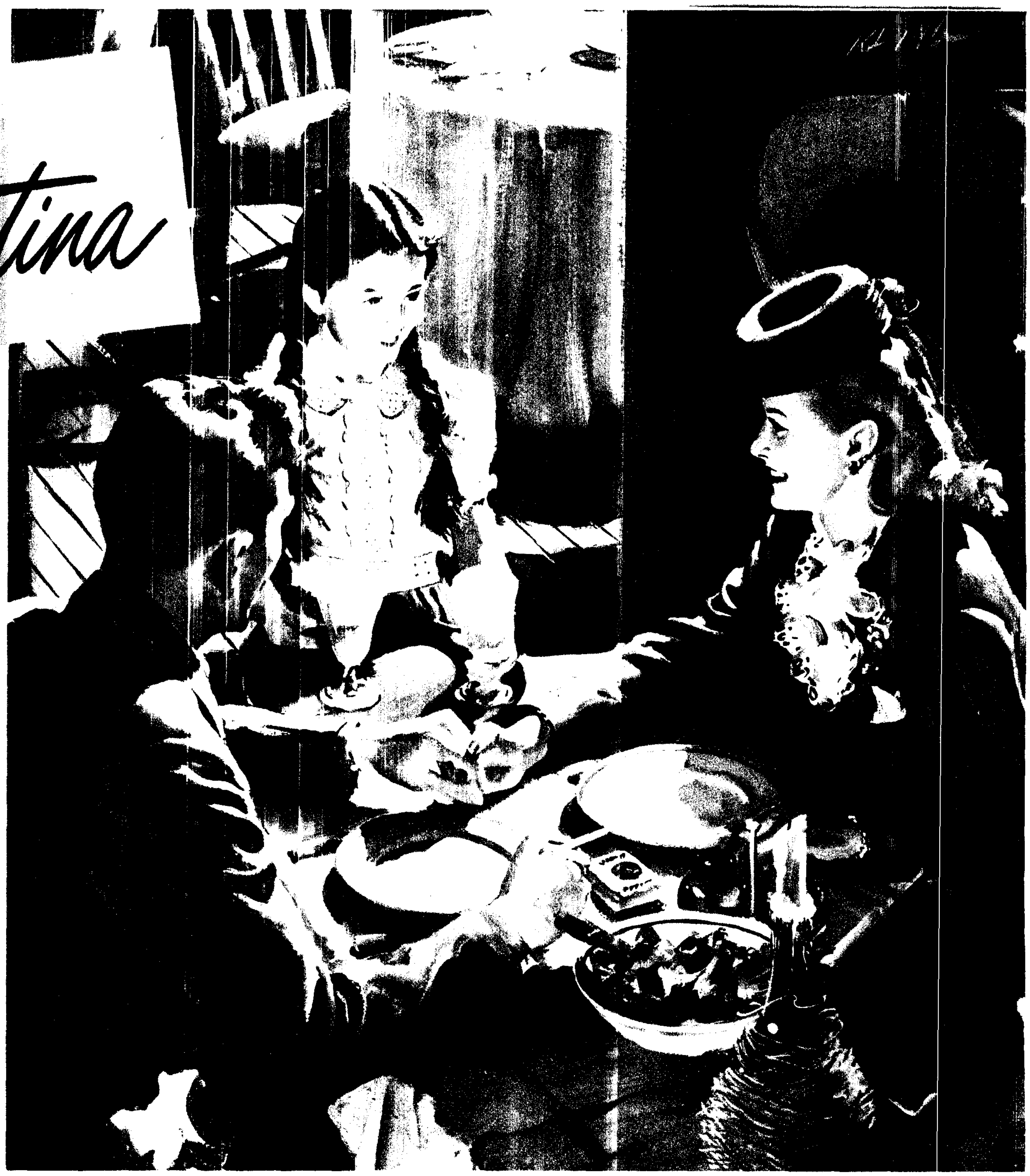
Far from being contrary to the basic concepts of government written into our American Constitution, this concept springs from the enduring principles and underlying philosophy of our founding fathers and applies them to the world of today. It must be the American view that true sovereignty rests with the people and that the people shall say how and where their power is to be used for their own future peace and progress. The people will say that just as each individual man and woman must limit his own actions so that he does not injure his neighbor, must obey the laws and respect the courts—so each nation must so limit its action that it does not injure its neighbors, and must respect and assist in developing laws and courts that are above the nation and draw their power from the people.

Before going further, however, let me point out that the Dumbarton Oaks proposal for the development of a United Nations Charter does not contemplate the changing of this principle of nationalistic sovereignty. I am in favor of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals as a beginning of postwar world co-operation.

(Continued on page 76)

Clementina

BY EDWIN LANHAM



The kid didn't look like a cupid, certainly she didn't act like a cupid, maybe she wasn't Cupid. You'll have to decide

IT WAS a rainy night when we first went to Salvatore's Pizzeria. We had known each other only three days then and it was our first date together. Probably there would have been a sentimental attachment for the restaurant because of that, even if it had not been for Clementina, a solemn child of nine then, and as plain as pigtails.

I understood Clementina when I learned what a tip meant to her. From her earliest memory she must have heard her father talking of tips. They were recognized as an item of family income. They were earned; they were worked for. In a child whose father was not in a business where tips were part of income, Clementina's attitude might have been mercenary; in Clementina it was essentially practical. As she sat on her small stool behind the bar, Clementina was in business, and expected payment.

When we turned in out of the rain that night, she was sitting on her stool, a sallow child with stringy pigtails and an unattractive dress—black for her mother—and of a sack-like cut, with ruffles at the shoulders. But there was something about Clementina. If you studied her features and saw how large the brown eyes were and how regular the nose and the full contours of the lips, you knew that she would grow into a beauty, one of these days.

We took a table in a booth. The one waiter was busy and, after we had waited for a time, Clementina came to take our order. She stood beside us, silent but watchful.

I looked at her sober brown eyes and said, "You're a little young for a waitress."

"I ain't a waitress," Clementina said. "My pop owns this restaurant."

"So you're Salvatore's daughter?"

"We got a waiter," Clementina said. "That's him. He's busy."

The waiter glanced at us over his shoulder as he went by, and I noticed an odd expression which I later came to know as indignation. I did not know then that Clementina was working for his tip.

We ordered pizzas and the child asked, "You want something to drink? Glass of beer?"

"Yes," I said. "All right."

"I'll get it," she said, and went behind the bar.

The waiter, Mario, hurried past again and even then I saw how Clementina had chosen her time. Mario had a full tray in his hands and one of the customers was calling for his check. There was really too much for one waiter to do.

Mario paused long enough to mumble, "You decided yet?"

"The little girl took our order," I said.

"Maybe you want a glassa wine, then?"

"She's getting us some beer," I said.

"Okay," Mario said, and walked away.

I watched Clementina's small brown hand jerk down the lever, the dark eyes appraising the flow of beer. She snapped the lever up, ladled the foam, and brought the beers to our table, walking carefully, with the tray held on a level with her eyes.

Salvatore was behind the bar, proudly watching her. He was thin and as sallow as Clementina, and his big black mustaches flourished as if they had drawn all the sap from his body.

"It's an odd way to bring up a child," Ellen remarked, as we were eating our pizzas. "Teaching her to tend bar."

"Why not?" I said. "She'll learn about life. And you can tell from those big eyes that she doesn't miss much."

PROBABLY neither of us would have paid much attention to Clementina if we hadn't disagreed, but, as it was, we found ourselves arguing about it.

Certainly it was against the law, Ellen said, for a child to serve beer. And, anyway, shouldn't she be doing her homework? Shouldn't she be getting ready for bed?

She'd learn more behind the bar, I said, than she'd ever learn in school. I was surprised, I told Ellen, to find her such a moralist. All at once our faces were flushed and our voices sharp and we had forgotten the pizzas.

Then Clementina was at our table, saying in her low, serious voice, "What's the matter? You don't like the pizza?"

"Yes, it's fine," I said, and Ellen looked down at her plate.

"You should eat it while it's hot," Clementina said.

Salvatore came over, too, with a look of concern, and dropped his hand on Clementina's shoulder. "Everything okay?" he asked. "She don't make a mistake, Clementina?"

"No, everything is fine," I said. "She's a good waitress."

Salvatore chuckled. "This is my partner, Tina," he said. "I do the work, she's make the money. Tina, how much you got in the bank now?"

The girl looked up at her father from her cautious brown eyes, then turned and walked away.

Salvatore grinned at us. "Tina, she don't say nothin'," he said proudly. "Some day she's own this restaurant, and I got to ask her for a job. You watch."

When he had gone, I said to Ellen, "You can see how he dotes on her. What possible harm is there if she draws a beer now and then?"

"We've been all through that," Ellen said. "Look, do you really want to discuss it any more?"

"No," I said, and called for the check.

Mario brought it and after he had given me the change and I had tipped him, I said to Ellen, "Wait a minute. Let's see what happens."

> **Clementina brought our beers and then looked at both of us. "When are you two going to get married?" she said. My first thought was that I should spank her, but then I looked at Ellen, and whispered, "That makes sense. Will you?"**

We watched Mario walk slowly to the bar, the most flat-footed waiter in the world. Then I saw Clementina get up from her stool, the top of her head and her pigtails showing above the bar.

Mario had the tip in his palm and I saw his fingers open slowly. The three coins dropped on the bar in front of him—two dimes and a nickel. Salvatore discovered a wet spot at the opposite end of the bar and hurried over to wipe it.

Mario and Clementina were both looking at the coins. I saw Mario's forefinger push one of them across the bar—the nickel—and I saw Clementina gazing at it. Then the stubby finger pushed the two dimes toward her, one by one. All three coins were near the edge of the bar now, in front of Clementina.

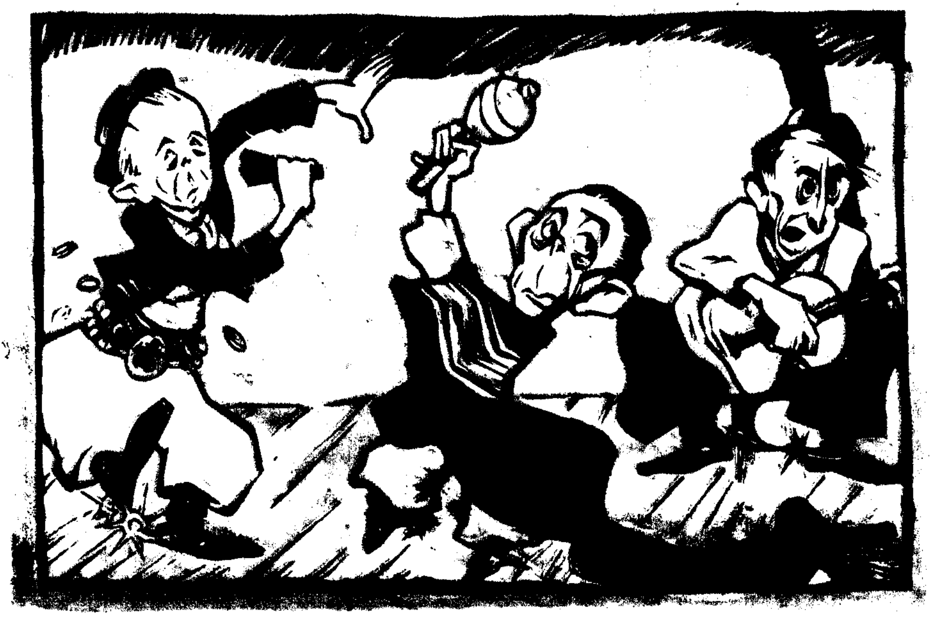
Almost furtively the small brown hand came up over the top of the bar, hesitated an instant, then took one of the dimes.

"Okay," Mario said. "Okay, Tina." He walked away, leaving the fifteen cents on the bar. When we left the restaurant, the coins were still there.

When I said good night to Ellen in the lobby of her apartment building, there was

(Continued on page 61)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Nazi leaders Von Ribbentrop, Goebbels and Thyssen, using the hoards they have stolen and cached away, would like to call the tune to which Argentina dances

NAZI NEST EGGS IN ARGENTINA

BY STANLEY ROSS

Nazi war criminals and cartels have switched their resources to Argentina and are ready to resume operations as soon as the war ends. Their plans include conquest of the Western Hemisphere within the next couple of decades

ONE dark night eighteen months ago, a German submarine rose quietly to the surface off the Argentine coast near Mar del Plata. Near by, a tugboat of the Axis-owned Delfino Line of Buenos Aires was standing by for the transfer of forty big boxes and the person of Willie Koehn, chief of the Latin-American section of the German foreign office.

While Koehn conferred with German diplomats, spies and Argentine collaborators, the U-boat lurked offshore to take him back to Germany. But the boxes, bulging with millions of dollars in war-looted securities, bullion and valuables, remained in Argentina to be held in safekeeping for Hermann Goering, Joseph Goebbels, Joachim von Ribbentrop and other Nazi leaders.

This loot was only a tiny part of the great exodus of Nazi capital that began several years ago as a hedge against German defeat. Now, the flow of escaping German wealth has increased to a frantic flood, for while we are trying to tear Nazism out by the roots in Europe, Germany's real war criminals are trying to replant it in our own back yard. For the giant cartels which created the Nazi war machine have been planning to be ready for business in new headquarters in Buenos Aires despite the loss of Berlin.

German cartel capital and the private fortunes of the Nazi leaders are reaching Buenos Aires, Panama and New York through Switzerland and Spain. Some of the money gets to Buenos Aires because the Swiss government permits its bankers to use the diplomatic pouch to transmit letters of credit. Still more is transferred to South American banks (including U.S. and British branches there) by Swiss banking institutions which do not probe the true ownership of the funds they accept or transmit abroad.

Millions of the dollars and reichsmarks which made this war possible are escaping to the Western Hemisphere through phony Panama corporations, since Panama exercises little or no control on corporate operations. This money also passes first through Switzerland or Spain, reaching Geneva or Madrid from Germany in the German diplomatic pouch, or by simple transfer of credits.

A Russian agent in Buenos Aires told me that Swiss aid to escaping Nazi war criminals and the transfer of their funds partly motivated Russia's refusal to attend the recent International Aviation Conference at Chicago because of the presence there of Swiss, Spanish and Portuguese delegates.

During fifteen months as a news correspondent in Argentina, I was the only "Yanqui" member of Argentina's anti-Nazi underground, a movement which has agents reaching into all sectors of Argentine economy. I secured information from the diplomatic corps, Allied and otherwise, and from the members of the Argentine congressional committee which investigated Nazi espionage until the army dissolved congress in June, 1943. From them I learned enough about Nazi power in Argentina to cause the notoriously pro-German former Minister of Interior, General Luis C. Perlinger, to order me arrested and grilled for six hours to see if I'd betray my sources.

From these same sources I learned that Joseph Goebbels recently smuggled $1,850,000 to a safety-deposit box in a Buenos Aires bank, adding to the already considerable fortune he'd previously sneaked out.

Hermann Goering has cached a total of $25,000,000 in Argentina. Two months ago, an Argentine banker told me he'd just refused a deposit of 2,500,000 pesos because he believes the Swiss bank which offered it was doing so on behalf of the Reichsmarshal. During 1943 and 1944, a good part of Goering's wealth was transferred by the Dresdener Bank of Berlin to the Schweizerischer Bankverein of Switzerland, which sent it to Buenos Aires.

At present, Swiss funds deposited here anonymously are blocked by the U.S. Treasury, which promises to release them upon definite proof that they do not belong to enemy aliens or war criminals. One secret agent (not U.S.) told me, "This will be embarrassing for Swiss banks. They are agents for some very bad actors. For years, Nazi war criminals, French collaborators and people of similar types have been using Switzerland as the repository of their fortunes. For centuries, Switzerland's banks have been used by men who want to keep their financial transactions secret."

Allied sources say that German funds leak out in Swiss pouches without the official knowledge of the Swiss government because of the Swiss practice of entrusting diplomatic missions to its bankers and businessmen traveling to the Western Hemisphere.

The chairman of the Swiss delegation to the International Business Conference at Rye last fall was Hans Sulzer, of Gebrueder Sulzer in Geneva (a firm with a branch in Frankfort on the Main, Germany), who was on the British black list. (Charged with supplying Diesel engines for Nazi submarines, Sulzer hotly replied, "They were *not* for submarines!")

The Schweitzer Bank of Basle, Switzerland, is agent for some 2,000 Nazi companies, cartels and individuals. Its manager, A. C. Nussbaumer, is one of the most powerful men in the financial world. He was former representative in London of Alberto Pirelli, when Pirelli was Minister of State for Mussolini's government. Pirelli, who was to Mussolini what Fritz Thyssen was to Hitler, is now in Switzerland where his "Swiss" holding company controls a billion-dollar empire including interests in several large U.S. and Latin-American corporations.

Swiss banks accept accounts under numbers or code words, without the true name of the depositor ever appearing in the record. When Account Number 6789, say, asks his Swiss banker to cache $100,000 for him in the U.S., the banker orders his New York agent to set aside $100,000 under subhead 6789. United States officials demanding the identity of Number 6789 are told that the securities still belong to the bank—the money has merely been put under a new subhead.

The Swiss agent here doesn't really know whose money it is. In Switzerland a banker is forbidden by the constitution (and by sacred tradition) from disclosing his clients' maneuvers. He would rather go to jail than do so. When America recently ruled that Swiss banks must prove their U.S. depositors' identity within one year after hostilities cease in Europe, the Swiss bankers got worried.

A committee representing the Swiss Banking Association, and headed by Edmond Barbey of Lombard, Odier et Cie., Geneva, flew here to try to induce the Treasury Department to rescind that ruling. They based their plea on their tradition of secrecy, which is the only thing they have that other bankers haven't—as the Germans well know. But they failed.

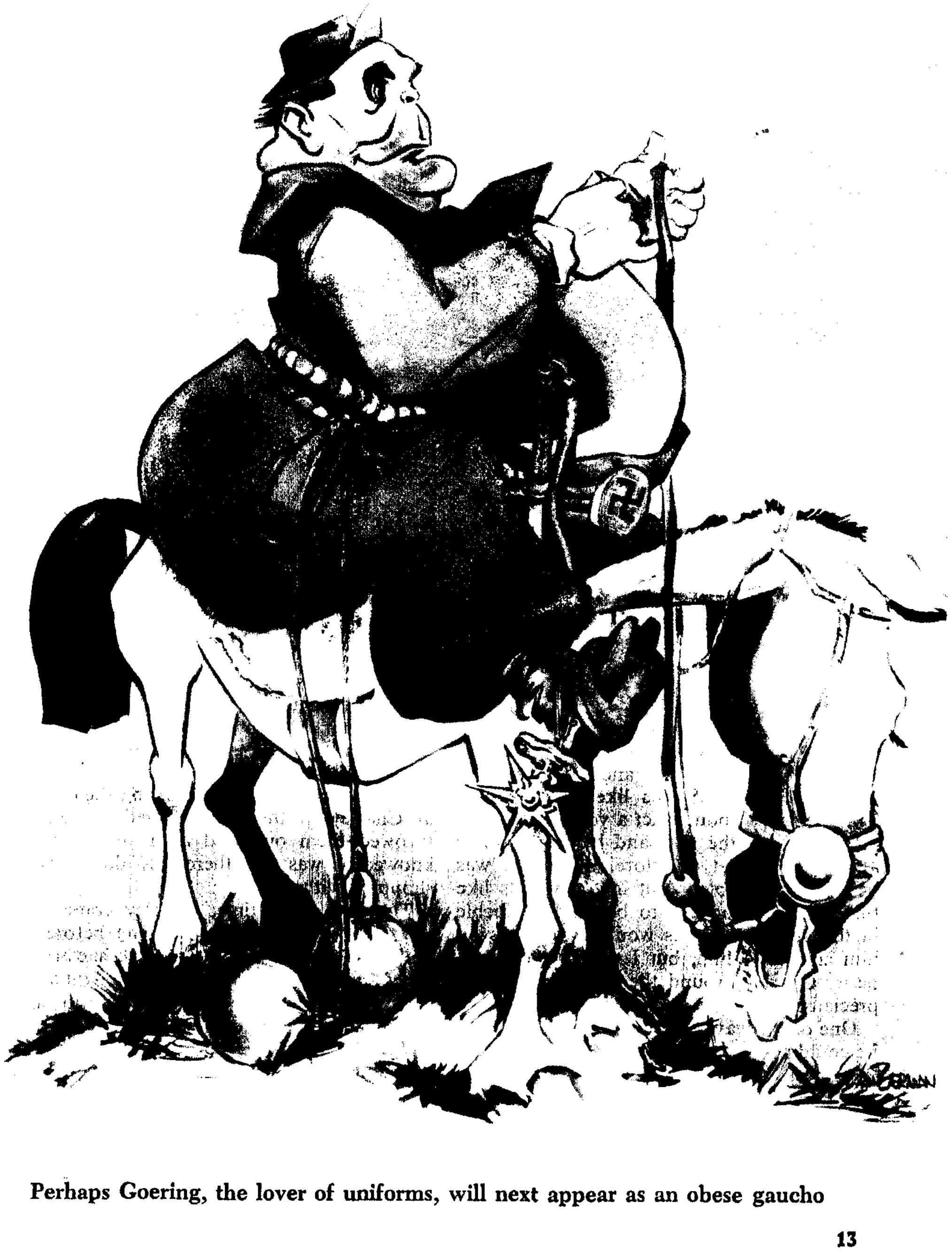
A Nice Sum to Come Home To

A year ago, General Arturo Rawson, leader of the Argentine army coup which overthrew the civilian government, told me that $750,000,000 had been cached by German leaders in Argentina alone. Today the figure may be twice that, in two categories:

1. Cartel money: the funds of German industrial combinations already planning a new campaign for world domination.
2. Desperate money: sent by the known war criminals who hope that somehow they will be able to evade Allied prosecution and reach Argentina. Goering is No. 1 in this class.

United States economic war agents know that Goering recently sold his munitions

(Continued on page 70)

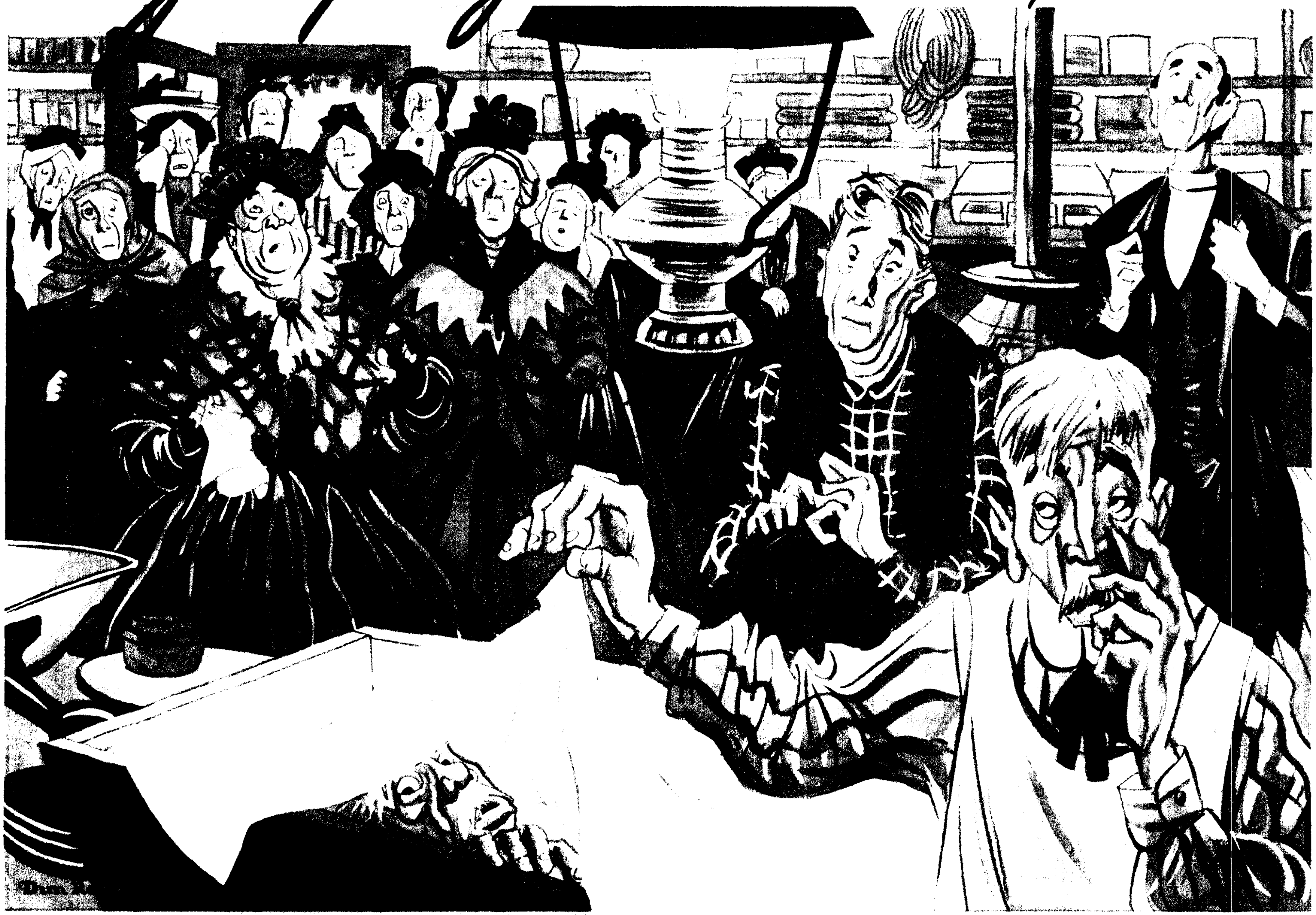


Perhaps Goering, the lover of uniforms, will next appear as an obese gaucho

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

Gangway FOR GABRIEL

By Ed Zern



All the ladies were sniffling. Miz Slocum, who doesn't ever miss a funeral, was trying awful hard to look sad. "Poor Mr. Gunn," she says, "what did he die of?"

If you're in the mood for belly laughs, don't miss this tale of Charley Gunn who tried to outguess the Angel Gabriel

THIS here Charley Gunn, he was a real nice old galoot that lived so far back in the woods the bull moose used to bust into his pasture and make eyes at his mooley cow. Seems like Charley only come to town about twict a year, to buy salt and flour and the like, and he always done all his trading at my store. Maybe it was because living so far out in the woods like that, Charley had got to be kind of feeble in the head, and folks would play jokes on him and devil him, but I never let nobody pester Charley around the store, and he appreciated it.

One of the ways Charley was a mite queer, he could never stand to hear nobody blowing their nose. Seems like one time Charley got hisself treed by a bear, and for durn' near a week that critter went snorting and snuffling around the tree waiting for Charley to come down and be et, and every time Charley hears a nose blowed, it puts him in mind of that varmint, and he just naturally takes to his heels.

So, whenever Charley used to be in town, the boys would gather round him and start talking about something and then one of them would whip out his hanky quick and blow his nose something fierce, and Charley would skedaddle away from there like he'd just saw seventeen devils! Matter of fact, it got so Charley would start running as soon as anybody made a motion to reach in their pants pocket.

Some of the boys tried blowing their noses at Charley in the store sometimes, and I throwed them out, and after that Charley knowed he was safe there, and done all his shopping with me.

This particular time, Charley come into the store to do his fall shopping before he got snowed in, and I could see he had something on his mind. So after he'd bought a big mess of ordinary provisions, he hemmed and hawed a while and then he asked me if I got any coffins.

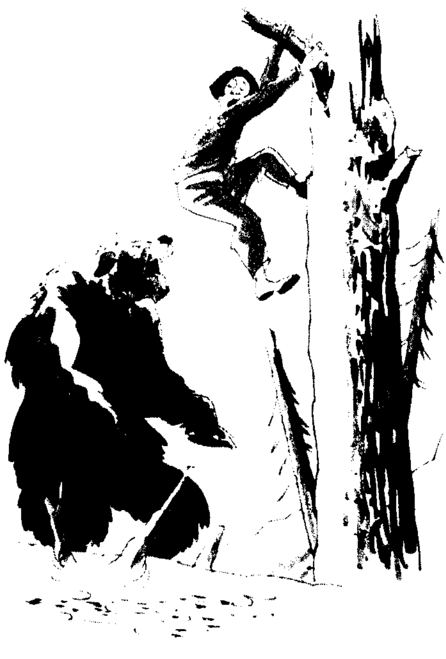
Running a general store you get some queer requests, but it ain't so often you get an order for a coffin. Especially when there's an undertaker two doors down the street.

But Charley told me he figured he ought to have a coffin, on account of not feeling so good lately and living so far out in the woods. He said if anything happened to him in the wintertime, old Hiram Simpson that lived up the road a piece would stop by to find out why Charley's chimbly wasn't smoking, but it might be weeks before Hiram could get into town for a coffin, and Charley wasn't sure he would keep that long. Charley said if there was a coffin there, why he had already dug a hole up the hill a way while the ground was still soft and Hiram wouldn't have no trouble burying him.

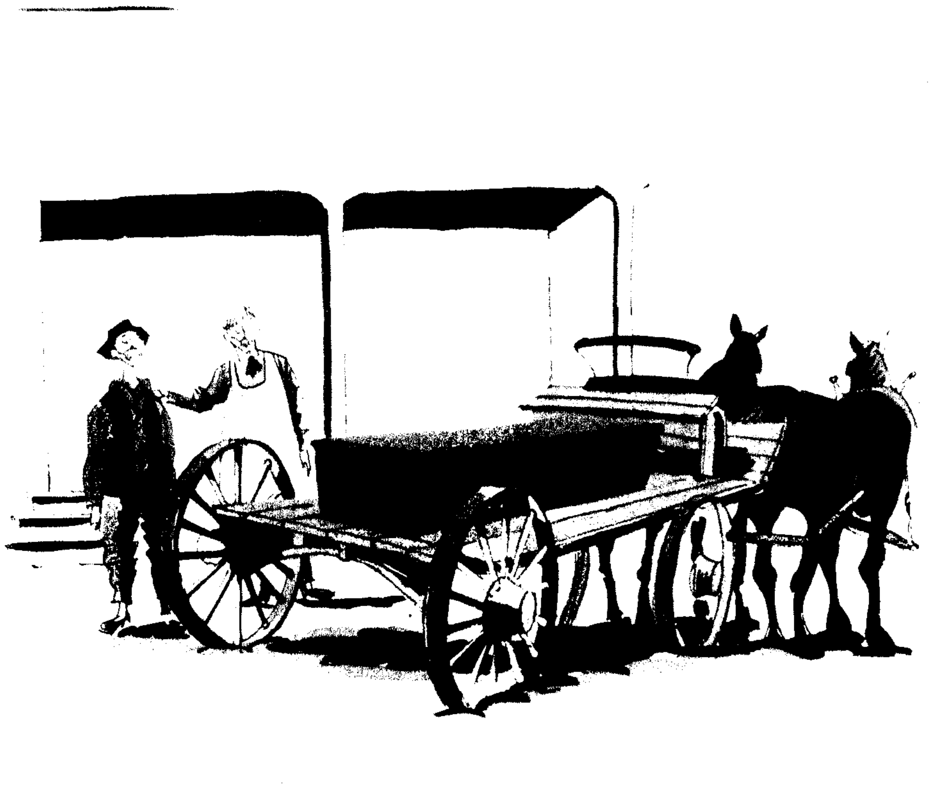
LOOKING at it that way, it seemed like a sensible thing to have a coffin handy, so I told Charley to wait while I went and seen Luke Holmes that was the town undertaker about getting one for him. And when I told Luke about it, he said he had a pretty fair coffin in stock that Charley could have real reasonable, so I paid him for it, and him and me carried it out and put it in Charley's buckboard, in front of the store.

There wasn't nothing fancy about that coffin, but I knowed Charley was a man of simple tastes, and when he come out and looked at it he said it suited him good.

I guess everything would of been fine, only just while we was getting Charley set to head back to the woods, along come Ed Sprangley.



One time Charley got hisself treed by a bear and for durn' near a week the critter waited for him to come down and be et



There was nothing fancy about the coffin but Charley said it suited him good

Ed is a fellow that always likes a practical joke, but he knowed I didn't like folks to torment Charley around my place like blowing their noses at him and such, and besides, when he seen the coffin he seriousled up and said what's going on? So I told him how Charley wanted to have a coffin handy, him not feeling so chipper, and Ed agreed it was a real sensible idea.

"It don't seem right, though," Ed says, "for Charley not to have no funeral. I would surely hate to think that a man that loves his neighbors and lives honest and upright as long as Charley should not get the benefit of a proper Christian burial. I surely would."

"You know durn' well Charley don't have no neighbors," I says. "Not to speak of."

"That ain't Charley's fault," Ed says. "If he had 'em, he'd love 'em."

So I said it didn't make a lot of difference, because after the spring thaw run off, one of the town preachers could take a day off and drive out to Charley's place and conduct a funeral service, and everything would be hunky-dory.

"That's all well and good," Ed says. "*Perviding!*"

"Perviding what?" Charley says.

"Perviding it don't come the Day of Judgment before that preacher can get there!" Ed says. "The way I hear it from Reverend Moley over at the Methodists, a feller that ain't been buried proper won't even hear that horn blow, let alone rise up!"

"What horn?" says Charley. I could see he was commencing to get worried.

"Gabriel's, you durn' fool!" says Ed.

"Now looky here, Ed," I says. "That horn hasn't never blowed yet, and I reckon Charley can take a chance it won't blow before a preacher can get through that road."

"Suits me," Ed says, shrugging his shoulders. "If a man wants to gamble on eternal perdition, it's his own business."

"Now, Ed," I says, "all you're doing is getting Charley upset. The chances are he's going to live to be a hundred, and, if he don't, the chances are the Day of Judgment is a long ways off, and, besides, there ain't nothing Charley can do about it."

"Yes, there is!" says Ed. "He can get hisself buried right now!"

"But, Ed, Charley ain't even dead yet," I says. Charley didn't say nothing at all, but only sat there and looked kind of scared.

"Of course he ain't dead," says Ed. "But it seems to me if a man can buy hisself a coffin whilst he's in good health, there ain't no reason he can't get hisself buried in advance and get it over with. Especially living way to hell and gone out in the woods like Charley, and the Judgment Day getting closer every day!"

I seen Charley look around like he figured the Angel Gabriel might come walking around the corner any minute, and I says, "You mean honest-to-God burying? Like in a hole?"

"Certainly not!" snorts Ed. "What I mean is to kind of prefuneralize him. Then he can pass away any time he's a mind to, and, thaw or no thaw, he won't get caught short, so to speak, when that old horn starts a-blowin'!"

"How come you're getting so religious-minded lately, Ed?" I says. "All this here stuff about horns and all. You sure got that Gabriel business on your mind."

"You bet I got it on my mind," Ed says. "I ain't like some folks I could mention that would play fast and loose with a friend's eternal soul, and maybe leave him holding the bag while everybody else is resurrecting like hot cakes. Sell him a coffin and then hustle him out of town—"

"Now, wait a minute, Ed," I says. "You know doggone well I didn't make a nickel on that coffin. And if you're so all-fired set on funeralizing Charley, why, I'm willing if Charley is. How about it, Charley?"

CHARLEY was looking mighty unhappy, but he always figured I knowed best, so he nodded his head yes-wise.

"That's better!" says Ed, looking pleased. "Now all we got to do is find a preacher and a place to hold the services."

"How about right inside the store?" I says. "Otherwise I'll have to get somebody to mind it for me."

"I shouldn't think Charley would care much for being buried out of a store," Ed says. "After all, the deceased had ought to have something to say about his own funeral."

"Stop calling Charley deceased," I says. "Charley ain't no more deceased than you or me."

"He claims he don't feel good, don't he?" Ed says.

"You won't feel so good, neither, the day of your funeral," I says. "How about it, Charley? Is the store okay?"

Charley, he just gulped and nodded.

"Trouble with some folks," Ed says, "they don't have no standards. Now me, I wouldn't want to be buried out of even the Bon Ton Dry Goods Emporium, much less—"

"You run your funeral," I says, "and let Charley run his. Ed, how about you trot over and see if Reverend Moley can come right down, and we'll get this over with. Charley's got a long ways to go home tonight."

So Ed lit out for Moley's house, and Charley and I went and set in the store, only pretty soon Ed come back and said how Moley said nothing doing. He said Moley claimed it was against the principles of the Methodist religion to have a funeral for anybody that wasn't properly deceased.

"Did you tell him about Charley living so far back in the woods and all?" I says.

"I didn't get a chanct to," Ed says. "He got kind of huffy soon as I mentioned the corpse was in a hurry to get back home, and—"

"There you go again!" I says. "Charley ain't no corpse! He ain't even going to be funeralized. You know so durn' much about Gabriel's horn and all, and you don't even know it's against religion to bury a man alive! Getting everybody all upset and then—"

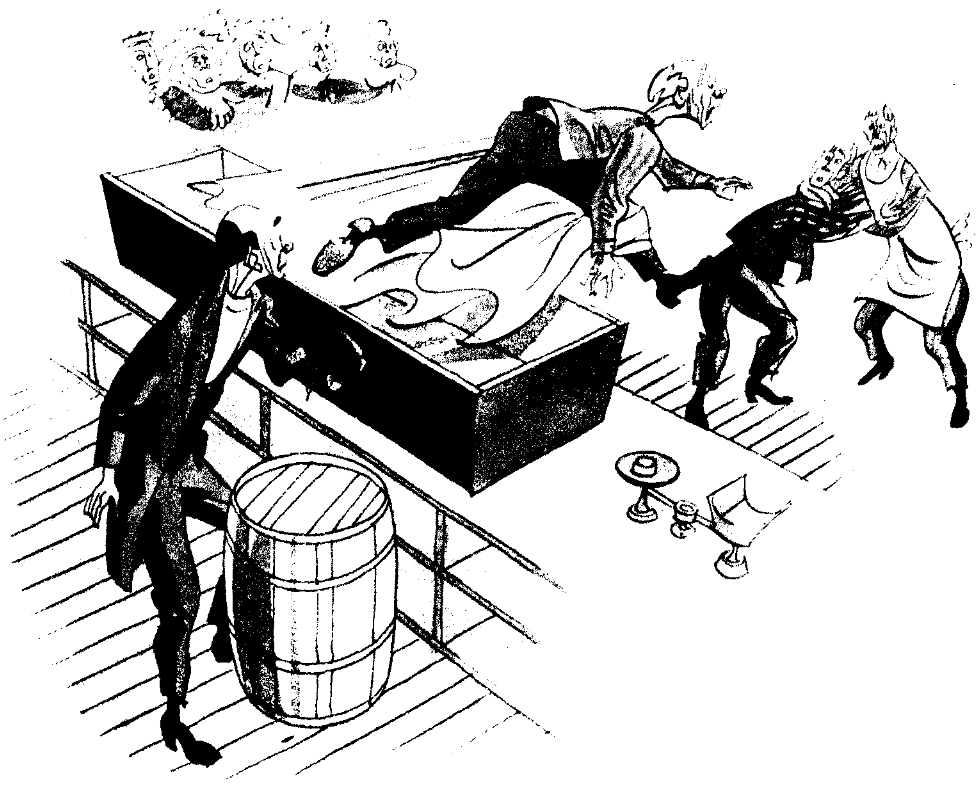
"That's the *Methodist* religion!" Ed says. "Hell, we ain't even tried the Baptists or the Lutherans or the Episcopals yet."

"You know good and well anything the Methodists won't do, the Episcopals won't do neither," I says. "No, sir, I figure we just better let Charley take his coffin and go home."

"Wait a minute!" Ed says. "I just got it! All our troubles is due to Charley ain't dead yet. Ain't that so? So all we got to do is—"

I seen Charley start to edge toward the door, so I quick busted in, "Doggone you, Ed, that's the last straw! First you call Charley deceased that ain't even hardly sick, and now you're aiming to—"

"No, I ain't!" Ed says. "All I'm saying is there don't nobody need to *know* he's alive! Now, lookit here—you and Charley bring that coffin in and set it up there on the counter. Charley can lay down inside, and you cover him up good with a sheet. Meantime, I'll go fetch a reverend." And Ed hightailed it out the door and down the street before I could grab him.



Charley rose right up out of the coffin, sheet and all, and lit out for the door

Well, sir, I sure was in a fix. I sure didn't like the idea of palming off Charley as his own mortal remains, because there can't no good come of pulling the wool over a parson's eyes. But then I knowed Ed would be back pretty quick with a preacher, and I'd have a hard time explaining it was all a mistake, and he might figure I was playing a joke on him, and the first thing you know there wouldn't be none of that congregation trading at my store.

SO ME and Charley h'isted the coffin up on the cheese counter, and Charley laid down and I covered him up with a bran'-new sheet from off the dry-goods shelf. I hadn't much more than got him laid out proper and told him to lay good and still until I give him the word, when Ed come back with a reverend.

I never seen such a reverend in all my born days. He was pretty near seven foot tall and, even so, his nose was a couple of sizes too big for his face. He was wearing a swallowtailed coat that must of been in the fambly for generations and pants that the cuffs was six inches shy of his shoe tops.

"George," says Ed. "Shake hands with Reverend Gabe Appletree, that's going to give poor Charley a decent Christian funeral. The reverend just come over this morning from Traverse City—he's fixing to run off a three-day revival over to the Hosanna Reformed Tabernacle next week. Seen him coming out of Miz Slocum's boardinghouse and recognized him right off for a shepherd of the Lord. Hell, there wouldn't nobody else dare to wear a coat like that except maybe—"

"Glad to know you, Reverend," I says, keeping one eye on the coffin. But Charley was laying low like I told him, and Ed went right on talking.

"THE Reverend says I got the right idea about Judgment Day," Ed says. "He agrees most folks don't take it serious enough, and he aims to say a few words on that subject at the funeral. Don't you, Reverend?"

"You're durn' tootin," says Appletree. "This here world is plumb full of sinners that's going to find theirselves up Satan's crick without no oars when Gabriel blows his trumpet! I presume that there is the deceased," he says, looking at the coffin.

"That's Charley, all right," I says. "But you better not go poking around the remains, Reverend, because he might have some kind of mysterious dis—" Just then the door opened and in come Miz Slocum and a dozen or so other ladies. All of them was looking very solemn, and some of them was even sniffling and dabbing at their eyes.

"Howdy, Miz Slocum," says Ed. "You ladies just be seated on them benches and we'll get right on with the funeral. The Reverend Gabe Appletree is going to officialize."

"Now, wait a minute!" I says. "What's going on here, Ed?"

"Charley's funeral, you durn' fool!" says Ed. "The reverend happened to mention he don't preach his best without he has a congregation, so I ast Miz Slocum to drum up some mourners. Are you going to begrudge poor Charley a few measly mourners? What kind of a—"

Just then Miz Slocum come over to where we was talking. This Miz Slocum, she doesn't never miss a funeral, and I guess she was grateful to Ed for tipping her off like he done, but she was trying awful hard to look sad. "Poor Mr. Gunn," she says, "what did he die of?"

"I don't rightly know, ma'am," Ed says. "The way I figure, he must of had a relapse or something. It come on real sudden."

"For the land sakes!" Miz Slocum says, and she went back and whispered to the others, and they all started to sniff and sob louder than ever.

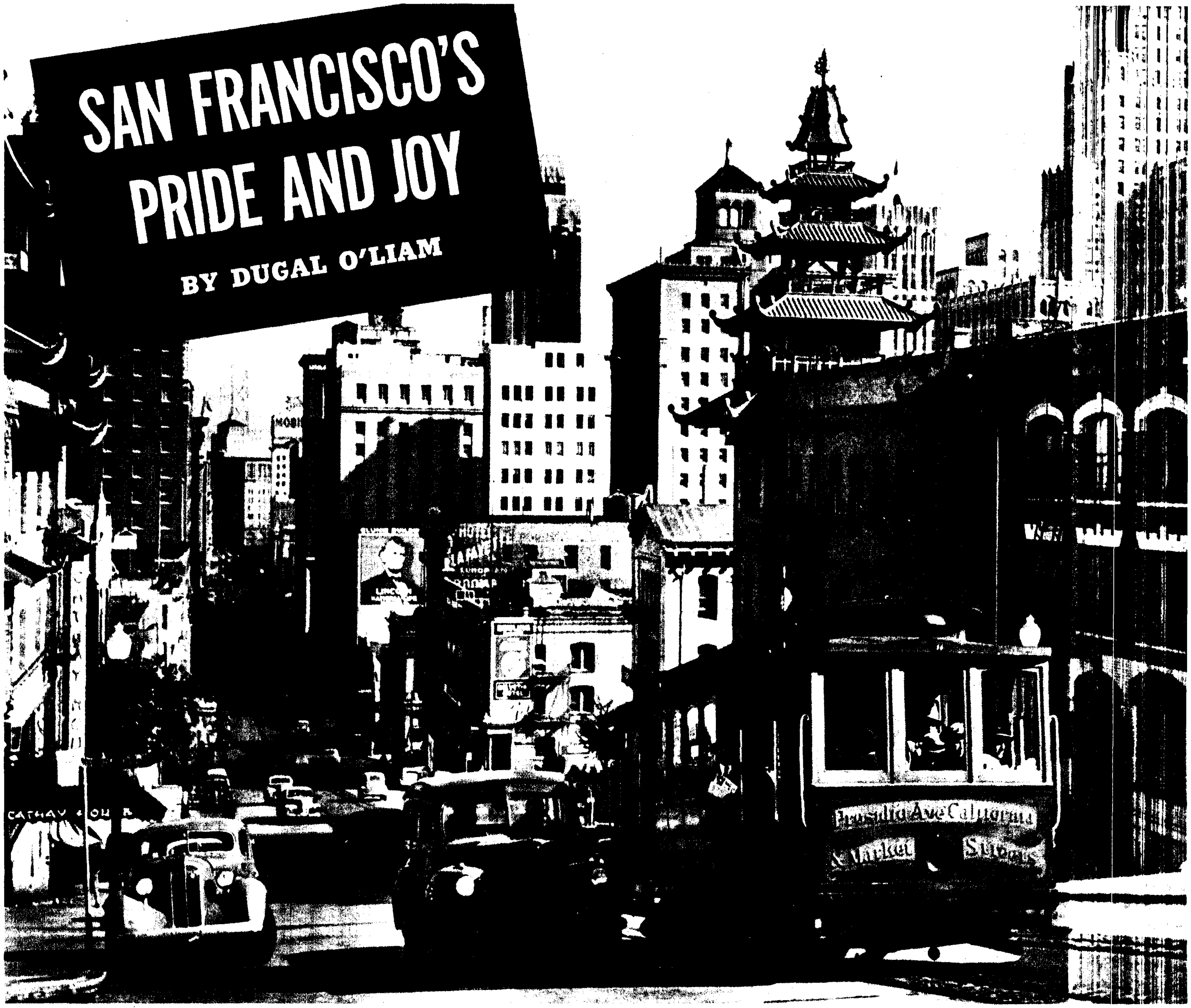
But they quieted down some as soon as

(Continued on page 81)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DUN ROMAN

SAN FRANCISCO'S PRIDE AND JOY

BY DUGAL O'LIAM



This is not just an old cable car—it's one of the San Francisco variety, on California Street in Chinatown. Antiquated? Not to San Franciscans!

Gripman Gust Fabis has worked 26 years for the Market Street railroad. He'll tell you that San Franciscans actually enjoy riding in cable cars

Life at the Golden Gate, in the opinion of most San Franciscans, would be intolerable without the mighty clangor of the cable cars. And when anyone suggests abolishing them, the whole city rises in anguished protest

WHEN San Francisco merged its transit lines last fall, a rumor got loose that the cable cars were doomed, and there couldn't have been a ghastlier uproar if someone had flushed an Okie in the Pacific Union Club.

Civic bodies rose to protest, school children importuned the mayor to stay the wreckers, women's clubs erupted harsh rebukes and taxpayers urged the city to absorb losses but spare the clanging relics.

People who'd never seen the Golden Gate wired pleas for clemency. One Marine wrote from Saipan to say that, having seen Barry Fitzgerald play a gripman in the movie, I Love a Soldier, he looked forward hopefully to his first ride up the Powell hill.

The cable cars are to San Francisco as Notre Dame is to Paris, as Westminster Abbey to London, as the Parthenon to Athens. Take away, if you will, Golden Gate Park, or Fisherman's Wharf, or the Trans-Bay Bridge, or even Lefty O'Doul, but lay no impious hand on the cable cars, for, when you do, you defile a city's soul.

Raucous and impractical, the cable cars are the last link to a glorious past. Gone are the Barbary Coast, the clipper ships and the gold-dust scales on shop counters. Only the cables remain of the lustiest period of American history, and San Franciscans vow that they must endure.

Other cities have had cable cars. Kansas City, Omaha, New York and Seattle once used them, but only San Francisco reveres them and only there do they survive. There the pride in them is the pride of paternity. The cable car was invented in San Francisco in the 1870s when Andrew Hallidie, in an inspired assault on the transportation problems of the town's perpendicular boulevards, built the old Clay Street line.

Electric railways were unknown then. Horse cars laced urban streets, but there were no horses of sufficient stamina to conquer the San Francisco hills with two tons of wood and steel rattling at their breechings. The city was in the throes of growing pains, and the inability to provide mass transportation over the rugged slopes threatened municipal paralysis.

It wasn't until Hallidie sank a 1¼-inch cable in an underground conduit with a steel-lined slot through which a movable lever reached down, that the problem was solved. The car was simply pulled along by the cable. The grip, operated by the lever from the car, could grasp the cable as it moved continuously at 9½ miles an hour over a series of pulleys, sheaves, idling wheels and winders in and out of a central powerhouse.

Corners were overcome by releasing the cable while the sheaves steered the car around the turn. Then the cable was picked up on the following straightaway. Safety was assured by a series of three brake units which remain in use to this day. One unit gripped the wheels of the tractor car with friction blocks, a second unit thrust wooden shoes down onto the rails, and the third, or emergency brake, drove a wedge into the slot, locking the car where it caught.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANN ROSENER–PIX

Hallidie put his invention on the open market, and soon half a dozen cable lines were operating in San Francisco. At one time, before the 1906 earthquake and fire, sixty miles of cable whined beneath the city's streets. Today only two lines, the California Street and the Powell Street, totaling fewer than a dozen track miles, remain in use. The Powell line is under the city's management.

Cable cars are unlike any other public carriers. Even the rival lines don't agree on design. The California cars have a center cabin and open bays at both ends in which are stringer seats running lengthwise and facing the street. Between these are the grip assemblies, one at each end. At the end of the line, the California gripman simply moves from one end of his car to the other, after the conventional manner of the trolley-car operator.

The Powell cars have a cabin and one open platform and grip assembly. At either end of the line is a turntable which greatly complicates the gripman's chores, but adds glamor to his calling. One of these tables lies at Powell and Market streets, San Francisco's Forty-second and Broadway, and is a landmark which civic pride requires all strangers to view.

The turntable is a flat, sixteen-foot wood and steel disk set flush with the street. The car runs downhill to the end of the line and angles onto the disk, where the gripman and conductor alight and take their places against diagonally opposite ends of the car. They then pretend to push, but their efforts are strictly academic, since they are invariably joined by bystanders who turn the disk until it completes a three-quarter revolution and meshes with the rails and slot of the uphill line. Today this voluntary labor is supplied chiefly by servicemen who often essay the Volga Boat Song, or an unreasonable facsimile thereof, at their toil.

The cars of both lines feature gongs which make a hook and ladder wagon bell sound like a watch chime. These matchless tintinnabula are fixed on the car roofs, and there seems to be a stern, if unwritten law that they must never be allowed to lose vibrance through desuetude.

Each line has an established musical theme. The California, serving—save for a brief flash over Nob Hill—the gustier sections of the city, has fixed on the hearty chromatics of the Shave-and-a-Haircut: Bay-Rum number which, translated to a gong with a range confined to the touch of the gripman, runs something like, "Ding da-ding-ding, ding-ding."

A High-Hat Motif for the Opera Crowd

The Powell Street people, considering themselves representative of the *haut monde,* or opera element, adhere to the more classical Pop Goes the Weasel, which comes out in a stately "Da-ding, da-ding, da-dinga-ding-ding; ding, ding da-ding ding," reminiscent of the Gay Nineties when Nob Hill was the robust capital of a brilliant and purposeful society.

It was a pillar of this pioneer society who brought about the convergence of the California and Powell lines at Nob Hill's summit. At the intersection of these streets stood the baroque mansion of Leland Stanford, founder of Leland Stanford University. The rugged old gold shark was one of the first cable-car enthusiasts and he invested heavily in both the Powell and California lines on condition that their cars pass his door. He thus became the only one of the West's Fabulous Four—Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker and Stanford—to be served by everything available in modern urban transportation. He wore the distinction proudly until his death, when his family discreetly abandoned the ancestral premises for a quieter neighborhood.

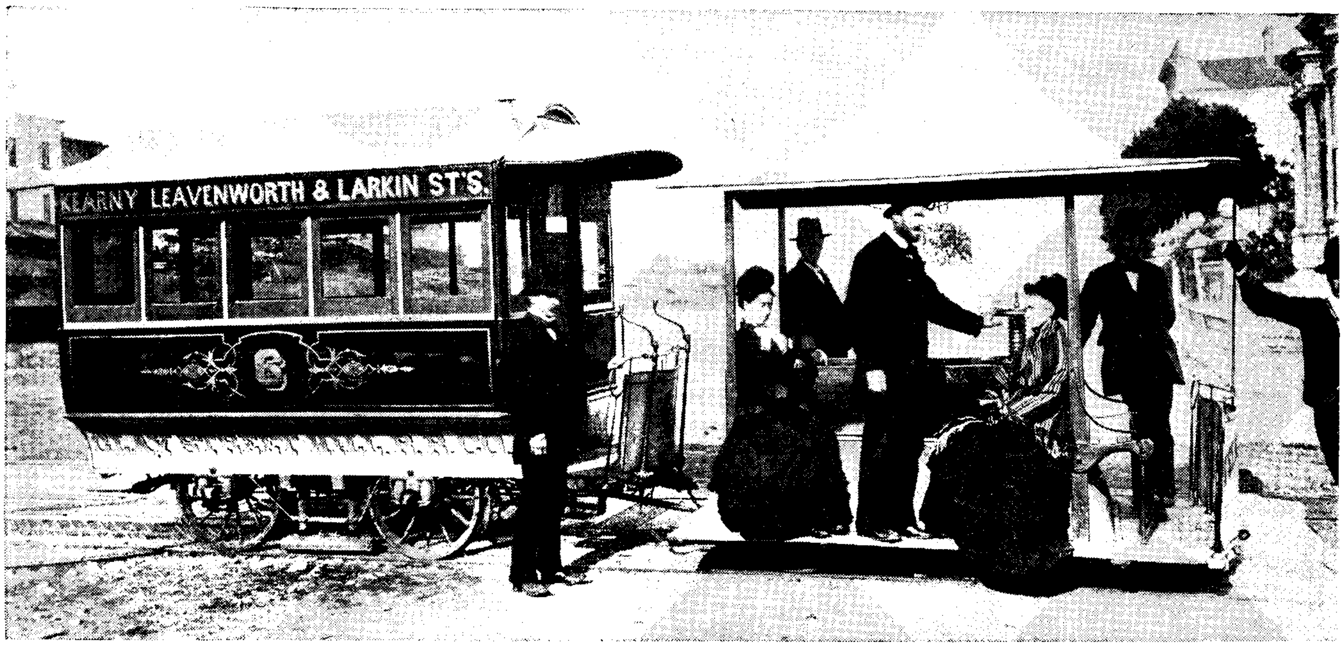
The San Franciscan's personal interest in the cable cars is frequently quickened by the corner turn. Here the gripman, releasing the cable, depends on the car's momentum to carry it to the next pick-up point. To complete this free run, the car should have right of way, but occasionally a heedless motorist or trolley causes a stall.

The rules call for a tow truck at this point, but custom is more powerful than rules, so the gripman blithely observes that it is a bright day and suggests that a spot of exercise would benefit torpid, car-riding livers. At once the car is voluntarily emptied of passengers who push happily until the stalled car rolls above the free cable, whereat they return to their seats and the journey continues on a high note of communal understanding.

Now and then when a car enters a curve at high speed, centrifugal force snatches some novice passenger from an open bench and hurls him into space. To guard against such mishaps the gripman, upon approaching a curve renders the cable version of the Barcarolle. "Grasp your seats firmly," he chants, by rote, "and beware of approaching vehicles."

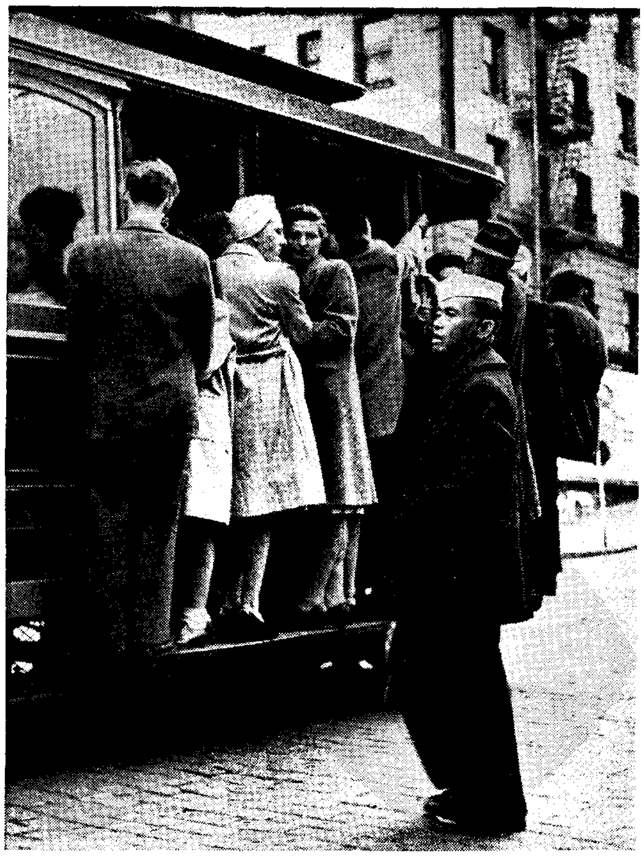
One of the historic moments of the California line occurred at the O'Farrell-Jones turn two years ago. On that day Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, the ecdysiast, rocketed out of an open pew and somersaulted into an adjacent gutter, giving her fellow passengers a view of her celebrated assets that would have cost a Broadway first-nighter anywhere from five-fifty to eleven dollars.

The Powell line's nearest approach to this saga came when Jimmy Doolittle took his first ride. He boarded at California Street and, amid rapturous clanging, the car hurtled down the Powell hill, sideswiped a gasoline truck at Pine Street, chased a limousine into *(Continued on page 68)*



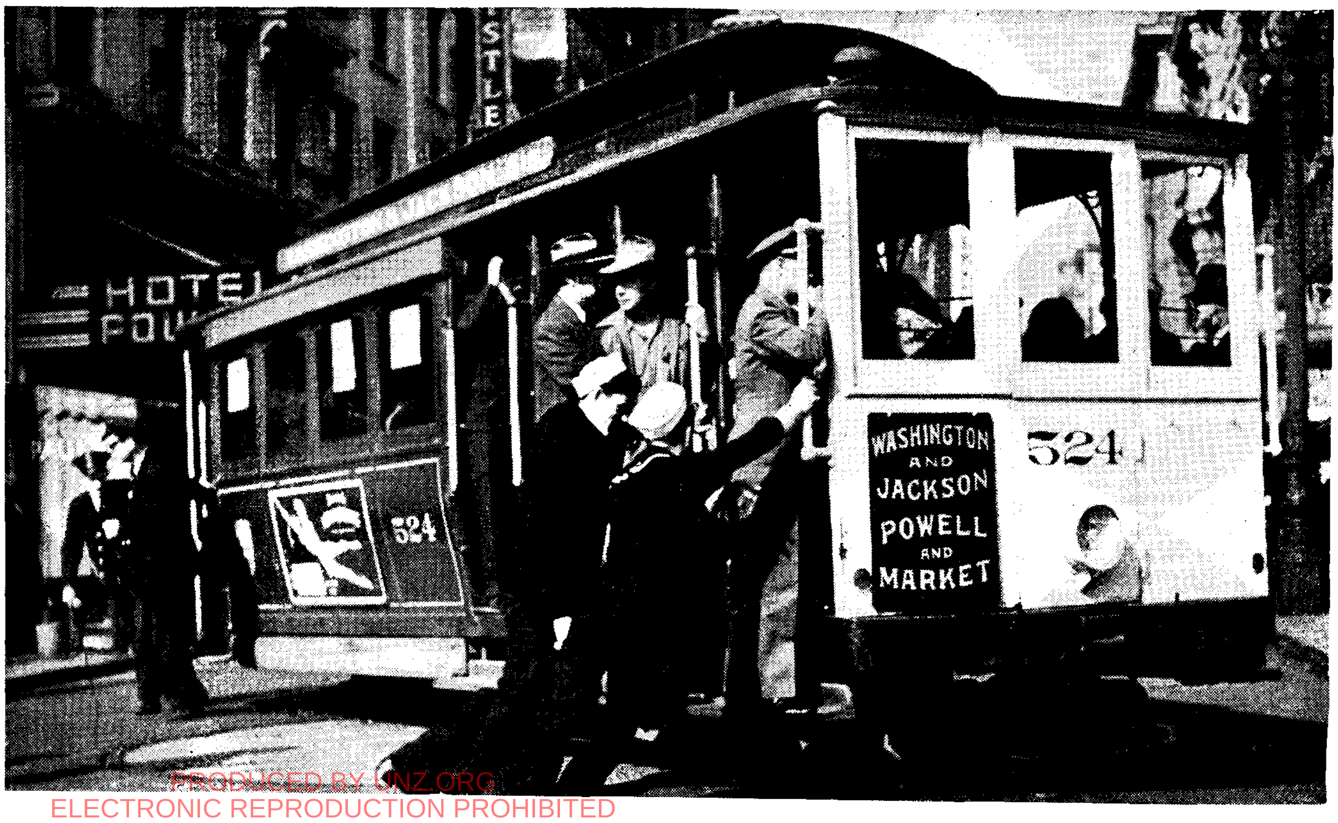
At Van Ness and Clay streets, long, long ago. The first commercial cable car began running in 1874. Multimillionaire Leland Stanford invested heavily in two lines, on condition that cars pass his door. They passed it

A quickie at the Cable Car, a favorite hangout for employees. Girl is Mary Ball, a conductorette



Men and women passengers stand on what are called "stringers." One line won't let women do it

The Navy lends a hand! This car is in the turntable at the foot of Powell Street. The gripman and conductor are supposed to push the car around, but invariably bystanders—nowadays mostly servicemen—do real work



Oscar Serlin has made more than a million dollars out of his production of the legendary play, Life With Father, and will probably triple that amount before it's all over

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE STROCK

Life

BY ARTHUR MANN

FIVE and a half years ago, Oscar Serlin's little world hung in delicate balance, typical of a shoestring producer in the middle. He was caught between his backers and his fronters at Skowhegan, Maine, where his nightmarish dream threatened to become a fantastic stage reality that few producers would tolerate for a minute.

He was ignoring the stern warnings of drama-wise sophisticates and confidants who insisted that the now-legendary Life With Father was a three-act contradiction of accepted Broadway standards for success. It needed a plot, a second-act climax, belly laughs and infinitely more love interest than moon-calving adolescents and middle-aged tenderness of the stuffy 1880s.

From a professional viewpoint, the show seemed to need everything but backers, for Oscar had dug up plenty of these. The distinguished list of angels included "Jock" Whitney and his sister, Mrs. Charles Payson; Carly Wharton and Martin Gabel; Actor Hume Cronyn, Doctor Irving Somach, Howard Cullman, Ned Lehac; and Oscar's brother, Eddie, who advanced meals as well as cash.

Whether Serlin would have heeded the pleas to improve the play is less important than the fact that he couldn't. His Broadway and Hollywood experience told him what should be done with the script, but the reticent Day family, whose distinguished forebear was being portrayed, told him what *shouldn't* be done with it. In fact, they had already told him what to do with the first proposed adaptation, by a hapless author with a keen but costly sense of farce. And now some $25,000 was at stake.

When finally presented on that memorable August 14, 1939, the Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse version of the Clarence Day book was actually on trial, along with Serlin himself and all professionals connected with it. There was no contract, just a gentleman's agreement with the Day family, represented by the author's widow, Katharine. Serlin was riding on no more than a green light of permission to dramatize and produce. The light could be turned red when or if the Day family felt that ridicule was replacing gentle whimsey.

The low opinion of the script in professional quarters was best reflected by the astute Herb Swett, owner of Skowhegan's popular Lakewood Theater. He has made plenty from accepting pieces of certain tryout shows in lieu of theater rent, but after reading the stage version of Life With Father, he held his nose.

"Wouldn't have let 'em in here," he confesses, "except that I liked Howard Lindsay, who helped write the play and asked me to read it. After all, Howard courted the Stickney girl in my theater some years before and married her. Since they were both stuck on the play, as well as each other, and were doin' the lead—shucks, I couldn't very well refuse!"

Swett watched almost a full week of record summer-theater gross—$9,000—before altering his opinion, but he wasn't alone in his doubt on opening night. Russel Crouse, the other author, was sheer apprehension when he grabbed the coat lapels of Jake Wilk, Warner Brothers story editor, at the end of the first act. Was it—or wasn't it?

Wilk shrugged. "Does it have a second act?" he chided.

"Of course!" Crouse gasped. "But so far—"

"So far, you have something—if it keeps up."

One act later, Crouse was tugging at Wilk's lapels again, pleading for blessed assurance that they could expect at least three weeks on Broadway, the minimum for a Hollywood sale.

"If it goes like this to the end, you've got more than a play," Wilk said. "Now unhand me, and go shake alone."

Actually, Wilk thought well enough of this production to negotiate for a picture deal then and there. He was willing to risk $20,000, but he couldn't find anybody who "owned" anything.

"It was like trying to find the boss at a strawberry festival," he recalls. "Nobody had anything on paper." And so he set out to lay a groundwork of good will and understanding that paid off handsomely five years later.

In contrast with this nebulous beginning is Oscar Serlin's very tangible position today, the most envied and unprecedented in show business. As producer, his personal share to April 1st figures some $1,160,000 from 2,272 performances on Broadway and 2,373 on the road. And not even he can say when the play will stop, if ever. It is within a couple of months of the Abie's Irish Rose mark, 2,327 New York performances.

"We'll pass Abie about June first," he declares, "and it'll take another two years to pass Tobacco Road. But you can't compare Life With Father with most long-run shows, because we've never papered a house. We've never had a losing week, and the production is kept as crisp and new as it was on opening night. It will remain that way till the public begins to lose interest. Then it will be closed until demand for revival appears."

(Continued on page 83)

DARLING, THIS IS DEATH

BY DANA CHAMBERS

The Story:
No warning of disaster touched ASHLEY RAWDON when he stepped off the New Milford bus to help bright, attractive KAY WENDELL get her wrecked car into town. No warning of mystery, except for the glimpse of a small, white object which fell—apparently from nowhere—at KAY'S feet and was quickly picked up by her as she stood by the bus. But disaster struck when government agent EVANS, fatally stabbed by a gang of killers, begged ASHLEY and KAY for help—then died before they could get him away. Their own narrow escape when the killers found EVANS brought them serious warnings from RANDALL of the F.B.I. to watch their step, keep quiet and report the smallest incidents—in spite of the fact that the pursuing gang was found dead in an automobile wreck. Apprehensive about the white object he had noticed, ASHLEY questioned KAY privately, fought against a feeling of incredulity when she told him it had only been her lipstick.

II

TO ASHLEY'S surprise, the luncheon with Kay which seemed so short had lasted till after four. Now, as he swung the little coupé off the main road and up a narrow winding track into the hills, he noticed the shadows of the trees were long and violet colored on the shining snow; the brief midwinter day would soon be ending.

The car climbed on slowly and for a moment a hill hid the low sun as they entered a tiny valley already full of pale blue twilight. Ashley felt the slim body beside him lean a little closer. He glanced at her and saw tears in her eyes. He said, "Darling, it's been a fine day after all, hasn't it?"

"Oh, a lovely day," she said, so impulsively that, recalling what the day had actually held, they both found themselves laughing. Ashley said, "You and I understand each other very well, it seems to me."

"Amazing."

"Do I kiss you at this point?"

"Heavens, no. You need both hands to keep on this ski track. There! I told you. . . ."

The little car nudged sidewise the instant he took his hands off the wheel and slid over toward the ditch and stalled. Ashley said, taking his lips away from hers, "For a moment like that I would jump off a cliff."

He could see her bosom rise and fall unevenly under the bright-patterned wool. But her voice was calm and faintly derisive. "You'd better wipe that lipstick off before the next curve," she said. "We're *practically there.*"

"We are? Well, well. . . . Kay, will you have dinner with me tonight? I know you're exhausted, but I swear I'd get you home early."

"Thanks, darling, for asking me. I'd love to."

Ashley felt suddenly lightheaded and exceedingly happy. He started the car. Almost at once they reached the high stone wall which he remembered as belonging to the Arden place.

He ran the car smoothly up a curved driveway, lined with pines. They seemed to have been quite untouched by the storm. At the driveway's end, they left the car standing in front of the huge stone house and went up the steps. The door swung back as they did and a white-haired old man in striped waistcoat and brass buttons stood smiling at Kay. "Good afternoon, Miss Wendell."

Kay said, "Thomas, this is Mr. Rawdon. He doesn't wear a hat or a coat because they irk him. Has my car got here yet?"

"Yes, Miss Wendell. . . . There was a gentleman's hat and coat inside; they are in the hall here." He smiled directly at Ashley now.

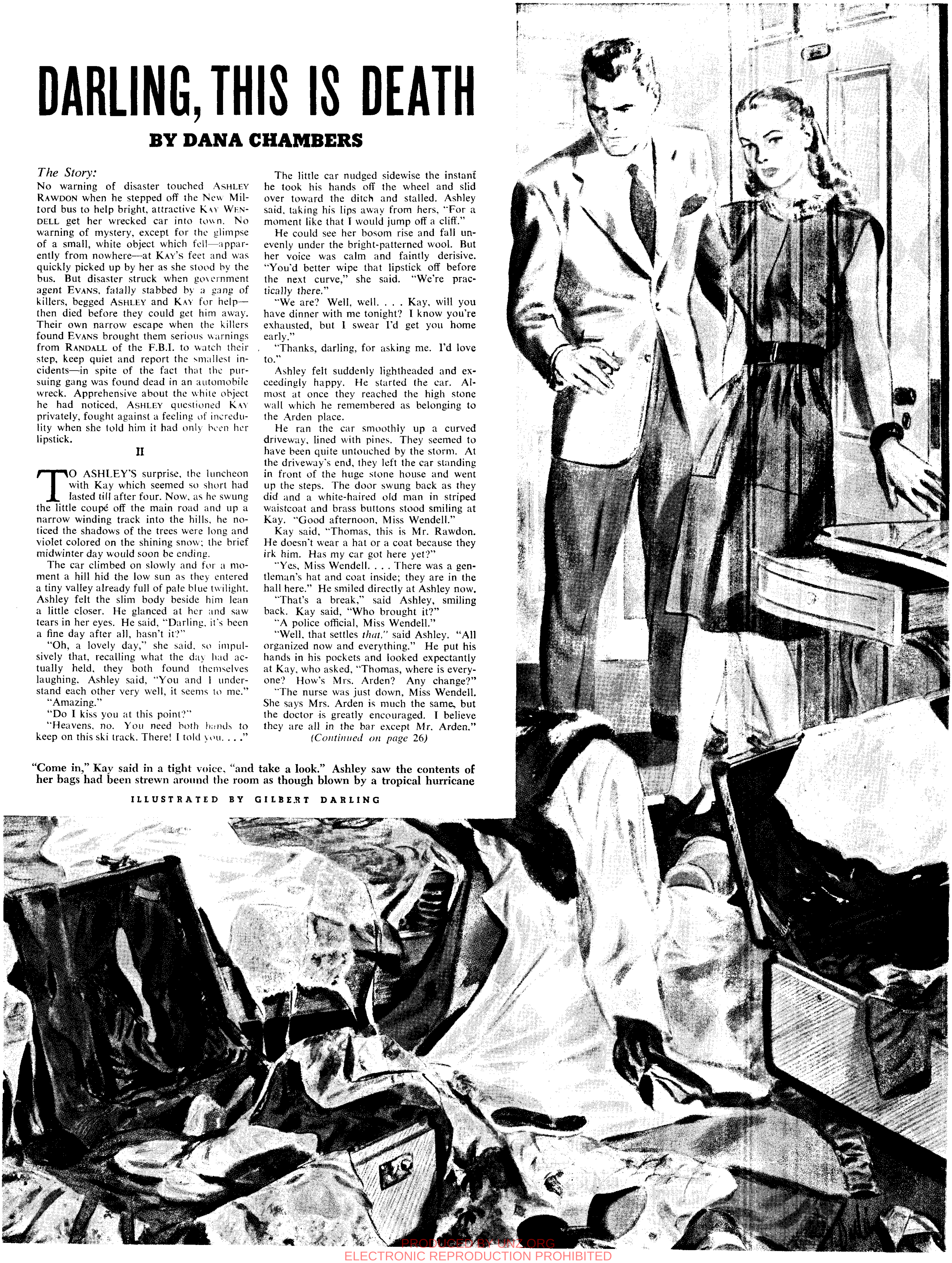
"That's a break," said Ashley, smiling back. Kay said, "Who brought it?"

"A police official, Miss Wendell."

"Well, that settles *that,*" said Ashley. "All organized now and everything." He put his hands in his pockets and looked expectantly at Kay, who asked, "Thomas, where is everyone? How's Mrs. Arden? Any change?"

"The nurse was just down, Miss Wendell. She says Mrs. Arden is much the same, but the doctor is greatly encouraged. I believe they are all in the bar except Mr. Arden."

(Continued on page 26)



"Come in," Kay said in a tight voice, "and take a look." Ashley saw the contents of her bags had been strewn around the room as though blown by a tropical hurricane

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN

Esther Foley, food expert for the New York Herald Tribune, takes Lorraine Jacyno, Seaman 2/c, Josephine Yeager, Storekeeper 2/c, and Dorothy Swanson, Storekeeper 2/c, on a marketing jaunt. "Women waste food in self-service markets," she warned them, "by pinching and squeezing. You can judge fruits and vegetables better, anyway, by appearance and fresh smell and by hefting citrus fruits—the heavier, the juicier. Asparagus should be tight in the head, slender and green near the head. The butt doesn't matter. When you buy for two, market every day instead of buying ahead"

Not all the Spars are waiting until after the war to make use of what they learned in the Spar Postwar Training Course. Josephine Wilson, Yeoman 2/c, was married to Charles Wilson, Yeoman 1/c, last winter. Her roommate attended lectures for her while she was off on her honeymoon. Now the Wilsons eat at home almost every night, and Josephine hasn't spoiled a meal yet. "My husband cleans his plate and brags about me. I can't believe it's me doing all that, because I'd never even fried an egg before. I used to get home tired, but now I'm so enthusiastic about cooking that meal that I'm not tired at all. We start with soup or fruit cocktail, and we always have salad and dessert in addition to the main course, because that's what he's used to." Josephine keeps her Spar booklet, Cooking for Two, in the kitchen and checks it over every night. Charles reads it, too, and he wipes the dishes. "I haven't wiped a dish since we've been married," she brags. "We never leave our house messy at night. My mother wouldn't believe it, because she always had to pick up after me. It's only two rooms, but our place always looks so nice we hate to go out." Josephine also does the easy laundry, like towels, so that she can afford to send her white Spar shirts to the laundry. She says the Spar courses have been a big help. Charles says so, too

ANN ROSENER—PI

WHEN THE GIRLS COME HOME

BY RUTH CARSON

THE Spars in New York City have their own postwar plan, and they have been working at it nights all winter. They were not neglecting their war jobs, but these canny young ladies also were studying how to run a home. How to cook—for two. How to budget and bake and sew, and how to look pretty, too. For they aim to get married and they know what competition is.

Finished with their training to become Spars, the girls went to headquarters to ask for some training to become civilians again. Captain Dorothy Stratton, director of the Spars, agreed that was a smart idea. She invited to luncheon a bunch of top-notch women in the field, editors and home economists, and put the proposition up to them. Would they organize a course that would bring the girls up to date on the very newest developments in the art of homemaking?

These women most certainly would. They decided, what's more, to get the best people in the country to do the job. The course developed into a series of fifteen weekly lectures which lasted through the winter and were complete with demonstrations, booklets to take home, even door prizes.

"Cooking and sewing were compulsory at school," Margaret Thompson, now Spar Storekeeper 3/c, told us. "I couldn't stand that sewing. But this was different. That woman—what was her name?—made it seem alive. She was so enthusiastic."

Her name was Mary Brooks Picken, author of several books on sewing and needlework. She conducted a busy session on Fabrics—Their Care and Upkeep, that included, with the Spar goal in mind, how to care for a man's clothes.

Vivian Reese, Storekeeper 2/c, is engaged to be married as soon as the war is over. She was impressed with the ease and speed of the cooking demonstrations. Getting one dinner is enough to fuss most women. How would you like to have four dinners cooking at once? Elsa Steinberger of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company did it, juggling two oven meals, one in the broiler and one on top of the stove, while she chatted about how to plan meals.

The Spars learned about nutrition from Doctor Hazel Steibling, chief of the Bureau of Home Economics in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They listened and liked it when Elsie Stapleton, budget adviser at Gimbel's department store, told them to keep budgets in their own way, but gave them some pointers, too. And they thought it made a lot of sense when Doctor Lillian Gilbreth, efficiency engineer, told them how they could get through their work quickly, without fatigue.

When it came to clothes, they moved *en masse* to a larger hall, where they could sit and sigh over wardrobes selected by Vogue, Harper's Bazaar and Mademoiselle, and could listen to advice on how to pick their own postwar clothes.

The course ended with applause from the Spars. Headquarters was pleased enough to think of repeating it in other districts. Looks like smooth sailing ahead for a lot of Spars and their lucky husbands. ★★★

If the Spars and their advisers have their way, there will be no postwar aping of the Joneses. "Put in it what you like, and you're bound to have an interesting room so long as you pay attention to color and proportion," said Harriet Burket, Interior Decoration editor of the Woman's Home Companion. Elizabeth Beveridge, Companion home equipment specialist, talked about energy-saving kitchens. Caleb Hornbostel, architect, explained how modern architecture is evolving out of changes in household mechanics, like central heating, plumbing and new building materials; in short, that it isn't just an arbitrary style somebody dreamed up. He did such a good job of it that Doris Diebler and Kay Watson, Storekeepers 3/c, voted modern for the first time

Marye Dahnke, home economist of Kraft Cheese Company, demonstrated cheese, egg and milk cookery while she kept up an easy patter about the joys of cooking. You can see her soufflé was a big success. "You know what one woman said to me?" she confided. "She said, 'Your job is so fascinating. It must be wonderful to have such a job.' 'Well,' I said, 'it is interesting, all right. And what do you do?' 'Oh,' she said," and Miss Dahnke's voice went flat in imitation, "'oh, I'm married.'" The Spars laughed, too

Maybe it wasn't chance that the first lecture was devoted to beauty and grooming. "The first step back to a happy civilian life," Miss Ann Delafield of the DuBarry Success School told the girls, "is to be a lovely woman. The day of the deserving female is past. Today you get only what you look as if you deserved." Here, June Harlow, Yeoman 3/c, shows Betty Tosti, Storekeeper 2/c, how to adjust a net to keep her fashion-wise longer hair within Spar off-the-collar bounds. Betty Fry, Seaman 2/c, looks on

Seven Spar lectures were about food. In a kitchen in their barracks, the girls practice what they learned. June Harlow, Yeoman 3/c, cuts out cookies while Charlotte Patterson, Seaman 1/c, sticks raisins on them and Betty Fry, Seaman 2/c, puts them on the pan. Achieving the Spar goal early, Charlotte was married last winter; her husband is an inspector at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. While she shows off her cooking skill to him, June and Betty intend to dazzle their mothers when they are home on furlough

NMU Educational Director Leo Huberman, former Columbia professor, teaches seamen at the "leadership" school

Pipe-smoking Basil Harris, president of U.S. Lines, listens to Danny Boano, Maritime Union instructor, explain why the union wants an expanded merchant fleet after the war. Harris, "really impressed" by the school, thanked seamen for living up to their no-strike pledge

READIN', WRITIN' AND NO STRIKIN'

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

Professors wouldn't approve the English used, but the National Maritime Union has a school which teaches members how to get along with their bosses. It's so good that even the bosses attend

SOME people will believe it if you tell them the lion and the lamb have lain down together. Others will have to see it themselves. Being in the latter category, we had to be shown when we heard that the shipping industry and the National Maritime Union, which only a few years ago were constantly at each other's throats, were now as co-operative as a brace of lovebirds. So friendly are they that some of the larger companies have agreed to send their port captains and agents to a "leadership" school run by the union.

At least part of this friendliness stems from the fact that NMU policy includes the no-strike pledge, and that the pledge has been kept faithfully, although some 5,000 members have died to "keep 'em sailing." It is also the first and one of the very few unions which has already made a postwar no-strike pledge.

Its leadership school, which teaches union policy, is manned by two former Columbia professors, Leo Huberman and Doctor Charles Obermeyer, and a seaman named Danny Boano. When we came in, the class was in session in a long, clean but smoky room decorated with murals on racial equality and picturizations of what the union can do aboard ship, such as holding classes in navigation and writing congressmen. Danny Boano was talking about the responsibilities of a delegate aboard ship. He acts as spokesman on grievances known as "beefs" and spark-plugs union policy.

"Now," said Danny, "take the master of a ship. He is a human being."

The class of some thirty seamen, of every age and rating, roared.

"He is the Old Man and king of all he surveys," Danny continued. "But he has problems. What's his biggest problem?"

Seamen volunteered such answers as Navy convoy navigation and "his ol' lady."

Danny shook his head, saying, "You're getting hot, but I will tell you. He is the loneliest man aboard. We all suffer from loneliness, but he suffers most. Here he has gone and worked hard and risen to the top, and what happens? Nobody will speak to the son of a gun!"

The class rocked with laughter.

"What happens? He walks in the galley and, the minute he comes in, it's a freeze.

Peter McCabe, who was cited by the Navy for bravery during a submarine attack, was one of the most solemn students. "I'll never forget what I've learned"

Veteran Seaman Victor Moreno of New York first felt he could learn little, has helped found union. Later he [illegible] "I didn't know what it was all ab[illegible]

Joe Faber, soon to become a master, volunteered for the course. He thinks it will help him handle labor problems when he becomes captain of his ship

Joe Fuchs, veteran of the 1937 strike, found labor-management co-operation hard to take at first. "But I can see it now, that's the progressive thing to do"

Lee Roi Polk, ex-instructor at Miss. Industrial College, said, "I came wondering about many problems. I never knew you could learn so much in a week as I have"

Keith Davis liked classes on discrimination. "From mah honey-chile accent you know Ah'm from Dixie. Ah'm going back to tell what Ah learned"

Maybe he goes ashore in Oran, walks in a saloon and would like nothing better than sit down and tell what he did twenty years ago in Rio. But again it's a freeze. So he goes up on the bridge and walks back and forth, and do you think the helmsman will say anything more to him than, 'Yes, sir; no, sir'? He will not. Same thing at his mess. Not even the mate will talk to him. So here is this human being, and no one will talk to him."

Going into the problem of co-operating with this "human being," Danny instructed the men, as ship's delegates, to meet the captain before leaving port, promise co-operation and set a regular time to settle "beefs"—preferably Sundays when the work is light.

"So on Sunday," Danny continued, "you arrive with your beefs. First week out, they are probably not much. The master sees you are a human being treating him like a human being, and you get off to a good start. You be courteous, not loud-mouthed or threatening, treat him with respect, ask about his family. And every Sunday you go to see him. Suppose you have no beefs. Well, you go anyway. Just to report you have no beefs, and everything is going well. Pretty soon that master will be looking forward to those meetings. Here, after all these years, he is getting to talk to someone, a chance to get rid of that loneliness, to get out that kid's picture. You take that picture and you look at that kid who is ugly as a fence and you say, 'My, what a beautiful child, Captain. Looks just like you.' "

The laughter interrupted Danny who finished, saying, "That's right, do your laughing here. But don't forget this is a serious problem. You know we mean it. There is no tongue in cheek with us on labor-management co-operation."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the school is that it really works. Nearly 400 men have been "graduated" from it, according to NMU Educational Director Leo Huberman, who has also set up similar schools in Detroit and St. Louis. While not all the graduates have returned from trips yet, those who have, have brought in "good" ships on which there was excellent co-operation between the crew and licensed personnel.

They Have Buried the Hatchet

The companies which have agreed to send management men to the school feel it will better labor relations and end friction if their men and the union men both understand the contract. In view of past bloody battles between the industry and the union, and the friction between labor and management elsewhere in the country, this is probably the best labor news America has had for a long time.

Education is nothing new to the NMU, which opened upgrading schools to teach "ordinaries" to become ABs, wipers to become firemen, and so on, shortly after the outbreak of the war. These were so successful that the United States Maritime Commission and War Shipping Administration recognized them; 403 out of 404 in the first class passed government examinations. Huberman, who built quite a reputation as an educator before coming to NMU, initiated other educational activities which may seem strange in a union hall. These include classes in drawing, painting, clay modeling, English and arithmetic and anything else seamen may have missed in public school. The art classes have produced enough good work to make an impressive exhibit, now traveling around the country, and have furnished a lot of quiet enjoyment to seamen who just want to relax.

The leadership school was originated by Joseph Curran, president of the NMU, to meet the problem presented by the advent of 3,000 new members a month, most of them from inland United States. Most of them had no practical seamanship, and worse—as far as Curran was concerned—no trade unionism.

Of the NMU's long, two-fisted history, its hard-won fight against racial discrimination, they were completely ignorant. The Wagner Act held no special meaning for them. They had no traditions, and it seemed that many, if they thought of the union at all, saw it only as a dues-collecting organization for striking. All of this, Curran felt, was dangerous to the NMU and the war effort.

Elsewhere there are plenty of examples of these dangers. The world's largest union, the United Auto Workers, unable to cope with a similar situation, has been torn with strife; its co-operation with management has been sporadic, and its members have violated labor's no-strike pledge. In nearly every union, factions are leading fights against the no-strike policy. All of which makes the NMU's leadership school and its postwar no-strike pledge downright spectacular.

No one should think, however, that the school is devoted entirely to labor-management co-operation and the no-strike pledge. The seamen students are taught such basic themes as the meaning of the Wagner Act, racial discrimination, how the War Labor Board works, the history of the C.I.O., how to get out a ship's paper, the union constitution, as well as such items as the history of other maritime unions and how to handle a bucko (tough) skipper. The students are elected by ship's crews and are paid $40 by the union for their week's study.

Informality is the Rule

Classes start at 9:30 A.M. They are the soul of informality. One morning, while we were there, a seaman walked in two hours late.

"Hey, where were you? Wouldn't she let you go?" one seaman demanded.

Another growled, "We oughta log him," meaning, dock his pay.

Finally the poor fellow got off with a warning.

Some pupils have been at sea thirty years, others just got out of the maritime service training school. Some speak with the drawl of I-oway, others with the soft accent of Puerto Rico. They are the most serious students we have ever seen, frequently lecturing one another for lack of attention.

NMU records show that their previous education may have been anything from a Rhodes scholarship to no schooling at all. One day Leo Huberman noticed one graying seaman not working on one of the written examinations. He questioned the man and found that he could not read or write, so he gave the examination orally, which the seaman passed with flying colors.

Once the pupils get their teeth into Robert's Rules of Order, the classes are a cross between a parliamentary jam session and an educational boiler factory. Some of the hottest sessions are those led by Doctor Obermeyer on racial and religious prejudice. They usually turn up both anti-Semitism and Negro prejudice on the part of the students themselves. These views are resolved by frank discussion and what the seamen call "pork chops 'n' unity," meaning everyone must stand together regardless of race or creed, or nobody'll eat.

The biggest single item on the week's curriculum is the "agreement," the NMU contract with the shipowners. Virtually every student has a beef. Some have saved up grievances for two or three voyages, and they rise as one man to hit Danny Boano with them.

A big-framed seaman named Joe Fuchs stood up and said, "What the hell is this? Are you working for us or the shipowners? These lousy shipowners are making millions, and we're out getting our melons knocked in. Sure, I'm for winning the war. But by the jumpin' Holy, the minute this war is over, we gotta hit the bricks!"

"Aw right, aw right," said Danny. "Stop blowin' your top or pretty soon you'll have five or six others blowin' their tops. Sure, we know conditions are lousy, food is bad. Sure, we get torpedoed, blown up, bombed and drowned. But soldiers are taking that and worse, day in and day out. We gotta back them up first. That's our job."

The class then went over the contract section by section, their rights and bum beefs being clarified point by point. Overtime, according to the NMU, was invented to prevent work injurious to the health and well-being of men and not to make them rich.

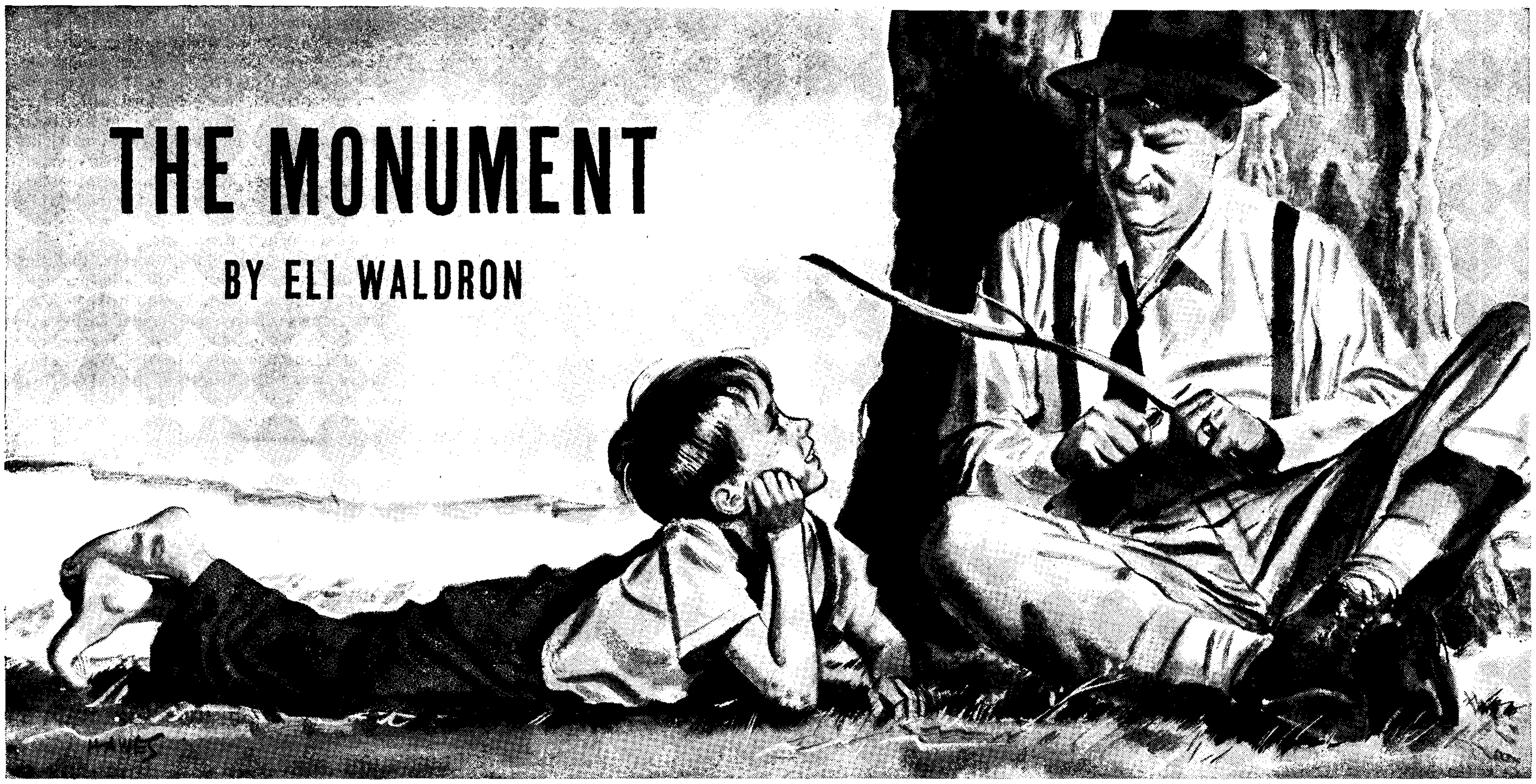
While this was going on, Mr. Basil Harris, the country's largest shipowner, walked in and sat down among the students, none of whom recognized him. Later he told us some

(Continued on page 50)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

THE MONUMENT

BY ELI WALDRON



Henry had instructed the lad who was his grandchild in the proper way to sharpen a knife, the proper way to make a whistle, the proper way to live . . .

MRS. HOOKER was glad when noon came. The morning had dragged slowly even though she had put up clean curtains and given the settee a thorough brushing. Now the hands on the clock pointed at the ceiling and she was glad that the morning had finished with the business of being morning and had put on the long clothes of afternoon.

She went to the bedroom window that overlooked the garden, but Henry wasn't there. He had finished putting in the onion sets, she noticed, and rolled up the marking lines and laid them on the grass.

"Should have known," she said, with a smile, and she went to the sunroom and saw him then in his customary place beneath the oak tree. He was sharpening a sickle with the little stone he always carried, and when she rapped with her finger he nodded without looking up, spat, put the stone in his pocket and stood up. A little stiff getting up.

They ate without any talk because, after fifty—that is, forty-nine—years, there wasn't any need to be talking much. Anyway, they were both thinking the same thing and thinking about it in more or less the same way. In forty-nine, fifty years, you get to have the same ideas on most subjects.

His good blue suit, then, he put on, and when he called, "Ma," as he always did, she went in and fixed his Odd Fellows pin. The clasp was worn and it wouldn't stay on just right. She had been fixing it for him ever since she could remember.

She dressed next, in the green dress with the white flowers she had bought when she was installed as secretary of the guild. After that, she and Henry went into the living room to wait.

"Two o'clock, did he say?" Henry asked.

"That's what he said." She took the letter from the desk top and walked with it toward the settee, holding it in both her hands. "I'll read it again."

Henry came and sat beside her.

It wasn't a long letter. There was a seal and a date and, "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hooker." Then the part that began: "In honor of your grandson, William T. Hooker, who died for his country, an appropriation has been made for a monument to be placed in your city. . . ." There was another paragraph about times and places of William T. Hooker's service, and finally: "I would like to call on you this coming Wednesday afternoon, both to renew our old friendship and to take you to see the memorial before it is brought to Lynwood. It's not far, and there may be some suggestions you would like to make. . . ."

The letter was signed: "Senator Roy E. Everett." Mrs. Hooker pronounced the name carefully as she folded the paper and put it back into the envelope.

"Roy Everett," Henry said reflectively. "*Senator* Everett."

"I dunno," Henry said, rubbing his chin. "I dunno sometimes. He used to be a pretty nice fellow. Judge Everett, before he got into these politics. Now it seems he's like all the others, throwing money right and left for monuments and what not. . . ."

"IT'S not *throwing* it away, Henry," Mrs. Hooker protested mildly. "It's not exactly that."

"And another thing, Bill isn't the only one not coming back. There was others. Good boys."

"He explained that," Mrs. Hooker said. "Bill was . . . well, he was the first. It's for the others, too. All of them. It's . . ." But her voice caught and she stood up and put the letter back on the desk.

Behind her, Henry went on with: "I'm not so sure Bill would like the idea himself. He wasn't much for show. . . ." But the words came indistinctly to her ears and she found herself staring through the archway, through the sunroom window, at the oak tree where Henry had been sitting.

It was Bill's tree, too, as much the boy's as his grandfather's. It was a warming place for both of them, a returning place. There they had sat in many suns while Henry had instructed the lad who was his grandchild in the ways of Indians and the ways of birds, showing him the proper way to sharpen a knife, the proper way to make a whistle, the proper way to live. . . .

The oak tree was Bill's tree; he was like the oak growing. When he was a Boy Scout he wrote an essay called The Oak Is the Best Tree There Is. She still had it. He liked things made of oak and was so ready, any time, to praise its virtues that the fellows sometimes kidded him about it. It was funny how boys grew and grew and grew . . . and then died.

Maybe a fancy monument *was* a waste of money. She could see Henry's point of view: it brought no one back. But it wouldn't do to make a fuss about it now. The first tearing hurt was gone and perhaps the granite and bronze, or whatever it was, would help with the emptiness when they walked by the square as they went walking.

In his hand Henry had the pearl-handled knife he had bought at Anderson's hardware to give to the boy when he came home. He was brushing the blade with the stone he carried and thinking, she knew, the same things she had been thinking.

"It's nearly two," she said.

A faded smile crossed his face. He clicked the knife shut, put it in his pocket, and his knees creaked a little as he got up.

And, "I think this is him now," she said.

They met Senator Everett on the walk. His hair was graying, but his eyes were sharp, and when he put out his hand, he said, "Hello," in a voice that had no falseness about it.

"Hello, Roy," Henry said. "Glad to see you." Mrs. Hooker nodded and smiled.

The senator took them first past the square and showed them the place where the earth was turned back. After that, they drove into the country along the carelessly looped, shining river and into the vacation hills.

She wanted to ask Senator Everett the name of the man who was doing the cutting and the engraving, but he and Henry were talking about the government. She felt a little edge in Henry's voice as he got on the subject of taxes and she hoped he wouldn't say what he thought about the monument being wasteful and improper.

A short short story complete on this page

Watching the scenery, she heard the senator say, "To hear you talk, Henry, you'd think all politicians were hell bent on ruining the country."

"I dunno," Henry said. "Seems to me they forget the kind of people they used to be, the kind of people they come from."

"Some do," Senator Everett said. "Some don't."

There was silence after that, and Mrs. Hooker was relieved they hadn't got on the subject of Bill and memorials and things of that nature. Senator Everett had been pretty nice, and she didn't like arguments, no matter if Henry was in the right of it.

The car turned into a shaded road and stopped before a small red-and-white farmhouse. A mustached man came out to meet them—a rather old man, but not as old as Henry.

"Do you know Tom Andrews?" Senator Everett asked.

"Why . . ." Mrs. Hooker hesitated. "I've heard the name, I think. Bill used to come out here hunting. Used to mention the name Andrews."

Henry said, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Andrews."

"Glad to meet you folks," the mustached man said. "Yes, I knew Bill. Had some nice visits, we did."

"Is it ready?" Senator Everett asked.

"Yep," Tom Andrews said. "It is. Right by the side of the house here."

Henry looked at his wife quizzically and ran his hand over his chin as they followed the others down the path.

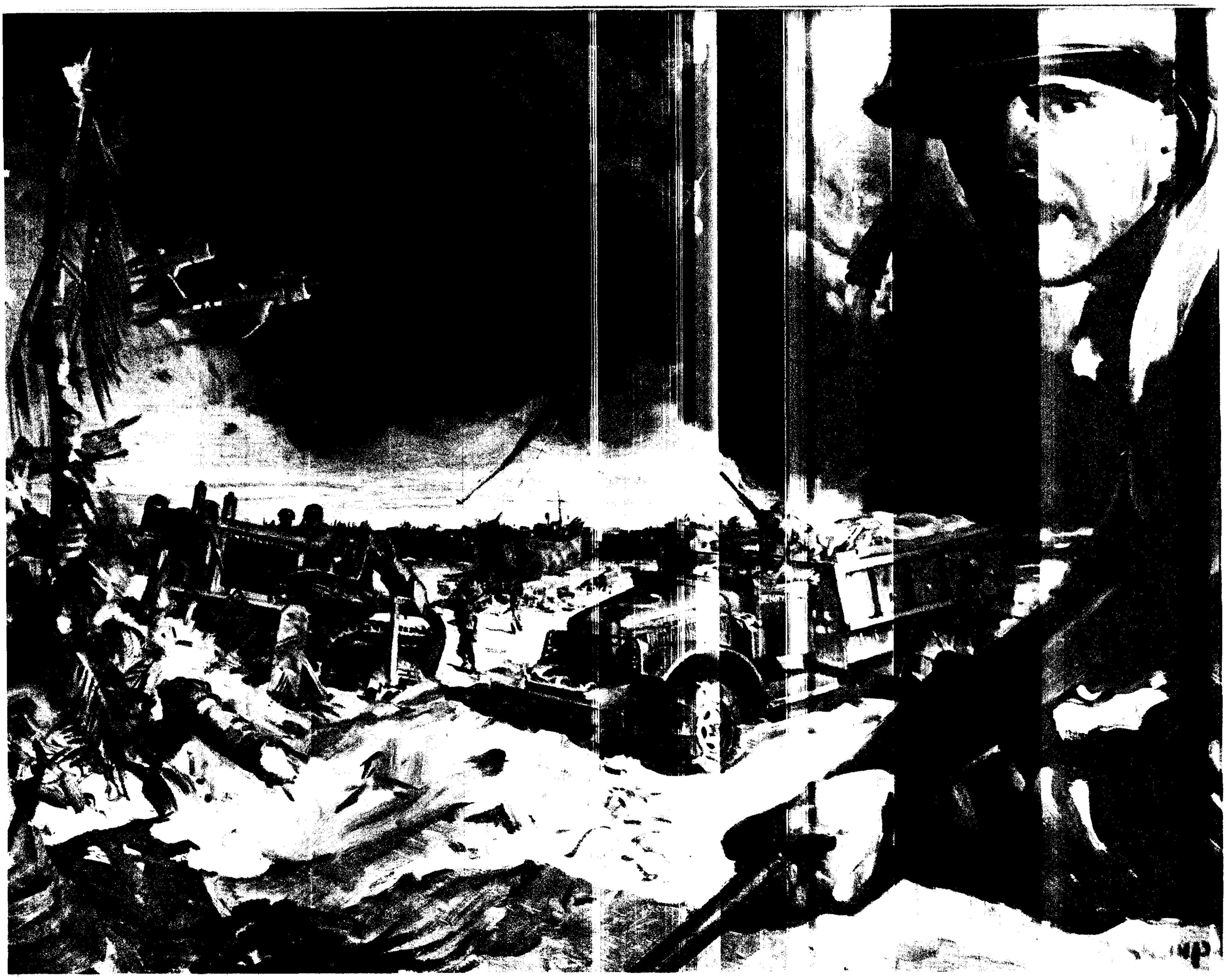
"A monument," Senator Everett said when they stopped, "can be one of several things. Sometimes it's made of marble, sometimes it's merely a picture carried in the mind. It can be something as simple as a bush or a tree. Tom Andrews picked out this because he knew what Bill would like and because I thought I still remembered what you, and others, would want. Not all politicians forget where they came from. . . ."

He said some other things, but Mrs. Hooker didn't hear them. She was looking at the little oak tree, wrapped in burlap, that stood in the shadow of the red-and-white house. And the thought came to her that no words on stone could say what it could say, growing in the square for those who had planted it so deep and with such travail.

She looked at Roy Everett with a smile, trying to tell him how sure his instinct had been, trying to say without words the things she and Henry were thinking. Because Henry was thinking right along with her in the same old way.

She could tell by the way he had taken out the pearl-handled knife and was touching it with his stone as he looked at the small, living tree.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



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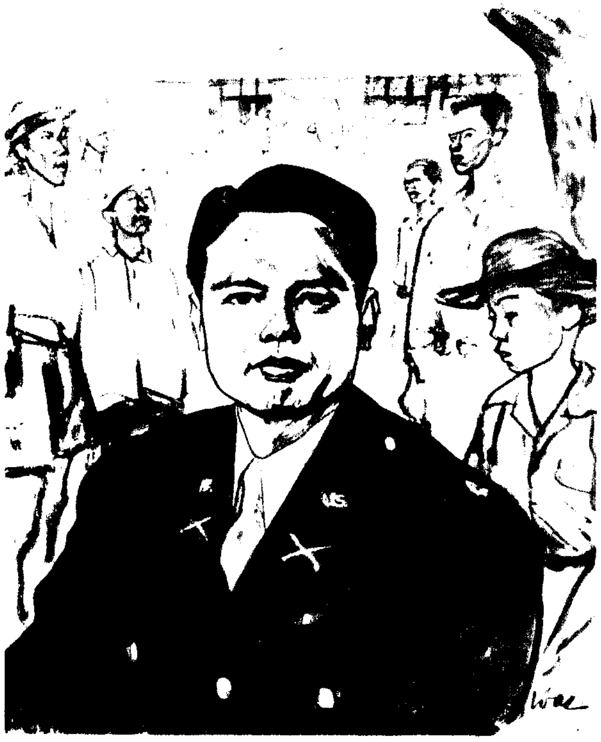

MAJOR PEDRO LOPEZ

XXVI

AS HE sits in his pleasant Washington office, a member of the Philippines Rehabilitation Commission, Major Pedro Lopez pinches himself to realize that he is no longer a hunted man with a price on his head. Throughout his three years as a guerrilla, there was never a day that the Japanese did not hound him from cave to cave, from island to island.

Prior to the invasion, the Philippines held no more peace-loving citizen than young Lopez. A rising lawyer in Cebu, and editor of a flourishing weekly paper, his other principal interest was the Rotary Club. Even after the coming of the Japanese he did not flame into rebellion. With the Americans either driven out or captured, resistance seemed hopeless, and there was the promise of the Jap commanders that they would rule humanely. What more sensible than to wait for General MacArthur's return?

Submission, however, did not prevent loot and massacre, for the blood lust of the Japanese was a raging thing. Soon disillusioned, Pedro Lopez rejected an offer to become the puppet governor of Cebu and took to the mountains with his wife and children. Considering his lack of military background, the lawyer-editor showed a surprising aptitude for guerrilla warfare. Digging up buried arms, he and his band cut off outposts and staged daring raids that drove the Japs back into the cities.

Now General Kanaka came to Cebu with 20,000 men and turned the island into a slaughterhouse. Harmless civilians were bayoneted in their homes, and grinning brutes bashed in the heads of women and little ones. Tighter and tighter the Japs drew their iron ring and—with the land swept clean of chickens, pigs, rice and corn—coconuts were all that stood between the guerrillas and starvation. Without medicines, disease added to the horror of famine.

Pedro Lopez, in particular, was spared nothing. First his children sickened, and then on a black night when Japs were thick above the cave in which they hid, Mrs. Lopez fell into labor. Only the anguished father was at hand to act as midwife, for relentless pursuit had scattered all of his companions. With his sole aids a prayer, a flickering candle and a tattered copy of The Family Physician, he delivered the child while the mother bit deep into her lips to hold back the screams that would have meant death for all.

Seeing capture inevitable if he stayed on Cebu, Lopez now led his family down to the coast, and rowed across to the neighboring island of Bohol. There he found fewer Japs and more guerrillas, but also a spreading gloom. With Tokyo claiming complete victory, even announcing the capture of New York and San Francisco, Pedro saw the necessity of bucking up Filipino morale, and started an underground "paper." Putting together a collection of radio parts, and pedaling an old bicycle to generate his power, he managed to get American broadcasts that told of our gains in the Pacific. A battered typewriter transferred the reports, and these were circulated by runner and by boat.

Between battles, for fighting was continuous, the "roving reporter" crossed to Luzon on several occasions, and ambled around Manila in disguise, picking up news and also making careful note of the quislings that he saw working with the Japs to establish the Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Unhappily, the Nips discovered the cave where Lopez had his editorial sanctum, and while he himself escaped by diving down a canyon side, they captured his precious typewriter and radio set.

More and more enemy reinforcements poured into Bohol, and more and more guerrilla heads dripped bloodily as they hung from fence posts, barbed wire and public buildings. And then, in an hour of despair, when further resistance seemed hopeless, word drifted in that an American submarine was on the way to Mindanao. A sailing vessel could not be risked, so Lopez rowed a small boat across the 100-mile stretch of water. Even today he chokes as he tells of his emotion as he saw the huge submarine surface, and watched the Stars and Stripes go up. Nor was it any "token" visit, for the beach quickly piled high with arms, ammunition, food, medicines and radio sets.

Better than all was General MacArthur's recognition of the Bohol Area Command as a regular fighting unit, and when Pedro Lopez rowed back, it was as a major. Strengthened and encouraged both by adequate equipment and the stirring news of American victories, the guerrillas took the offensive, attacking with resistless fury. Before long, it was Japanese dead that littered the woods and highways, and from the one city still under his control a frantic commander bawled to Manila for help.

Great days, and at last the radio that told of the landing of General MacArthur and President Osmeña on Leyte. Taking once more to his small boat, Major Lopez again pulled the long, drudging way, and at the end raised his raw, bleeding hand in a snappy salute. . . . GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 19

"That's fine," said Kay. "Come on, Ashley, we'll head for the bar. I can introduce you; then I'll go up and slip into something for dinner."

She led the way down a wide hall, tapestry-hung and dark, and pushed open a door at the far end. It was a big room, a kind of combination bar and game room, and the entire western wall consisted of two enormous sheets of glass. At the far end of the room four people—one woman and three men—were clustered around the bar. Kay led Ashley across the room.

BEHIND the bar a really dazzling vision was mixing drinks. She seemed to be a little high but she had everything under control. She was saying in a high clear voice, "I insist it needs the second jigger of brandy. That, dear, dear friends, is what gives it the *je ne say kwa* which makes it famous. . . . Hello, Kay."

"Presenting Mr. Rawdon," said Kay. "Marjorie Dane. . . . Harry Dane. . . . Doctor Amory . . . and Mr. Relling."

Marjorie Dane still preoccupied with her jiggers and a huge shaker shaped like a shell case fluttered her eyelashes mechanically at Ashley and went on pouring. She was wearing a black woolen dress into which she had apparently poured herself. Her hair was purest platinum blond; her eyes, eyebrows and eyelashes a rich Maltese brown.

The gentlemen mentioned shook hands. Harry Dane, the New Haven capitalist and newspaper-chain owner, had been done a slight injustice by Kay's description of him. But only a slight one. He was a short, tubby man with a trimly curled white mustache and pale white-and-yellow hair. They set off his port-wine complexion and his slightly bulbous pale eyes very well. "Have a drink, have a drink," he said hospitably in a rich, fruity voice. "Marjorie, add two more glasses to your setup, darling." There were four large cocktail glasses already lined up on the bar.

The other two individuals were the most sharply contrasting types imaginable. Doctor Amory was a tall, dark-haired, sardonic-faced man with a hard eye and a surprisingly gentle voice. He looked like an ex-Army major—possibly a major of Commandos.

The last member of the group—Mr. Relling—had a languid manner about him that Ashley felt was somehow superficial; perhaps it was the hardness in the small, cold blue-gray eyes. He was a tall man, slim and graceful, with wavy blond hair and a small blond mustache. Ashley put him at thirty-five. He spoke with a marked English accent, but Ashley thought he was probably a Dane who had gone to Oxford. He had a high color and a deeply cleft chin. He said lazily, "A very great pleashaw, Mr. Ummmmmmm. . . . I do think I'd better help Mawj'ry make up her mind; she's been fiddlin' with that bloomin' shakaw for umpteen minutes and we seem no nearaw a drink. . . . You two must be in need of one from what they tell me of the weathaw. . . ."

Kay's eye caught Ashley's but her face was solemn. "You mean you haven't been out all day?" she said.

Mr. Relling gave an exaggerated shudder. "I?" he said, and drew himself up from his drape across the bar. "*I?*"

He relapsed into his drape again. He was mildly amusing, at that, Ashley decided, and the mouthful of hot butter through which he apparently spoke shouldn't, after all, be held against him.

A loud icy clashing filled the room suddenly as Mrs. Dane got her mixture to her liking at last. And precisely as though the sound had been a gong summons, the door at the end of the room opened and two people came in. Ashley, turning at the sound of voices behind him, saw what he had been tensing for: William Arden.

Arden spoke across the sound of the shaker as he approached: "Hello, Kay. . . . Hello there, Rawdon, nice of you to drop by." He put out a hand and Ashley took it and their hands fell apart quickly. William Arden was thinner than he had been in Ashley's memory of him: his cheeks had lost their pouchiness and were firm and hard, though pale; his dark hair was thinner, too, and flecked with gray. He was close to fifty but he didn't look it.

William Arden said: "My friend Mr. Rawdon, Raoul, the Count de Valery." Ashley bowed with eyes still slightly glazed; the Count de Valery extended a firm and cordial hand and Ashley grasped it.

It belonged to a strangely impressive little man, somewhat resembling a Gallic Lloyd-George. He had the same mane of white hair, the same little white Chaplinesque mustache, the same bright twinkling eyes. He wore shapeless dark clothes and a heavy shooting cape of dark green cloth.

"At last, at last!" Ashley heard Mr. Relling sigh. "Allow me . . ." Two brimming glasses full of a weird pink mixture were slid carefully by Relling's hands along the bar toward Ashley and Kay. William Arden's voice in his ear said: "Before you go, I do want a moment with you, Rawdon, if you can spare the time. Apropos of what Kay was telling me about this morning . . ."

Ashley said, "Why, of course. Any time. Matter of fact, I don't care for a cocktail at the moment—Kay and I have barely finished lunch."

"I'll go up and change now, Ashley," Kay said. "So, if you and Bill . . ."

"Let's do it now, then," William Arden said quietly. "If you don't mind . . ."

ARDEN'S study was evidently a combination of library, office and workshop. It had no windows, but concealed lighting along baseboards and top moldings made it almost as bright as day. The air was pleasantly warm and fresh. "Sit down," William Arden invited, gesturing to two club chairs partly facing each other across a small Chinese taboret. Ashley nodded and chose one, and his host brought a large silver cigar box from the desk and placed it on the taboret between them as he sat down too. ". . . Good of you to give me this time," he was saying in his rather flat, uninflected careful voice. "Cigar?"

Ashley declined. William Arden lit one with firm strong-looking fingers.

Ashley asked soberly, mindful suddenly of his manners, "What's the latest on your good missus? I hope she's safely through the worst . . ."

"Sandra?" The dark eyes came up from the glowing cigar tip, fixed on Ashley's face. There was a curious light behind them, but Ashley couldn't tell what kind of light. Sardonic amusement? "I'm afraid we won't know till tomorrow. That fellow Amory you met—very good man. Thanks for asking. I'll tell her you inquired."

"Wish you would."

William Arden settled back in his chair. "Kay told me a little about your—er—joint experience this morning. It was good of you to help her with the car to begin with, and of course Sandra and I are grateful to you."

Ashley thought: Right. I am a hell of a good guy. I am a prince among men. So what? Let's get on with it.

"The point," William Arden continued, "is just this: I have a pretty good idea that part of that business directly concerns—me."

"How so, if I may ask?" said Ashley innocently.

"The man's name—the dead man's—was Evans? Tall, very thin, long sharp nose?"

"That's right."

"I can't give you all the details, you understand, but—Evans was supposed to be doing a very confidential job for me . . . which may have been the direct cause of his death. At the Hartford plant of Arden Industries we're doing some extremely confidential work on a new airplane motor.

"I'm not going to tell you anything so melodramatic as that our plans were stolen. But just before Christmas—*some*one got into the little annex where this job is taking shape . . .

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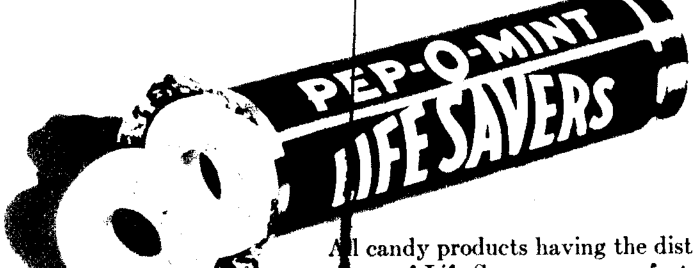

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and got out again without being detected by anyone, without leaving one single trace of his presence."

"How'd you know he'd been there, then?" Ashley inquired, reasonably.

"Because," said William Arden, frowning slightly at the interruption, "he took something away with him."

Ashley said, "Ah!" and fished for a cigarette.

"This happened," William Arden went on, "during one of the very few twenty-four-hour periods of the whole fall and winter when the place was empty except for an outside guard. The guard made his regular inspections of the inside of the annex every two hours, as shown by the clock records: he didn't notice a thing. He's an old man with three sons in the Navy. I'm entirely satisfied he's absolutely okay. The fellow, whoever he was, evidently got in through a very small skylight, and out the same way. We never thought anyone could do *it*; the annex was practically never left unoccupied anyhow; and, finally, we never left anything around when it *was* unoccupied which would be of the slightest value to—to any outsider."

Ashley said, "Ah . . ." again and crossed his legs the other way.

"ON THIS particular occasion, though"—William Arden cleared his throat again—"something valuable *was* left around. A natural oversight, we think, by overworked men anxious to get the first free hours they'd had in weeks. And when the work started up again, on the Monday morning after this Sunday layoff, the piece was missing. It's never been found."

"Piece?" said Ashley.

"Yes. It was the key piece of a new type of supercharger, the heart of the whole motor. Yet you wouldn't, ordinarily, look at it twice. It wasn't even full size: it was a small-scale plastic model."

After a brief period of sympathetic silence, Ashley said, "So what did you do?"

"Well, what could we do? We called in the local F.B.I., of course, and told them about it—but what could *they* do? Fellow name of Randall, very pleasant fellow . . ."

"I know," said Ashley casually. "I met him this afternoon, in connection with Evans' death."

"You did?" said William Arden quickly. "I hope I'm not—er—just repeating what you already know."

"Of course not. Naturally he said nothing at all about what you're telling me. He did mention that his office had some contact with your plant, that's all."

"Well, as I say, what could Randall *do?* Now here comes Evans into the picture. Evans is a government inspector at the plant. Not inspector of the job I'm talking about, of course—that's still in its preliminary stages. But inspector of the plane parts we turn out in the main plant. . . . He heard by the inevitable grapevine that we'd missed something, and he came to me—this was just the other day—and told me he'd like to put in some spare time trying to give us a hand. I was a little annoyed at first, I admit; then it turned out that he'd once been a private detective, with his own agency in New York. So I thought, hell, he can't do any harm and he *might* do some good, and I told him the whole story."

Ashley nodded, eagerly. "And?"

"And he admitted frankly that it was a thousand-to-one shot that he could do anything when the F.B.I. was stymied, but that at least he'd try. . . . Look for small men, jockey-sized men, who were spending a big roll suddenly in various Hartford dives . . .

"Now get this: We don't give a damn about that particular bit of plastic. We can alter the plans so as to make it quite valueless—*except* from this angle: the thing is basic. A basic new departure. And if a sufficiently keen mind got hold of it, and studied it, it might give that mind a slant on our own basic idea—you see? Also, of course, we want to know who's back of the job. That's obvious."

"Yes. Quite."

"I heard no more from Evans," William Arden continued. "I didn't even see Evans, until a couple of days ago, when I got a phone call from him right there"—he nodded toward the desk—"about two o'clock in the morning."

William Arden was evidently excited at the mere mention of the telephone call. His hard face twisted involuntarily and a vein stood out on his forehead. "He said he thought he had hold of something pretty big. He wouldn't give me details over the phone, but he said . . . he'd be in touch with me very shortly. That, unfortunately, was all I could get out of him."

Arden paused and relit the cigar, which had gone out. Ashley didn't stir.

"The next thing I heard of him," the narrator went on, biting off each word like a slicing machine, "was Kay's news that he had died in a Milford hotel practically under your eyes—after being wounded by some fellows he never even saw . . ."

Ashley said, "Well, blow me down . . ."

"So you can understand why I wanted to get the details from you in person. And why I insisted she bring you back with her."

Why, blast the little wench's hide! Ashley thought. So *that's* why all the talk about being scared. Wanted to see if she could persuade me all by herself, without dragging Arden's orders into it at all!

"Does Kay know what you've just told me?" Ashley asked.

"No. All she knows is that Evans was one of our inspectors. Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to hear what happened to you this morning."

"Of course," said Ashley. "Only it'll take a little time. You suppose I could get Kay on your house phone from here and explain?"

"Certainly. That end one. Wait—let me do it."

They both stood up. William Arden was halfway to the desk when one of a galaxy of instruments on the desk gave three soft chiming notes. Arden half turned his head. "I will bet you a drink," he said, "that that's Kay now. For you."

He picked up the end telephone, said "Yes?" and then turned to Ashley, nodding, and holding out the instrument. "I was right," he said and began pacing the room slowly.

Kay's voice said: "Are you nearly through with Bill? Because I'm actually getting hungry. I look ravishing. I want you to see me."

"Oh, you are and you do, eh? As a matter of fact, I'll be around fifteen minutes more. Will that be all right?"

"That's fine. It'll just give me time to get dressed."

"What on earth are you doing now, then?"

"Just out of the bath, silly," she said, and hung up.

Ashley replaced the receiver and started for his chair. He passed directly by the long table with its blueprints and its plastic models. He said idly, pausing, "I suppose the missing piece was something like one of these?—not that it's any of my business."

William Arden said: "Oh, no. Much smaller than those—those are full-scale. The thing I'm talking about was really tiny. About as big as"—he groped for an appropriate comparison—"oh, say a lady's lipstick. And much the same shape."

Ashley had had a rather trying day from a number of angles. That was his only excuse for the fact that the room swam suddenly in dizzy circles before his eyes. He clenched his teeth and heard his own voice say, from between them, "Indeed." But it didn't sound like his own voice; it seemed to come from a long way off, and William Arden's face and body seemed to waver, crazily, in midair before him like a swaying captive balloon.

Evans . . . Kay . . . *lipstick* . . .

Then he was sitting quietly in the chair again and saying, in quite normal tones, "This starts when I got on the bus at Litchfield this morning . . ."

"YOU drive," Kay said. "I am too expensively beautiful to mess with a wheel. I don't know why I take so much trouble for you."

The blue coupé stood at the foot of the steps. Ashley said, "Love to," and helped her in and went round to the other side and slid behind the wheel. It was nearly dark now, and the air was windless and very cold and clear. The motor was already idling like a distant whisper. "Someone was thoughtful,"

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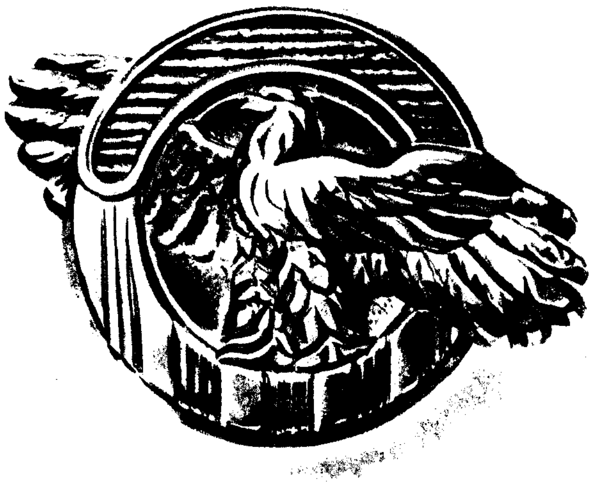

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She smiles as she dreams—smiles with admiration at the dream of "him" in a *lustrous Sakana sport shirt!* **Sakana Rayon Broadcloth**–the Wonder Fabric–is flawlessly tailored by Essley's famous craftsmen! Delightful to a woman's eyes, (that's why they're called *Woman-Wise*) perfect to the man who wears them! Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Bldg., N. Y.

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Kay said. "On a night like this . . . brrrrr!"

"What do you mean, a night like this?" Ashley said. He felt suddenly joyful and irresponsible again. "I bet you haven't the faintest idea what kind of a night this is going to be."

"No?" She turned her face challengingly toward him above her high white fox collar and her lips were inches away. He pulled her to him and after a while she said in a small voice: "Don't you think it would be a good idea if we got away from the front door?"

"In heaven," said Ashley, releasing her, "there are no front doors. Therefore you are only imagining them . . ."

But he bent forward obediently and gears clicked and the little car went sailing down the frozen drive.

Kay said: "Let us not go to the Sharon Inn, my acrobatic hero."

"Let us not, by all means. Frightful anticlimax."

"Let us go"—she drew a long breath—"to New York."

"A perfectly stupendous idea. Have we enough gas?"

"Oodles."

"And once there, what glamor spots would you like to be seen in?"

"I'm not dressed for big time. Let's visit low and revolting *bistros,* where my costume will be more in keeping."

"Hey, what kind of a costume is it, anyway? Take off your coat."

"Presently, presently."

"I really don't give a hoot. I don't think I have felt so well in decades and decades. Only—you sure you feel up to it?"

"I don't feel sleepy any more," she said. "At least, not very sleepy. I will take a brief nap right now, perhaps, and be all dewy-eyed and radiant when we hit Tenth Avenue."

She drew her feet up under her on the broad seat and settled the skirts of her coat around her. Ashley drove on as immobile as any rock. He heard a faint contented sigh. Then her head came lightly against his shoulder. "Good night, baby," he said, "for the nonce, whatever a nonce is. Grampa will take good care of you."

"I know he will." The husky voice sounded already sleepy.

They were on the Parkway and moving fast. The long white ribbon unwinding under the soft-whirring wheels was all but empty. He glanced at the dashboard clock: it said seven forty-five. Poor kid, he thought, she's had a tough day—and an all-night drive from Boston.

How do you know she came from Boston? How do you know she didn't start from Hartford?

Ashley, he told himself, what you need is a drink. Definitely.

But he still couldn't shake the idea that he knew very little about Kay except that she had been living in Boston doing some kind of volunteer war work. So what? he thought. So she *could* be mixed up in dirty work up to her beautiful chin, couldn't she?

She couldn't, he told himself, she couldn't possibly have been in cahoots with a double-crossing government inspector — to put it bluntly. The mere fact that he got killed proves that Evans was honest, doesn't it? Of course it does . . .

This thought pleased him greatly. He drove on feeling infinitely better. He felt so much better that it didn't occur to him to watch behind him. Not that, if he had, he would have seen the two shadowy shapes that drifted down the Parkway after him. He wouldn't have seen the first one because it was traveling without lights, and the second one was too far behind.

BY THE time they swung onto the Upper Drive, the dashboard clock said ten of ten. Ashley had a sudden inspiration; there was a little Russian place on West 56th where the food was superb, the music soothing and confiding. He had known it for ten years; he was sure she would approve.

He parked the car half a block from its door and leaned over and kissed her hair. "Darling," he said; "darling, this is it . . ."

They went in.

It was all he had hoped it was going to be, that next hour, and more. They found a table and then Ashley asked her could he please see now what she was wearing. "Oh, pooh," she said and flicked her coat open and back so swiftly that he had only a glimpse of shoulders and a bosom which seemed too lovely to be real. "I was only kidding. This is just an old black dance dress I happen to like. Also it's warm."

"Yeah," he said, still dazzled. "Yeah. Warm." It was all he could achieve.

They had one Martini and a half bottle of sauterne apiece. They watched the dancing but they didn't dance. It appeared that all they wanted to do was sit next to each other so that he could hold her small cool fingers under the tablecloth. Suddenly he said remorsefully: "Baby, you're half asleep."

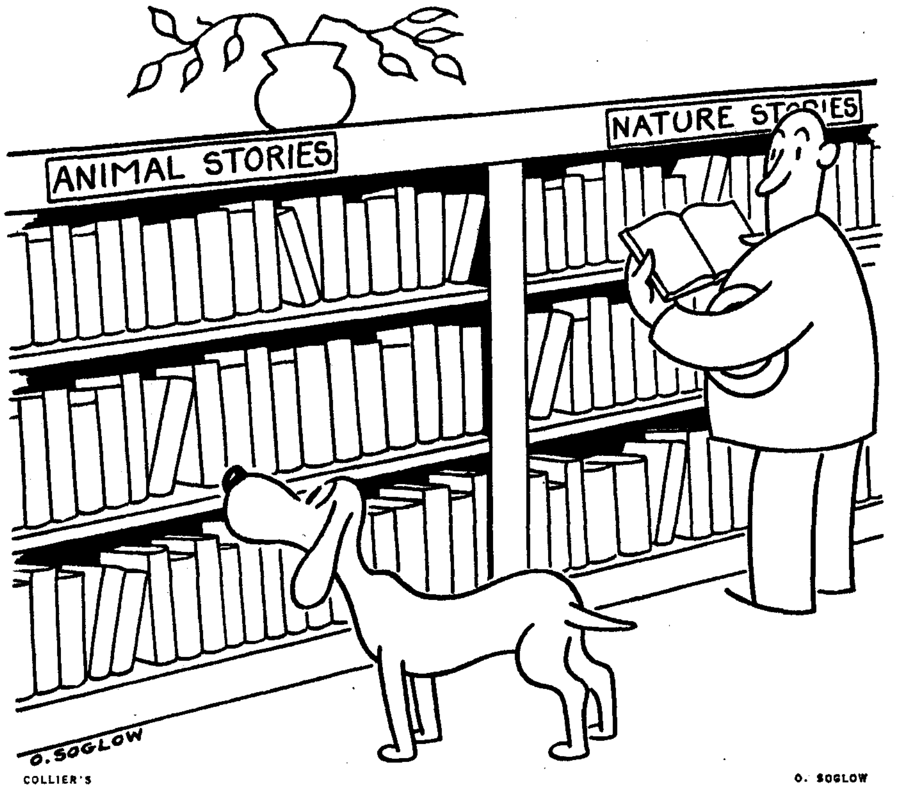
"All right, I'm half asleep. I'm also very happy. Except that you still haven't told me why you're going to Miami."

"Why does anyone go to Miami?"

"God knows."

"Why, my goodness, girl," said Ashley, privately agreeing with her but feeling lazily argumentative, "you must be hard to please. Take Hialeah. You know: horses. Take Hialeah in the early morning, with the flamingos strutting around in the dew and the beetles thundering through a blue mist on their early workouts . . ."

"What good does that do us now with



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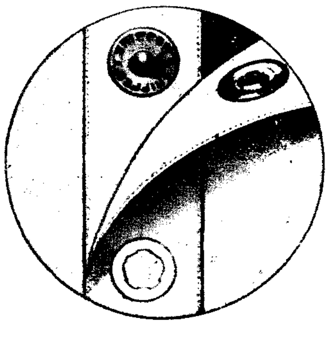

racing *passé?*" she said. "And I never get up early. Truly, why are you going to Miami—and when?"

"Military secret," he said, grinning. "Why do you want to know? Are you coming to see me off?"

"No," she said dreamily. "I think I am coming with you."

Ashley said nothing for a moment. He was thinking: A great little bluffer, aren't you? Tell *me* you're afraid to go home alone, just to see if I'll fall. Tell *me* you're coming along with me now, just to see what I'll say. He said, gravely and as if it were a quite natural idea, "*I* think that is the best thought you've had all day. I've been wishing I dared suggest it."

She opened her eyes very wide. "But I'm serious. If you think you can put up with me, I mean."

"That reminds me," he said, keeping his face wooden, "I *was* rescheduled for the Silver Meteor tomorrow morning, but there's a train out tonight which is a little slower and not ordinarily so crowded. I thought I might inquire about that, but . . ."

"Go and do it now, do you mind? What time does it leave?"

"One A.M."

"We'd never make that," she said, as if resignedly. He thought, So *that's* how you get out of it: no you don't. He said, "I'll go ask 'em," and got up. She called after him: "Two staterooms if you can. Two berths if you can't."

He nodded seriously and went out to the coatroom phone booth. Penn Station's night informant said yes, they could give him two staterooms on the Havana Special leaving at one A.M., it being so soon after the holidays that southbound traffic was relatively light. Ashley hesitated; then before he knew it he said, "Okay, hang on to them for me for twenty minutes," and added his name. He went back to Kay, smiling and feeling very pleased with himself.

"Okay," he said briskly to her, "we're off! What do we do with your car? And what about your bags and things?"

"They're all in the car, of course," she said. "You didn't think I was spending the night at Sandra's, did you?"

Good Lord, he thought, the lady certainly has plans of some sort. Though he still didn't believe she'd get on the train with him.

"We'll leave the car in the Plaza garage," she said. "They know me. I'll phone them and tell them to come for it. We will just shift the bags to a taxi and get moving. What about *your* bags?"

"All I'm taking is one big suitcase," he said, "which is already packed at the club."

IN THE taxi he put his arms around her and she came close to him and she was suddenly not an audacious, sophisticated, amusing young woman any more; she was a very tired little girl who wanted to be kissed quietly and held gently while she let her eyes close. . . .

At Penn Station he got their tickets for the two staterooms, and then they were following the porters across the concourse toward the gate which said Havana Special.

During these processes Kay seemed to be, literally, in a kind of somnambulistic trance. Only the pressure of her hand on his arm and an occasional brief enchanting smile assured him that she was awake and aware.

They reached the gateman and he thought, Well—I suppose this has gone far enough. This will be where she gets off. He said: "Kay, darling . . ."

"Not here," she said sleepily, softly. "On board . . ."

"Flamingo" was the car's name. Perhaps it was that word inscribed on the oblong board affixed to the Pullman's glittering steel flank, perhaps it was the presence of the girl beside him (still, still beside him, as if the dream were real)—in any event, it was then for the first time that the thought of Florida began to seem to Ashley faintly exciting, something more than a geographic entity devoid of any emotional significance.

The porters stowed Kay's bags away and Ashley tipped them. "I am practically a walking gold mine at the moment," said Kay at his side. "So I want to pay for that ticket now, Ashley, please. If you don't mind." She put a bill in his hand. He glanced at it. A hundred dollars. Girl, he thought, you certainly lend your bluffs the artistic touch of verisimilitude . . . "We'll fight that out later," he said, handing her back the bill.

They stood side by side in the chastely dove-gray paneled stateroom, and Ashley thought, a little nervously, of how few minutes there were left. She looked up at him, still wrapped in the white furs, and smiled. And suddenly her eyes were wide open and the smile was, definitely, an impish smile. "I fooled you that time, didn't I?" she said. "You didn't think until this minute that I was really going."

"What? *What?*" said Ashley. "I know damn' well you're not. And neither am I. I wish we were. I have been afraid to make a sudden move for fear I would wake up from the beautiful dream I have been dreaming, but I knew all along it was only a dream. And also we'd better hurry so that I can see you to a hotel where you can get some sleep. Connecticut can wait till tomorrow morning—"

"I'll say it can," she murmured.

"—because it would be sheer cruelty to make you take that cold ride back tonight—"

"It certainly would."

"—but I hope you'll have breakfast with me. Will you?"

"Indeed I intend to," she said, her voice full of mocking overtones which were somehow both derisive and tender.

"So," Ashley said, "inasmuch as we will shortly have to part at the foot of some blasted elevator, I think I had better kiss you good night now—"

"I will love it," she said, "and please close the door . . ."

The next mundane event of which he was aware was that the train was moving.

THE crowd in the Richmond station spilled past the frantic guard and swarmed like anxious bees all over the departure platform as the streamliner began to nose smoothly on again. There were handkerchiefs, hand waves, shouts. Ashley from his stance in the lounge-car vestibule viewed these gyrations with a blank and slightly glazed stare: the stare of a man who has had a sleepless night and is praying for strength to hang on till the bar is open.

He rubbed a bristly chin and looked at his wrist watch. It would be all right to go in now, he thought. He went in and sat down and watched the southern outskirts of Richmond slide by as the enormous Diesels picked up speed. There were clouds in the east but they were moving fast before a southerly wind, and even as he looked they blew aside to show a kind of golden mesa far beyond; a sky mesa which was pure light and pure glory, crowned with a thin curved rim of fire, which was the sun. The steward at Ashley's shoulder said:

"Yes, *sah.* You think you would lak to order something now? We are now o-pen."

Ashley said, "Yes, indeed. I would like to order a couple packs of cigarettes and about a quart of whisky. What kind of whisky have you got handy at this point?"

The colored boy looked doubtful. The clickety-clack, clickety-*clack* of the wheels beneath them rose to a smoother, swifter rhythm. "I dunno, cap'n," he said. "I dunno if you *kin* order a quart at this point—"

"It doesn't matter," Ashley said. "It doesn't really mat—"

He stopped short. There had been no one else in the car but the steward. There was now a third party: Miss Wendell. She stood in the doorway like Queen Boadicea, with folded arms. She was wearing a beige pullover and a tartan-plaid skirt; there was a red narrow ribbon around her hair and a baleful fire in her eye.

Ashley was on his feet so fast his chair fell sideway. "Fancy!" he said. "Fancy meeting *you* here! Come in and watch the sun rise."

She didn't stir. "So!" she said, lifting her chin dramatically. "*This* is where you hide from me! To think," she said, advancing two steps and addressing the dazed steward, "that I, Ethelreda Finitny, should have married a tosspot!"

"*Tosspot?*" said Ashley indignantly. "Why, I just got here. They wouldn't even serve

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Here again, peacetime experience and research helped turn the tide of war. The American way of throwing open the doors of opportunity to men of enterprise once more proved its value.

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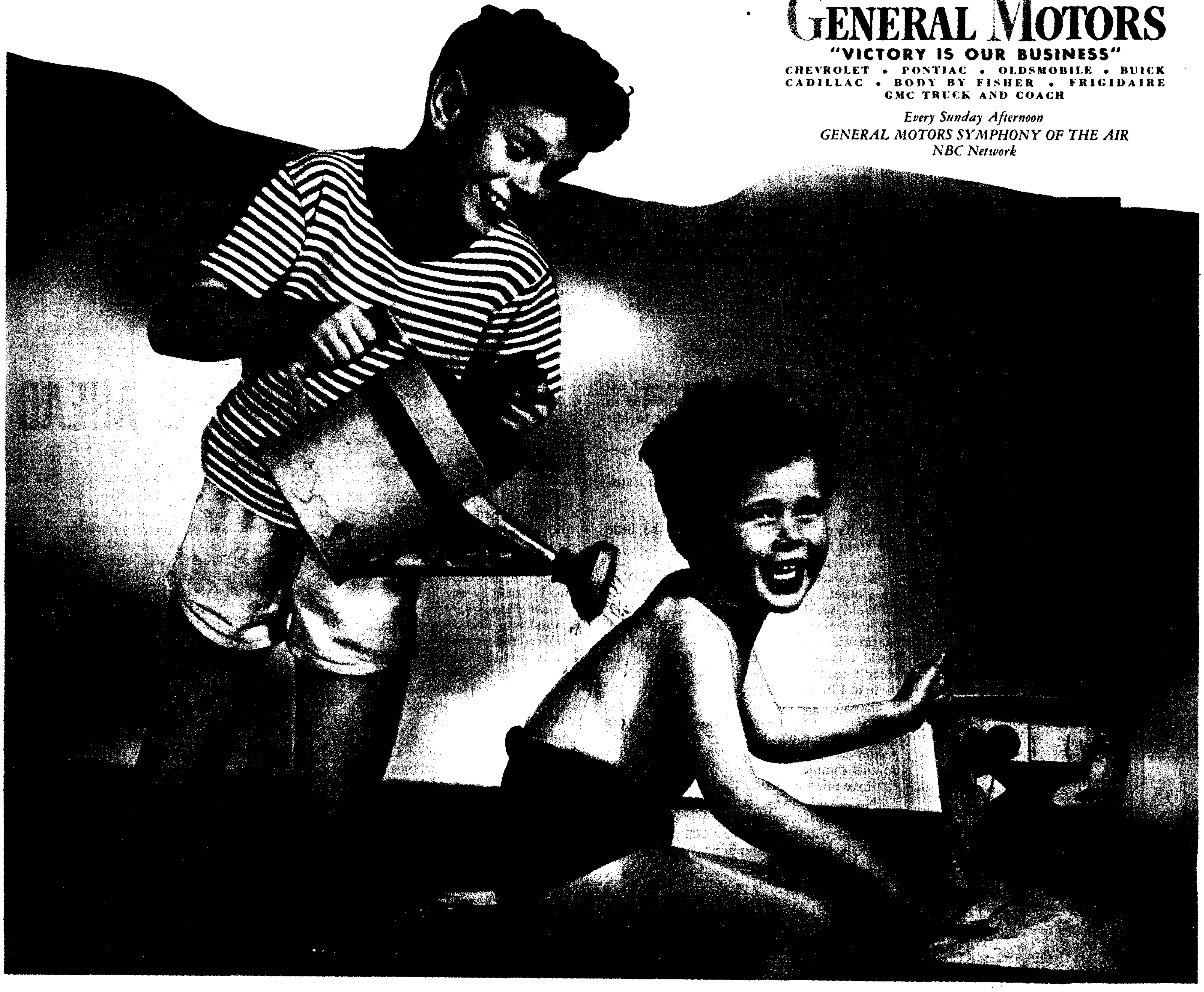

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me a cigarette till we cleared Richmond." He advanced with a mincing step as if doing a cakewalk and took her hand. "Thar, thar, little gal," he said. "Don't take on so. Set down and have some coffee."

"Ah will set," she said and did. "And Ah will have me a shot of coffee."

"An' mebbe a shot of drinkin'-likker?" Ashley suggested.

She looked at him coolly. Then her lips twitched. "What you a-drinkin', Grandpap?"

"Ah'm gettin' me a slug o' Scotch."

"Ah'll try that too."

"Let's see. Bring a pot of coffee, a large pot with two cups, and four of those little bottles," Ashley told the colored boy, who was still standing beside them with a dazed grin on his face.

"Well, Grandpap, how yo' been?" asked Kay brightly.

"For the love of Pete," Ashley said. "Let's quit this early-morning clowning. I am nuts about you, that's how I've been. I haven't had any sleep, that's how I've been. I didn't want to leave you and you know I had to leave you and it damn' near killed me, that's how I've been . . ."

The colored boy came back with four tiny flagons of Scotch, two tall glasses, a bowl of ice and the cigarettes. "Ah bring the coffee right away, sah," he said. Ashley combined the articles before him in a suitable manner, lit their cigarettes and raised his glass to Kay's. "Skoal . . . anyway," he said.

"Skoal to you, Good-lookin'," she said and drank freely. She set the glass down and watched the unfolding splendors of the sunrise for a moment.

"If I'd had any sense," said Ashley thoughtfully, "I'd have dragged you off the train at Manhattan Transfer."

She looked at him scornfully, "You would, would you? It's still a free country, isn't it? How do you suppose I happened to be on the train?"

"Why," said Ashley, "that opens a perfectly fascinating field to speculation. You seem to be a law unto yourself: I guess you just got tired and wanted to lie down."

The glint went out of her eye; she appeared considerably mollified. However (Ashley reflected later), she was still determined to make her point. She said, in the sweetly patient tone with which one addresses an idiot child, "*The simple truth is that I'm* due in Miami at Betty Lewis' right now. I'd have taken the train direct from Boston if Sandra hadn't been ill."

"I don't believe it."

"You want to see my ticket?"

"Yes."

She fumbled in her skirt pocket and extracted a long pink slip which she passed to Ashley. It was a ticket from Boston to Miami.

Ashley said, gazing at it, "Well, I'll be— and I thought it was me."

"You were very amusing about it. So transparent."

"I—"

"So naïve. Should you protect the little girl from herself—or what?"

"Why, you—"

"But sweet. Oh, I'll stop ribbing you. You *were* sweet."

"Well, we live and learn," Ashley said. "When I was younger, I used to think my charm was everywhere. I used to think the world was caught in my net. But as I grew older I realized it was the twenty dollars it thought I had in my pocket."

THE coffee arrived. Kay finished her Scotch and began to pour coffee for two. Ashley said: "You know what we ought to do this minute?"

"Have another drink?"

"No. Send a wire to Randall. I told him I'd give him a ring before leaving town— *and* what will the Ardens think about you, you dirty stay-out? Shouldn't you wire Sandra?"

She said composedly: "I told Sandra goodby. I told her I might be back and I might not be back. Don't you worry about Sandra and me; we understand each other."

He nodded, crooked a finger at the steward, asked for a telegraph blank. One was produced. He picked up the stub of pencil he had been toying with before Kay appeared and wrote busily. He passed the blank to Kay. "How's that?"

It said:

James Randall
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Hartford, Connecticut
Seemed wisest get our friend completely away. We arrive Miami six-thirty tomorrow morning Havana Special. Will telephone you nine A.M. *Everything quiet so far. Regards.*
A. Rawdon

"That's fine," Kay said. "It doesn't sound as though you were having a very good time on the trip, but—"

Ashley gave her a nasty look. "Where can you get this off from?" he asked the colored boy.

"We goin' stop Petersburg in 'bout two minutes, sah."

"Fine."

"You want I should send it, sah?"

"No," Ashley said, "I'll send it myself, on second thought. You keep an eye on the lady here."

"Yes, *ma'am*," said the boy, beaming.

It took Ashley a while to get the telegram off and he just made it back to the train. He found Kay still sitting in the lounge car staring out the window. When he pushed open the car door and the cold air swished in, Kay turned around quickly to look. "Heavens," she said, "you frightened me. I thought we were going to leave you."

"The day you leave me," Ashley said, sitting down opposite her, "will be a bad day for Mrs. Rawdon's boy— What you got there?"

A YELLOW envelope lay on the white cloth. Kay said, "It's for you. Man came through bellowing for Mr. Rawdon, so I signed for it. I told him you were in the station. This was waiting for you in Richmond, he said."

Ashley said: "What? How could any human being know we were on this train?"

She said, "Why don't you open the blasted thing and find out?"

"An idea . . ." Ashley picked up the envelope, ripped it open, pulled out the yellow flimsy inside, unfolded it and read. . . .

"What is it?" Kay asked. "You look as though you'd seen a ghost—"

"That's just it," Ashley said. "I haven't seen him. If I can spot this particular ghost I'll fix his wagon, believe me."

He passed the sheet to Kay. A couple of horsy-looking individuals in loud plaids were playing rummy at the other end of the car; otherwise he and Kay were quite alone. She read aloud, slowly:

Ashley Rawdon
On board second section Havana Special southbound
Have reason to believe you are being followed. Please both be very careful. Telephone me on arrival. *Randall*

ASHLEY'S tap on the door of Stateroom C was firm and reassuring a half-hour later. He had been very surprised at Kay's reaction to Randall's wire: after her insouciance over Evans' body and the fire-escape episode, he hadn't been prepared for the way she'd gone all to pieces.

The color had drained out of her face like water through a sieve leaving it paper-white. She had leaned her bright head back against the lacquered steel of the window edge and closed her eyes, and Ashley in alarm had to hold a glass of ice water against her mouth before she opened them. "It's all right, baby, it's all right—" he heard himself repeating, over and over; and almost immediately it *was* all right: she'd got a firm hand on herself again . . . "I tell you what we'll do," he'd said with a synthetic cheerfulness. "We'll go back to your stateroom and you lie down for a couple of minutes while I dash off that shave, and when I knock I'll bring you a be-yewtiful surprise."

She smiled faintly. "What kind of a surprise? I don't much care for *that* one"—indicating the yellow flimsy now back in Ashley's hand.

"You'll see. . . . Come on; we've done all the damage we can here." Rawdon settled with the steward and wrenched open vestibule doors for her as they swayed forward till the word "Flamingo," the name of their car, welcomed them on the shining steel. . . . "And don't open for anyone till I come back," he'd said. "Sure you feel all right now?"

"Sure. Only don't be long . . ."

He hadn't been long. He'd shaved, then

A BIG JOB AHEAD

THERE have been certain times in my life when the need to express my thoughts has been so great that I could do nothing but give way to it. This is one such moment.

All of us know about the wonderful work done by the Red Cross. We know that the blood we have given has been converted into lifesaving plasma, and that our dollars and cents have been able to bring some comfort to living and dying alike, throughout the world-wide battlefield. It is heartening to know that so much is being done. But I am particularly grateful to the Red Cross for another, more personal reason. Today I received a letter from my husband, who is a prisoner of war. I should like to quote a few lines from it.

"For more than three years I've been shunted around from one prison camp to another, and each one is pretty much like the others. I've noticed a lot of things. Prison life has different effects upon different temperaments. Some of us become adjusted to the present and are able to feel optimistic about the future. Others get sunk into a sort of apathy, and merely exist from day to day. But there is one thing all of us look forward to eagerly, and that is the regular arrivals of those wonderful parcels from the Red Cross. We count the days until it's time for the next one to come, and you ought to see the excitement when they are opened and distributed. Thank God for the Red Cross—and if you ever get a chance to tell them from me and all of us here just how important their work is and how we bless them for it, please do. I don't know what any of us would have done without those parcels." . . . So that is why I feel such a deep personal gratitude to the Red Cross for all the work it has done, it is doing, and must continue to do. For make no mistake, the Red Cross still has a big job ahead of it, and it has a greater need for money this year than ever before. Not only must the work on the battle fronts and among the prisoners of war be maintained, but a new responsibility has been added. The disabled and the veterans are coming home. This means added work, and it is vital work that *must* be done. But it can only be done if you help it with your contributions.

The war is not yet over—not by any means. The heaviest casualties may lie ahead. As each day passes, your help becomes more necessary; so give whatever you can whenever you can, not once, but time and time again.

JAN STRUTHE

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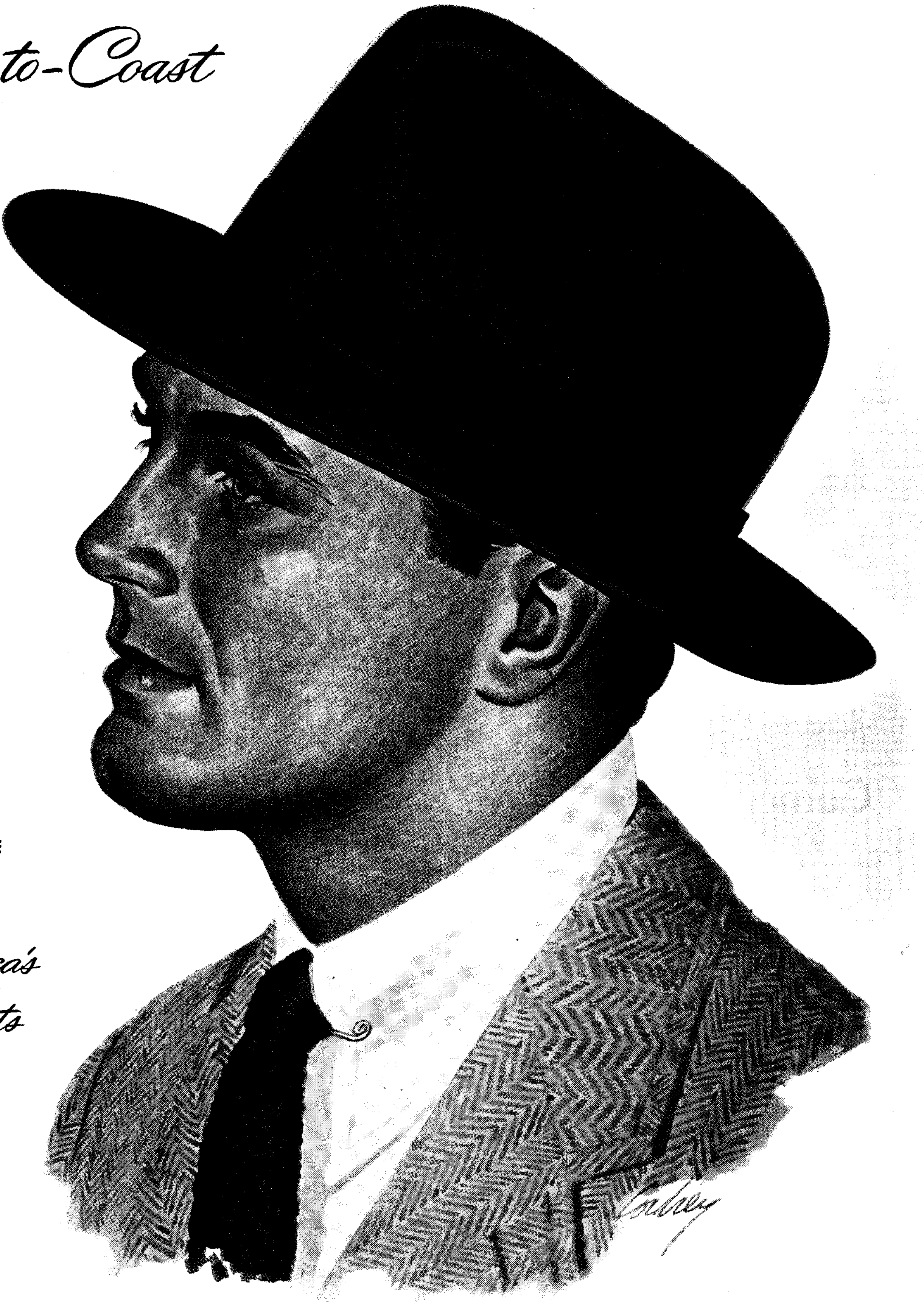

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At fine shops everywhere . . . other Mallory styles to $15.00 gone to the lounge car for some sherry. She needed some, he thought; also, he decided, he needed a drink himself.

A voice behind the door said, "Who is it?" quickly as he rapped. "Who do you think?" he said. She opened the door and he went in and snapped the catch. He said, grinning, "I have a beautiful program mapped out for us today. Hope you missed me."

The porter had made the room up while they were in the lounge car; Kay's bags were neatly restacked against the inner mirror panel; only the square hatbox was open on the sofa, and she had evidently been delving in it when he knocked. The room was full of gold sunlight; it showed Ashley that her color was normal again and the strain gone from around her eyes. She said, smiling, "I bet I can guess what it is," and sat down on the sofa looking up at him.

"Rugged," he said looking down in approval. "Rugged, that's what you are—a very rugged female character."

They sat down side by side then on the deep-cushioned forward-facing seat. They sat quietly sipping their sherry and watching the brown Virginia fields slide by. Then Ashley drew a long breath. "Kay, now that we've both had a chance to think about it, what under heaven do *you* make of the telegram?"

"Ashley," she said, "I hope you'll forgive me; I thought for a moment back there that I was going to have the screaming meemies. It seemed so—so somehow sinister—and so utterly, utterly incredible."

Her voice rang with sincerity. "As you said," she added, "how could any human being know we were on this train?"

Ashley fished for his pencil stub and a bit of paper. He propped the paper on his knee. He said, "Of course that's the first question. I suppose there are several answers but offhand I can only think of one: Your idea about Evans' killers telephoning to headquarters must have been right, or maybe" (he spoke cautiously, remembering Randall's instructions) "*maybe* there was another man in the offing who didn't go along in the car. *But* he learned about Evans' friends in the yellow convertible. And through him, we were trailed all the way to New York."

"Trailed? But we drove in—"

"But, darling, you were driving with a cluck. After we once got started, I don't think I looked behind us once."

"But why do they just *follow* us? If they think you—or I—are hooked up with Evans in any way, or that Evans has told us anything important or given us anything important—why don't they *do* something about it before we get to town? All that lonely stretch of Parkway . . ."

"You got me there, kid," Ashley admitted. He poured some more sherry and sat down again beside her. After a moment she said: "Ashley, I have a confession to make to you."

"Spill it, then," he said cheerfully, turning to face her full on. She was very serious. She said, looking him straight in the eye, "You're going to be very angry with me."

"I'm furious already, if you say so. Shoot."

HE HADN'T the vaguest idea what she was going to say; he didn't even take the remark very seriously. He got a shock. She said, her eyes still unwavering, "There never was any lipstick."

"What?" said Ashley. "What?"

"I said there was because . . . well, when that bit of white fell right at my feet, I thought it *was* my lipstick and that my pocket must have a hole in it. I had my gloves back on again so it *felt* like a lipstick when I picked it up. I stuck it in the other pocket. . . . So at the New Milford hotel, when I was brushing up in the ladies' parlor before we ordered breakfast, I thought I'd slap on a little more color for *your* benefit—and I pulled it out and it wasn't lipstick, it was just a bit of smooth, carved plastic and I figured it must have fallen off one of the bus windows. It looked like that sort of jigger—"

"So what did you do with it?" he shot at her.

"Stuck it back in my pocket—for no reason at all; I might just as easily have tossed it in a corner and forgot about it."

"Kay," he said solemnly, "this is the God's truth—so far?"

"Of course it is, darling. . . . I completely forgot about it."

"Well, then," he said, trying to breathe more evenly and to forget the mounting pressure behind his temples, "at the inn, after Randall had gone, and I asked you specifically about this episode—why did you tell me a deliberate lie?"

Now it was she who drew a long breath. She said, "By that time I was a little wiser. I'll explain, Ashley; just don't look at me in that terrible way or use that terrible tone. *Please*—"

He tried, with stiff lips, to smile. "Just go on," he said. "I've got to know why you lied to me."

KAY WENDELL said, slowly as if anxious to proceed with meticulous accuracy, "I knew that Bill had had a theft at the plant. *He* didn't tell me anything, but he'd told Sandra and Sandra told me. A little bit of plastic was missing and Bill was raising hell till it was found. . . . Well, I didn't connect *that* with what fell out of the bus window till I was standing at the top of the steps in the barracks looking down at that wrecked car. Then it came to me. Evans tossed a bit of white stuff out the bus window that morning; he was afraid he was going to die, so to keep the thing from being found on him by the wrong people he tried to throw it in the ditch where he could find it again if he got better but where it'd *never* be found if he died. . . ."

She paused for breath. Ashley said more gently, "I get all that, Kay. Wouldn't be surprised if you were right on the beam. That must have been Evans' reasoning. . . . But you still haven't told me why—well—first, why didn't you dig it out of your pocket at that point, as soon as we got upstairs again, and show it to the lieutenant?"

Her lips tightened. He went on: "And in *any* event, why did you tell *me* it was . . . lipstick . . . afterward?"

She said, "I—"

"And regardless of what you told me," Ashley concluded, "why didn't you turn the thing over to Arden as soon as we got home? Or perhaps you did; did you?"

"No," she said, "it's here in my pocket."

Ashley gulped and swallowed. He felt relieved and horrified and amused and convinced and suspicious. He got up and ran himself a glass of ice water in the little cubicle adjoining and came back and sat down again. He said: "I don't feel very well; I don't think I am long for this world. Would you answer a couple of my questions before I blow my top?"

She said, "It's very simple, Ashley. I didn't say anything to the lieutenant because—because there is a little score to be settled, let's put it that way—between W. Arden and me, and believe me, he is going to play it *my* way, whether he likes it or not. . . . And I thought this find from heaven, as it were—if it *were* the missing part—will give me just that much extra hold over Bill. . . . And I am not ashamed of that . . . of wanting an extra hold over him."

Ashley said nothing. She went on: "In other words, I wasn't going to have the lieutenant go handing this thing back to Bill on a platter. Believe me. . . . But as far as *you're* concerned—that's a different story. I . . ."

She paused, and it seemed to Ashley that a richer pink crept into her face. She said, "My—my so-called mind works fairly quickly—at times. When you spoke to me so seriously about what I'd picked up in the road, the mere fact that you could even dream I'd been a—a confidante of Evans in dirty work of some sort gave me a horrid shock. I—I value your good opinion very highly—and after all, you don't know me very well. And it did look funny, Ashley; you've got to admit that it looked funny: me with the car blocking the road, and this poor wounded soul dropping the missing papers, so to speak, at my feet."

"You're a nasty little liar," he said, but his voice was his normal one. "You didn't tell me the truth because you knew very well I'd insist you turn the thing back to William Arden instantly. Which of course you're going to do: notify him the moment we hit Miami. Good Lord, girl—have as many private feuds with Arden as you want; more

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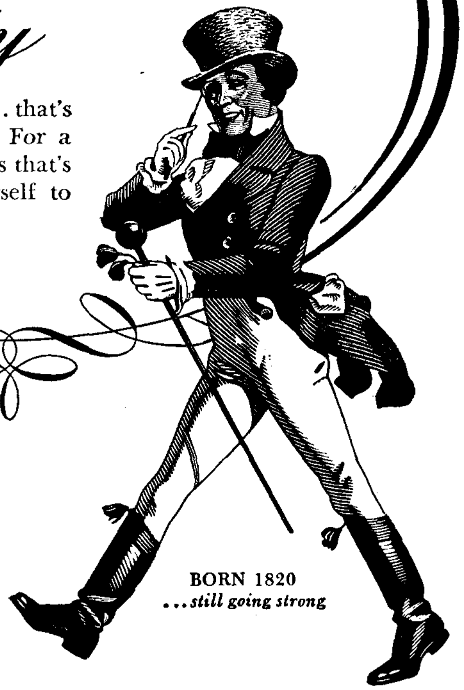

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power to you. But this is government business. This is the war. . . . Let's see the thing, will you?"

"I *will not.* Not if you take that attitude," she said. Her voice was calm and cool. "But I'll tell you something that maybe hasn't occurred to you. I will bet you anything you say that Bill suspects you have it already."

"Suspects that I have it? Why on earth? . . ."

"Because that's the kind of mind he has. Everyone is guilty until proven innocent—and perhaps even then. *Your* story sounds all right at first, but after all you *were* invited upstairs by Evans, you *were* in the room alone with Evans, Evans *was* found dead, the *missing piece is still missing. . . .* What price A. Rawdon? my brother-in-law will say to himself. I mean *has* said. . . ."

HER words confounded him. They were so true. He said with a sudden flash of prescience, "Kay—in that case—*he* could have had us followed. Couldn't he?"

"Of course he could have. *I* think it's someone he sicked on us that Randall is referring to."

"But listen, Wendell: If Randall knows where we are—which he obviously does—*he* must have had us trailed too! Yes?"

The blue eyes were sparkling. "It's an enchanting picture, isn't it? We go rattling down the Parkway and behind us come Bill's minions and behind *them* come the Feds, carrying sawed-off shotguns and maybe a small brass cannon."

"*You going to let me see that plastic?*"

"You going to turn it over to Bill?"

He said, "Never you mind about that. Are —you—going—to give—it—to—me?"

"No!"

He had both her wrists in one hand suddenly, and with the other he aimed at her skirt pocket. But she was on her feet like a small agile cat, and catlike she twisted her body away from him so that her wrists slipped out of his grasp. He grinned and lunged at her again and felt his jaw snap shut with a hard *click* as her right elbow smacked his chin; at the same instant she hit him hard in the stomach. He said, "Why, you little—" and pinned her against the back of the opposite seat and held her there, squeezed flat, with the whole weight of his body while he felt toward the pocket again. She said in a stifled voice, trying to strain away from him, "Stop it, Ashley! Don't make me hurt you—" and he laughed, panting and she brought her knee up hard suddenly and she did hurt him. . . .

He let go of her and went into the washroom and was sick at his stomach. That passed and the pain passed and he was conscious of increasing admiration for her, which, he thought, was a strange attitude after she pulled a fast one like *that*. . . . He drank some water and opened the door and she was sitting where she had been, by the window.

"You're a damn' dangerous woman," Ashley said feelingly, lowering himself to the seat opposite her. "I don't think you should be at large. Where did you hide it?"

"That was very rude of you," she said. She seemed inwardly much amused and it made Ashley suddenly angry. He said, "You know what I'd like to do with you at this point?—and don't think I couldn't. In fact, I owe it to you. I'd like to take you over my knee and wallop you till you couldn't sit down for a week."

"Try it," she taunted. For an instant he thought he would try it—and do it; then his sense of humor got the best of him and he laughed. "I'm afraid I'd be like the man in the anecdote," he said. "Once I got started, I—wouldn't be mad any more."

"Vulgar as well as rude," she commented, but she too was smiling. "I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"Why, what ever makes you think you hurt me?" said Ashley, adding a piteous groan. "You go on to sleep again or go up and talk to the engineer. Or choke, if you prefer. I am going to find someone who doesn't play so rough."

"Where *are* you going—really?" she said in quick alarm as he got up.

"I haven't quite decided. I think I will retire to my own stateroom and sulk for a bit. And if I were you, I'd dig the stolen papers out from under your step-in or wherever you just cached 'em and carry them with you should you leave this room. In addition, you might ask the porter to lock the door on the outside for you—*if* you leave. But these are merely suggestions. You can fly your own kite from now on. . . ."

He went out, closing the door firmly behind him, feeling that he had made a fairly effective exit.

He was intensely curious about what it was she wanted William Arden to settle a score on. He was intensely anxious to see the bit of plastic. He was extremely doubtful as to whether to telephone Randall's office from Raleigh—*or to let that particular move wait* till they reached Miami and he had had a chance to reason with Kay again.

The sun rose higher and noon approached; so did Raleigh. The sun was very warm indeed, and he reached for the fresh travel pillow which the porter had thoughtfully provided, slipped it under his head and closed his eyes for a moment.

He opened them with a start at a change in his position; he had slipped down onto his shoulder blades and a sign sliding past the window as the Diesels picked up speed said "Raleigh" and was quickly lost to view. The Havana Special had stolen into and out of the Raleigh station, and Ashley hadn't even stirred in his sleep.

He got up, stretched, yawned and went to wash his face. He decided that he felt much relieved. The moot point of whether or not to telephone Randall from Raleigh without Kay's permission had been settled for him while he snored.

He got out his pencil and scribbled a note on a blank telegraph form which the porter brought him. It said:

PERSONAL: Gentleman, tall, handsome, cultured, refined, seeks amusing luncheon companion. If interested address Box B. Flamingo.

"Take that," he instructed the porter, "up to Stateroom C, will you? And wait for an answer."

"Yessir."

He craned his neck again and saw the porter knock, saw the door open and his message handed in, saw the porter admitted and the door closed. It opened again immediately and the porter emerged and Ashley's heart gave a disconsolate flop. She hadn't had time to write an answer; she must have said, coldly, that there was no answer. The porter approached, grinning. He leaned against the doorjamb and said:

"She laugh. She say hold ever'thing, she be right heah."

Presently Kay's door opened and she came toward Stateroom B. She was now wearing a cinnamon wool dress under a short dark coat of silken fur. He watched the grace of her long slim legs moving toward him, then his eyes went up eagerly to her face. She saw him standing in the doorway; she smiled. . . . Rainbows filled the car.

Ashley said, "This is indeed charming of you, Miss W. I fell asleep. I just woke up as we were leaving Raleigh."

"I know you did," she said calmly. "I came up twice and looked at you. With your mouth open . . ."

THE rest of the train trip went without noteworthy incident. They had lunch, and it lasted clear into Georgia; then Kay insisted that they both needed more sleep and they went their separate ways. When Ashley opened his eyes again the stars were shining and the train was motionless; he looked out and a sign said "Jacksonville." It was after midnight.

He was undecided whether to check on Kay in person or not; the porter informed him that the lady hadn't appeared at all, so he told himself it was best to take no chances on waking her if she were asleep. However, he went out on the platform for a breath of fresh air and cocked an eager eye up at her window; the dim light was on in the stateroom and all appeared serene. He tested her door gently when he got back aboard, and it was safely locked. So he stripped and stretched out between cool sheets as soon as the porter could make the berth up, and the next thing he knew it was five o'clock and they were running into West Palm Beach.

He had a scratch breakfast with Kay, at which neither said much, being still drugged with sleep; then the echoing vastness of the Seaboard station in Miami, and a surprisingly chilly wind under a still star-filled sky. Sunrise was nearly two hours off. They took a taxi to the little hotel near Biscayne Boulevard, where Ashley had made reservations for himself ten days before. They were fortunate enough to get, on the same floor, two rooms, not adjoining but directly opposite each other on either side of the hall. The room for Kay was lip-service to convention till they could get Randall's advice; then, presumably, she would go on out to Betty Lewis'. No one, so far as Ashley could tell, followed their taxi; certainly no one followed them into the hotel. They signed separate register cards—Kay used her married name—and saw the cards filed safely away from possible subsequently prying eyes.

After they both had time to unpack, Ashley went over to Kay's room. "Darling, it's now quarter of eight. We have seventy-five minutes to decide on what we're going to say to Randall. You know, of the Hartford Randalls. You given the matter any more thought?"

"Yes," she said promptly. "A lot more.... Would you order up some coffee, by the way? ... I think I have been very silly. I think I have enough on my brother-in-law without his blasted little plastic—and in any event, as you pointed out, there happens to be a war on. I am going to give the revolting little fragment to you, dear, and let you go on from there."

Ashley took her hand in his and if his grip hurt her she didn't show it; the dark blue eyes were steady and changeless and serious as they looked back into his. "Thank you, baby," he said, in a husky whisper. "Thank you. . . ."

He ordered coffee, and after the boy had brought it up and left, Kay drew out a small leather key container from her handbag on the bureau. The hatbox lid flew open and she fished out a pair of crimson slippers and felt their toes experimentally. She dropped the right-hand slipper and picked up the left; from inside its toe she pulled a small oblong twist of tissue paper. She tossed it to Ashley. "Take a look, boss," she said. "Maybe it's just a window catch after all."

Ashley went across the room suddenly and locked the door. He sat down on the bed near Kay's chair and unwrapped the white tissue with fingers which felt stiff. He held up his palm and its contents toward the light.

It was bigger than any lipstick but not much bigger, an ivory-colored little cylinder as full of tiny slots and slanting planes and unexpected parabolic curves and grooves as a Chinese puzzle. Made, obviously with microscopic precision . . .

Ashley said, soberly, turning it over as gently as though it might bite him. "I don't wonder Arden was worried."

She was intensely matter-of-fact now. She poured a cup of coffee and sipped it. She said, "What're you going to say to Randall?"

"Oh, that's simple. You'll be pleased with me on that. Point is, do I phone from here or go outside where the operator downstairs can't listen in?"

"Double-talk will fix her, won't it?"

"Right. And I'd better put the call in now. I've heard it takes an hour or more to get New York from here. Hartford will probably be harder. . . ."

It didn't take an hour; it didn't take more than two cigarettes apiece. They both jumped when the telephone shrilled.

"We are ready with Hartford," said a far-off metallic voice. "Go ahead, Miami."

"Hello. Rawdon speaking."

"Hello, Rawdon." Randall's voice. "How are tricks? Guess you wired me before you got mine."

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"Calling from Mrs. Allison's room at the Hotel Parker in Miami. Don't suppose you want to be anything but cryptic at this point."

"Well.... Any signs of what I suggested in my wire?"

"Not a trace. Of course you gave me no idea at all of who to look for—"

For some obscure reason, Randall was amused. "Don't you worry," Ashley heard him say with a short laugh. "They're certain to get in touch with you shortly—"

"Who is?" Ashley was irritated. "And how did *you*—er—think—of—er—wiring me at Richmond?"

ACROSS a thousand miles and more came Randall's laugh again. "Oh, we have our little ways. Don't inquire too closely—not from where you sit."

"What I want to know is, just how hot is the seat where we're sitting? I have a certain responsibility to my—er—cousin, you know. After all . . ."

Abruptly Randall was serious. "It could be plenty hot," he said. "*Plenty* hot. I'm just surprised you haven't had any—er—inquiries yet. I'm damn' sure you will shortly."

"What do I do when I do?"

"Just . . . watch your step. You've got a head on your shoulders—and so has she. And keep me posted. Any time, night or day—"

Ashley said violently, "You make me sick! For two cents I wouldn't tell you the big news. It's this: In a very curious way, my cousin has got hold of what we think *must* be the—er—the missing link."

"*What?* What's that?"

"Yes. She didn't even know what it was," Ashley said hastily. "It was picked up during our brief contact with Mr. E. We *could* both be wrong, she and I. But I think there's no doubt that it's—what you're after."

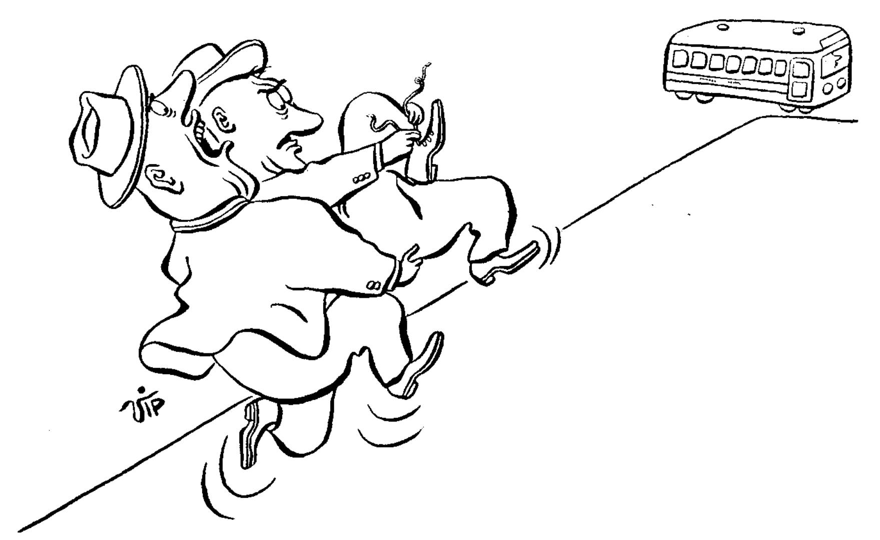
There was quite a long silence. Then Randall said, "Where is it now?"

"Right here on the telephone table."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Yes. We feel the same."

Randall said with sudden galvanic energy which crackled all the way from Connecticut to Florida, "Listen. Get hold of a fellow named Cassidy—he's with the local branch of my outfit, a very nice guy—and give him a full report the first minute you can, will you? And turn that little item over to him



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in person? And call me back about ten tonight? Will you do that, Rawdon, without fail?"

"I certainly will. Consider it done."

He repeated Randall's half of the conversation to Kay and then telephoned the offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He was told that Mr. Cassidy was out of town and would not be back until late that night. Ashley left his name, said he would call again. For some reason he didn't like to let that polished bit of carved frozen power get out of his own hands until he placed it in Cassidy's. He said to Kay, "We can't get Cassidy till tonight. What say we go for a swim pretty soon?"

Already the big square window was full of golden light. Kay said, "What you going to do with *that* in the meantime?"—pointing. "Put it in the hotel safe?"

"No. Randall told me to hang onto it until I could deliver it *in person*. It stays right with Grampa. Where I go, it goes."

"And where you go, I go."

"That," said Ashley, "has a beautiful sound. Biblical, isn't it? Do you know what I think? I think you and I ought to get—"

"*No!* Don't say it!"

"Don't say what?"

"Don't say that."

"Well, blow me down! Anyway I take it back. I wouldn't want to associate long with a girl," he said, sitting down on the arm of her chair and putting one of his own arms around her, "who censors my conversation before it's even out of my mouth. . . . Small kiss?"

"I thought we were going swimming. . . ."

So by gradual degrees they acquired a pair of trunks for Ashley and a beach bag and a little Polynesian number for Kay. Ashley put on a money belt he'd had in the Merchant Marine and put the plastic in it. It made a noticeable oblong bulge, but was covered adequately by his suit coat. They lunched near the hotel and then taxied across the Causeway to the beach.

The sky was a pellucid and cloudless blue. The sand was a smooth dull gold. The ocean was crystal clear and warm as warm milk. They had the ocean almost to themselves. It swirled around them, higher, higher . . . then they were cradled in it, borne seaward in flying showers of lucent gold.

By the time it was four-thirty they were both hungry again and so they came in to change.

Ashley had a shower and got into his clothes. He found Kay sitting on the edge of the terrace scuffing her brown brogues in the sand. "Let's go and tip over a dish of tea; what say?"

"I say you're on." She stood up. "Where?"

"Let's go to the Bartlett. It's only a block or so north from here."

"Let's walk, then. My legs are still stiff from that blasted train."

"Mine too," Ashley said.

They walked north along Collins in the golden light of late afternoon, turned in at a palm-shaded gateway, and found themselves on a long open veranda that faced the sea. A little breeze had come up and the palm fronds clashed delicately.

Ashley said, as they sat down at a table next the parapet, "Tea is a very dangerous drink. It's got something in it—I forget what—which is practically lethal in any quantity. Don't you—?"

"How right you are. Make mine a bucket of rum."

THEY compromised on two rum Cokes. Ashley said, "You were going to shed a little light on Arden's guests. You feel like doing it now?"

"Well, I can tell you some things about the Danes." She stopped suddenly, bit her lip. "Ashley, what are your politics? Or don't you want to be labeled?"

He considered. "I suppose I am what used to be called a liberal. I suppose in a way I could be called a socialist. I certainly agree with Mr. Jefferson, if you recall his remark about the boots and saddles."

"Afraid I don't."

"I don't remember the exact words, either, but it was to the effect that if we could be sure of anything, we could be sure that the great mass of mankind weren't born with saddles on their backs, for the sole purpose of being ridden by a booted and spurred minority. . . ."

"That's enough. I just didn't want to get laughed at for saying Harry Dane is a dangerous man. He's not only got half a dozen newspapers now, he's got control of a radio chain which is going miles a minute—and he's the blackest, most reactionary little squirt you can imagine this side of Goebbels."

"Kay," said Ashley, "I am literally dumb with admiration. Not merely of your opinions, but of the delicate restraint with which you express them." He raised his glass. "Here's mud in your eye."

"Editorially—you say you've been out of touch, so I'll just mention a thing or two—editorially, Dane and Dane's men pan everything which you or I would consider progressive. *Everything.* Everything from the new income tax to Lend-Lease. He's isolationist, he's—and I'm not exaggerating—a *very* bad influence."

"How come you feel so strongly about him?"

"Good Lord," she said, her cheeks tinged with an angry pink, "can't a woman feel strongly about anything except a—a baby's diapers or a ration book? However, Dane and Arden have been as thick as thieves since they went to school together. They're each around fifty now, so you can see this beautiful friendship is no bud. I just don't believe there's anything those two wouldn't do, to get their hands on more power after the war."

"Well," Ashley said, "trading with the enemy was once a highly respectable occupation. Oil to Spain—wolfram to Portugal—chrome to—but I interrupt. What about little Marjorie?"

"Isn't she a honey?"

"Oh, I don't know. She—well—I mean, you wouldn't forget her in a hurry. Ha-hmmmm." He cleared his throat hastily and took a sip from his tall glass. "Let's bypass Marjorie; what about the other two?"

She was looking out to sea, and for a moment she didn't answer. The lovely bright-tinted face was as severe as if chiseled from colored marble, and Ashley decided his tribute to Madam Dane had been ill-timed at least. The veranda was beginning to fill up. Faces still pale from New England and points west, faces beautifully browned, faces burned practically black, were all talking at once—chiefly, it seemed to Ashley, about one of two things: horses or horses. He was just about to repeat his request to Kay when he stiffened in his chair and his eyes seemed to go *pop*. . . . He could, literally, feel them bulge. He sat up straight and touched Kay's arm. "Turn your head ve-ry ve-ry slowly," he said, "and tell me if I'm dreaming. Wait a moment—they're behind that palm. . . . *Now!*"

Exquisitely attired in cream-colored slacks and a sky-blue linen jacket with brass buttons, a malacca stick under his arm and a polka-dot-banded coconut straw on his head, Harry Dane was strolling up the steps. At his side, a similar color symphony in yellows and greens, was Relling. . . .

"It is a very good thing," Ashley said, as the taxi whirled them back across the Causeway, "that we are getting back now. I want to buy me a cute sports coat like Harry's before the stores close."

Kay said faintly, "I am still breathless. But *breathless*. . . . And you don't think they saw us?"

"Couldn't have—unless they have eyes in the side of their heads. Never glanced our way."

"You suppose they flew down?"

"Could be." He had another idea but he didn't mention it.

The taxi squealed to a stop in front of the hotel. Kay paused to admire the tropical goldfish in the big tanks beside the door, but Ashley put a hand firmly at her elbow and pushed her inside. "No sense advertising that we live here," he said in her ear, as they crossed the lobby. "I know the beach is risky but it isn't as risky as Miami. We *can't* stay cooped in our rooms but we can stay off the sidewalks . . ."

When they got to the elevators, Ashley said, "You go along up—I want to get cigarettes and some magazines. Only take me a couple of minutes."

AFTER he'd made his purchases, he had to pass the desk to get back to the elevators and as he went by, the clerk said, "Mr. Rawdon, did your friends get in touch with you?"

Ashley stopped in his tracks. "What friends?"

"Two gentlemen called about noon—shortly after you and Mrs. Allison had gone out. They asked for Mr. Rawdon and seemed quite disappointed when I said you weren't in."

Ashley said quickly: "What did they look like?—not by any chance a stout little fellow with a white mustache and a tall thin lad with wavy blond hair?"

The clerk said, "Why, no. Not in the least. They were—well . . ." He put up a manicured hand to his own marcel and coughed delicately. "They were . . ."

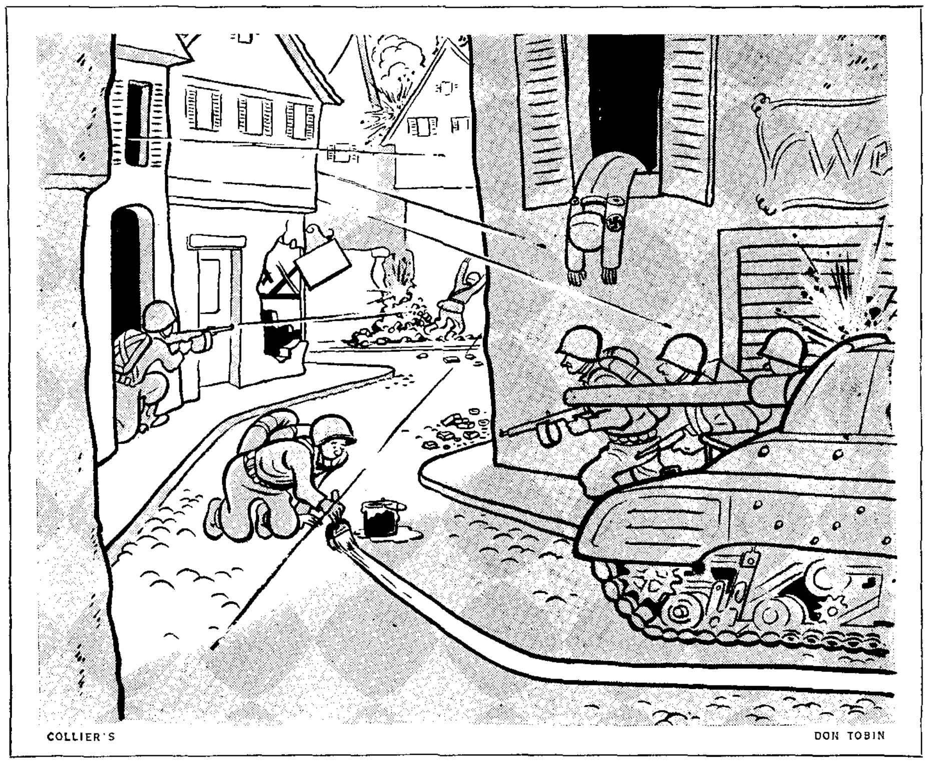
"Say it, for God's sake."

"Well . . . I didn't really think they were your friends," the clerk confessed. "But anyway they asked for you. Short and dark, both of them, I-talians, I imagine. One of them had a broken nose . . ."

Ashley said, still with terrible calm, "So then what?"

"So then nothing. They went away. They left no names. I presume they'll call you later," the clerk said primly.

Ashley made the elevator in three leaps. "Fourth—quick!" he told the boy, and they shot up to the fourth floor. Ashley said: "Listen, you wait right here. If I'm not out of both our rooms in two minutes, you go



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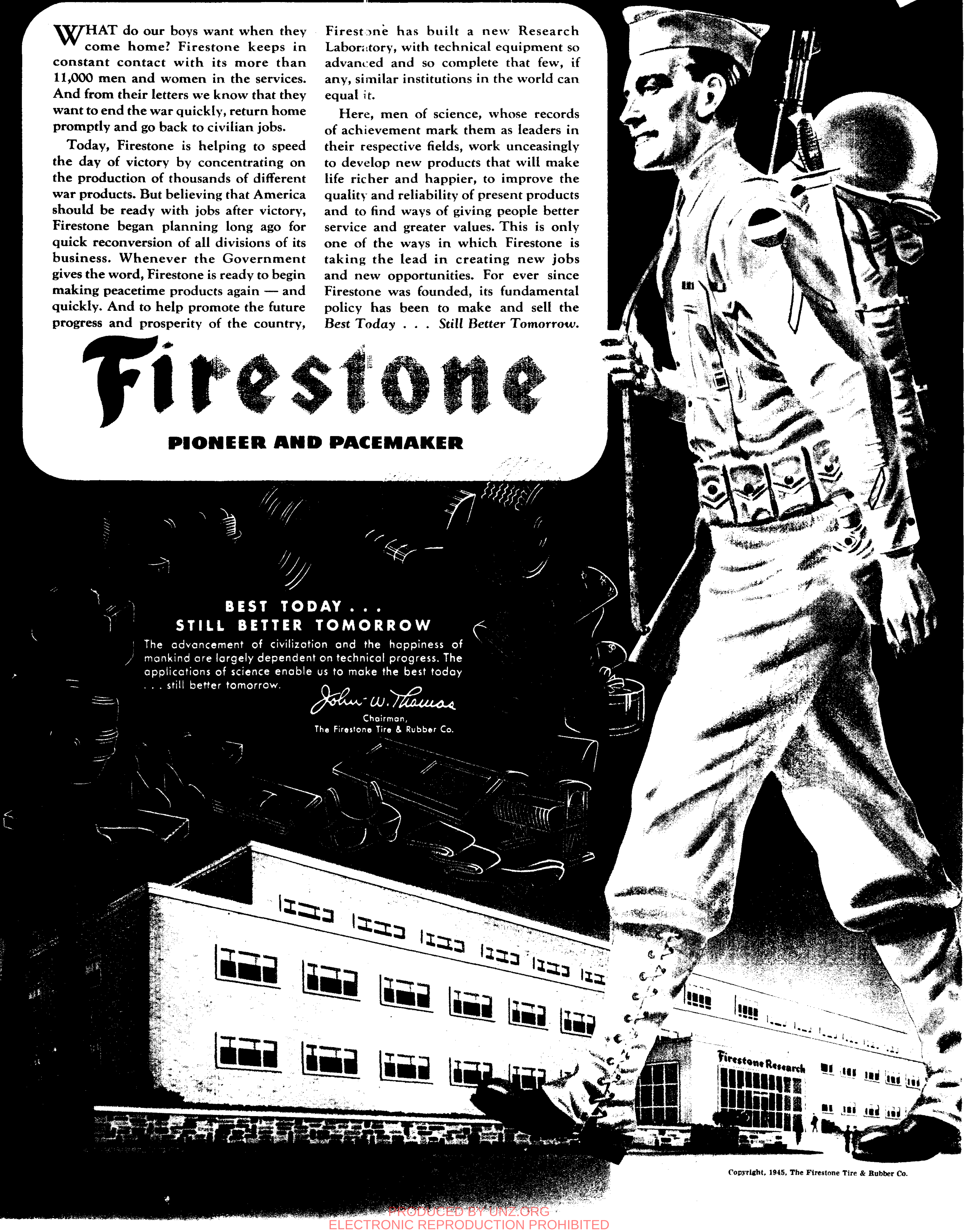

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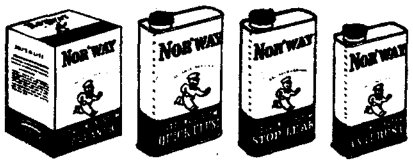

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down and get the manager and a cop and come back a-running. Get me? This is government business."

"Y-essuh," the colored boy quavered with his eyes popping, and stood watching Ashley sprint down the hall.

He banged hard on Kay's door and there was a horrible silence. He called, "Kay! Kay!" and there was rustling within and the door swung back. "Come in," she said in a tight voice, "and take a look at *this* . . ."

He stood in the doorway and looked and it was something to see. She had four bags of varying sizes and the big hatbox. They had all been broken open, and their contents were strewn around the room as though blown there by a tropical hurricane. The small square leather jewel case which had lain on her bureau now lay on its side against the baseboard, and the glittering trinkets it had held were scattered all over the carpet. The fur-lined motor coat had been ripped by a knife or a razor blade: the padded shoulders were in ribbons and the fur hung, half-detached, across the footboard of the bed. Kay's dresses, her underwear, her stockings, were strewn from end to end of the room, and all the bedclothes, including the mattress, were on the floor.

Ashley said, between his teeth, "Stand in the hall a moment. I might have known . . ."

He went in the bathroom, wrenched open closets, peered under the bed. Nothing human there. He went out in the hall, brushing Kay well aside but noting the transfixed gaze of the elevator boy still in his cage sixty feet away, and unlocked his own door. He was so angry that he plunged into the room like a charging bull, and it was thus very fortunate that the room was empty. The damage here was minor because there wasn't as much to damage. Just shirts, toilet articles, some socks and some underwear. They were strewn around with the same superb indifference all over the room.

Ashley went out in the hall and called to the elevator boy: "Okay, son. Send the manager up right away, will you?"

There came a squeak of assent and the cage dropped out of sight. Ashley said: "I found out downstairs we'd had visitors. I came back as soon as I could: I should be shot for letting you go into that room alone."

"What visitors?"

He told her, once they got inside her room again, what the clerk had said. His narrative was interrupted by a tap at the door and the clerk's scared white face. "The manager isn't here yet, sir," he said. "Can I—oh, my goodness!"

"Yeah. Come on in. Take a good look. Did you give our room numbers to those monkeys who called?"

"I—well," said the clerk defensively, "neither of your keys was in the box, so I thought at the moment you might be in. So when they wanted to use the house phone, I naturally—"

"Okay, okay . . . get the manager as soon as you can, will you? We'll begin to assess the damage here—and if anyone else calls, we aren't here, understand? We packed up and left. Don't make any mistake about *that,* now."

"No, *sir,*" said the clerk. "And I—I'm sure I'm very sorr—"

ASHLEY said in a tone of strangled courtesy—"Right. Just . . . get . . . the . . . manager . . ."—and slammed the door. He also locked it, somewhat superfluously.

He said to Kay: "What they did, they got our numbers and walked back a little later and waltzed themselves right up the front stairs without anyone spotting them. And got in with skeleton keys."

"I wouldn't know," she said, listlessly.

"Any of your jewelry gone?"

She didn't answer, and he stopped his restless pacing among the lingerie and turned to look at her. She was sitting with her elbows propped on her knees and her chin propped on her hands. She was staring out the window at the last of the sunset and on her face was a look, not merely of dejection but of unutterable despair. Ashley came over to her. He bent and put an arm about her shoulders. He said: "Baby, what is it? Don't let this throw you. You've been wonderful. We'll get you out to your friend Betty Lewis tonight if I have to express you in a steamer trunk; then I'll get hold of this Cassidy and we'll really go to town. And this time *no* one—except your friend Betty—will have any clue in the world to where you are. How's that?"

He gave the slim shoulders a small affectionate shake.

She stared out the window, she didn't move or answer. He shook her again, a little harder. "Kay," he said, "Kay, darling . . ."

She moved then. She was out of the chair and face down on the bare wire spring of the bed before he could stop her; her head was buried in her arms and she began to weep. Soundlessly, but with great sobs that tore through her whole body. He didn't know what to do or to say, so he said nothing, and did nothing except rest one hand ever so lightly close to her, where he could just touch her quivering side.

Gradually the sobs subsided.

Someone tapped at the door.

Kay curled herself off the bed and vanished with a rush into the bathroom. Ashley called, "Who is it?"

"The manager, Mr. Rawdon."

This was a short, powerful man with bulging truculent dark eyes and a bulging stomach under a loud plaid sports shirt.

Ashley explained his theory of what had happened: the front stairway, after getting the two room numbers from the clerk, and skeleton keys. He added, "Mrs. Allison is having a mild attack of hysterics in the bathroom at the moment. I wonder . . . is there a good doctor in the neighborhood?"

"The house physician," said the manager stiffly, "is named Ryan. He is supposed to be good—"

"Get him up here, will you? And listen: I am now about to make a telephone call to some friends of mine in Connecticut. I'd appreciate it if you'd personally see that your switchboard girl doesn't listen in. Can you do that much?"

The short man flushed. He said with dignity, "Certainly. Do you want to make the call now?"

"Yes. And then I'd like to talk with you again."

"I'll be around," said the short man, "from now on."

Ashley waited four minutes, then he went to the phone and got long distance. He gave Randall's number and the operator asked him to hold on. He did so, sitting on the wire bedspring and hoping Kay hadn't fainted. He called: "Kay? He's gone. You all right?" and heard a muffled voice say: "I'm all right." He lit a cigarette and looked around the room again, more carefully.

He saw one detail that he hadn't noticed before, though it didn't seem very important compared with all the other damage: one of Kay's bags had evidently held a very fine pigskin carrying-case for a camera. The case was now empty, lying against the baseboard near the jewel case. Ashley wondered if the visitants had stolen the camera out of it. It seemed unlikely, with jeweled clips and brooches still strewing the carpet. Possibly there hadn't been any camera . . .

THE operator said: "We are ready with Hartford. Go ahead, Miami." Ashley said: "Hello—Randall there?"

"Who wants him?"

"Rawdon. Ashley Rawdon. I'm calling from Miami—"

"Just a minute."

A brief pause. The far-off voice said, "Not here. Can I do anything?"

"Well . . . it's a bit complicated. I was to call Randall at ten tonight . . ."

"I know. My name's Stewart. I know about you."

"Oh, fine. Well, I'll still call Randall at ten, but I thought I'd better report on this: both rooms, mine and the lady's, have been gone over with a fine-tooth comb while we were out. Don't know yet whether anything's missing or not. Two men . . ."

He filled in the details, so far as he knew them. Stewart said, "H'mmmmm. You seen Cassidy yet?"

"No. He won't be back till tonight, late. The—the hunk of whatever it is is safe, though. Got it right with me."

"That's good," said Mr. Stewart calmly. "Well, thanks for calling. I'll tell R. when he comes in."

"You any idea who these two hoods could be?"

"A dime a dozen, these days."

Kay came out of the bathroom.

Ashley said into the phone, "Hang on a second, will you? . . . Kay, Mr. Randall is out. I'm talking to Mr. Stewart, same outfit. Do you happen to see anything missing—at a glance?"

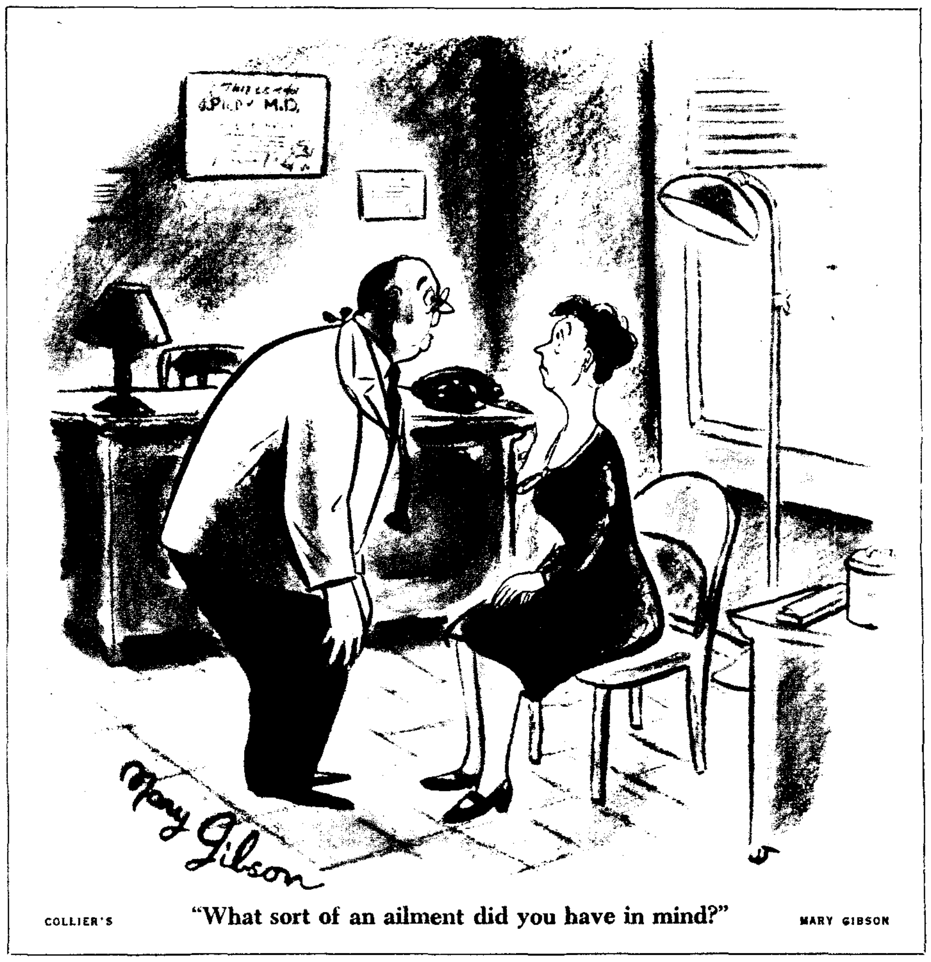
She glanced round. "I don't . . ."

"Was there a camera in that?" Ashley said, pointing to the pigskin case.

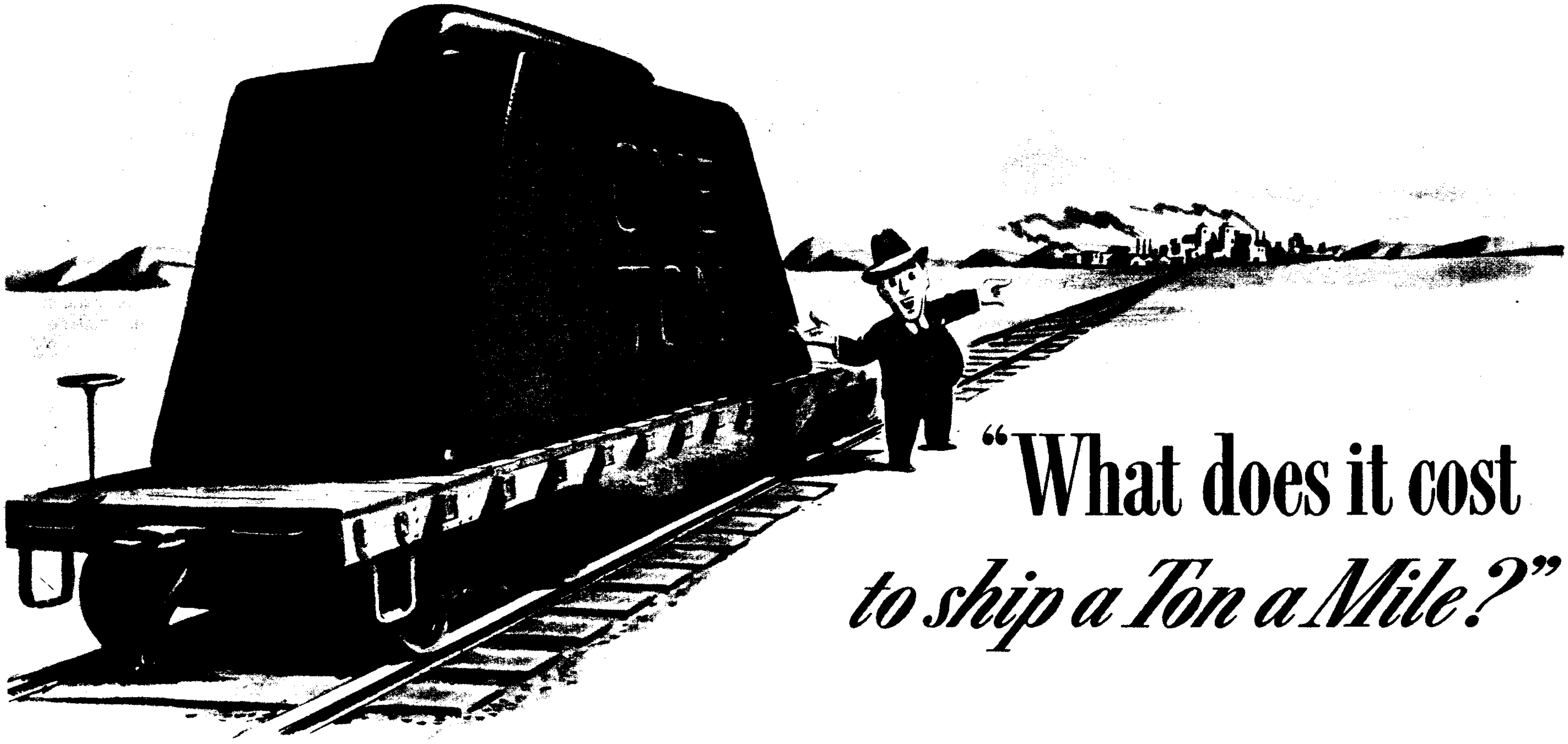
She looked, started. The color drained out of her face again. She said, "I—I—"

Ashley said, "Goodby, Stewart. I'll phone Randall. My — my companion here has fainted . . ."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "What sort of an ailment did you have in mind?" MARY GIBSON

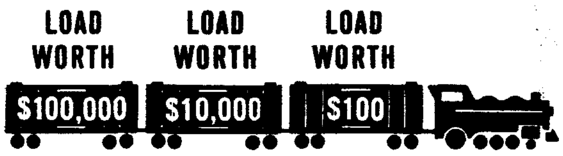


"What does it cost *to ship a Ton a Mile?*"

For moving one ton one mile by rail, the average charge—and note that word "average"—is less than one cent.

O.K., you may say, that ought to make freight rates simple. Why not "sell a ticket" for moving freight, just like selling a passenger ticket? Take the number of tons, the number of miles, the average charge, and figure it out?

We wish it could be that easy. But here is the problem.



Some freight is cheap, heavy, little subject to loss and damage. Some is valuable, light and bulky, difficult, risky and expensive to handle. Such differences in the character of freight call for differences in rate making. No one would suppose that charges should be the same on a ton of coal as on a ton of diamonds.

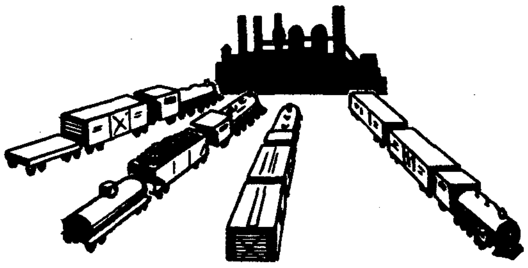
To charge even as little as one cent per mile for hauling a ton of some of the heavy, low-priced commodities would mean, in many cases, making rates so much higher than they are now that such commodities could not move over the long distances we have in this country and be sold at a profit in distant markets.

On the other hand, rates on more valuable articles can be much higher than the average without making any appreciable difference in the price at which they are sold.

So, to make it possible for all sorts of freight to be moved to market, and at the same time meet the necessary costs to the railroad of doing the job, there came to be these differences in freight rates—with the result that shippers, railroads and the public benefit from the amazingly wide distribution and use of all sorts of commodities all over America.

"Prices" tailored to the public interest

Rate-making seems complex. But that's because commerce is complex. Rates, or transportation prices, must be made for the movement of tens of thousands of different articles over various routes between tens of thousands of places, all over the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If those prices, as a whole, are too low, the railroads won't be able to meet the costs of doing business. But if transportation is priced too high, the traffic doesn't move—and that is not good for either railroads or shippers.



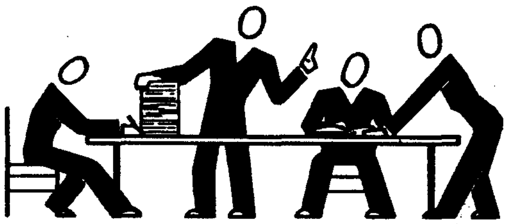
And so it is that over the years the railroads have worked on a basis of "what is best for our customers is best for us." It is to the interest of every railroad to build up the area it serves. It wants to encourage the growth of industries. It wants to encourage agriculture. It wants to encourage mining, lumbering, every other type of business. Rates are figured out for just that purpose—to meet the needs of commerce—and are revised to respond to changes in those needs as they come about.

Where the I.C.C. comes in

Many years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission was established to prevent undue discrimination in railroad rates as between shippers and communities, and to see that rates are "just and reasonable."

All railroad rates are open covenants openly arrived at after discussion between the railroads and shippers. All rates are published, are filed with the I.C.C., and are open to anyone to see.

But in any case, a shipper who isn't satisfied has the right to ask that the I.C.C. step in and investigate. And more than 250 volumes of I.C.C. reports show how active the Commission has been in this respect.



This principle of tailoring transportation prices to the public interest has stood the test of time—and no man who has made a sincere and expert study of the problem has found a better system for all concerned.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory

Orders from HOLLYWOOD

BY ISABELLA TAVES

Hollywood said he was a star. His wife said he was a diamond-studded wolf. To Barbara he was a romantic pain

WHENEVER I wake up after a long night of shepherding visiting movie stars through the hazards of New York night life, the conviction explodes in me: None of these things need have happened if Aunt Louise had left us some of her money, or if Mother hadn't spent all hers educating me on two continents. I was reared to appreciate mink coats and eat bonbons from silver compotes. Work is very foreign to my nature; so are imitation star sapphires and bunny jackets dyed to look like sable.

This morning was no exception. The sun shone vigorously on my pillow, the air was unpleasantly brisk. My seventy-five-cents-an-hour Emma was piloting the vacuum cleaner noisily in the living room. My dog, Tiger, was sitting with one urgent, monster-sized paw on my arm.

I felt awful. Tiger felt fine. He wanted to go to the Park and chase squirrels. With dark wisdom born of ten years of being a spoiled dog, he put his wet black nose directly in my face and sneezed. I got out of the wrong side of the bed.

The bathroom was poor refuge. One glance at the tumbled face in the mirror convinced me that I am not the sort of gal who should ever, even in her sleep, go without lipstick. While I put it on and started a bath, Tiger scratched imperiously at the door, and Emma yelled that the telephone was ringing. I told Tiger to stop and Emma to answer the phone, hoping for a little co-operation. During the brief period when I wrote a society column on The Dispatch, Sam Warner was my city editor, and I figured it was he on the telephone. He takes particular joy in waking me early the morning after I have broken a date with him.

It wasn't, to Emma's obvious disappointment. Her one great passion is Sam Warner. "Some lady from your office," she reported indifferently. "I told her you was busy."

I leaped out of the tub and ran wet and naked to the telephone to call back. The office, insensitive as it is, faces a major catastrophe when it calls an employee before noon. Mornings around the office are dedicated strictly to secretaries and office boys; everybody else observes Broadway hours, which means if you drop by your desk ten minutes before your lunch date, you are doing fine. And I deserved special consideration because the night before I had tucked under my arm a little ninety-eight-pound bomb, Marion "Screwball" Manners.

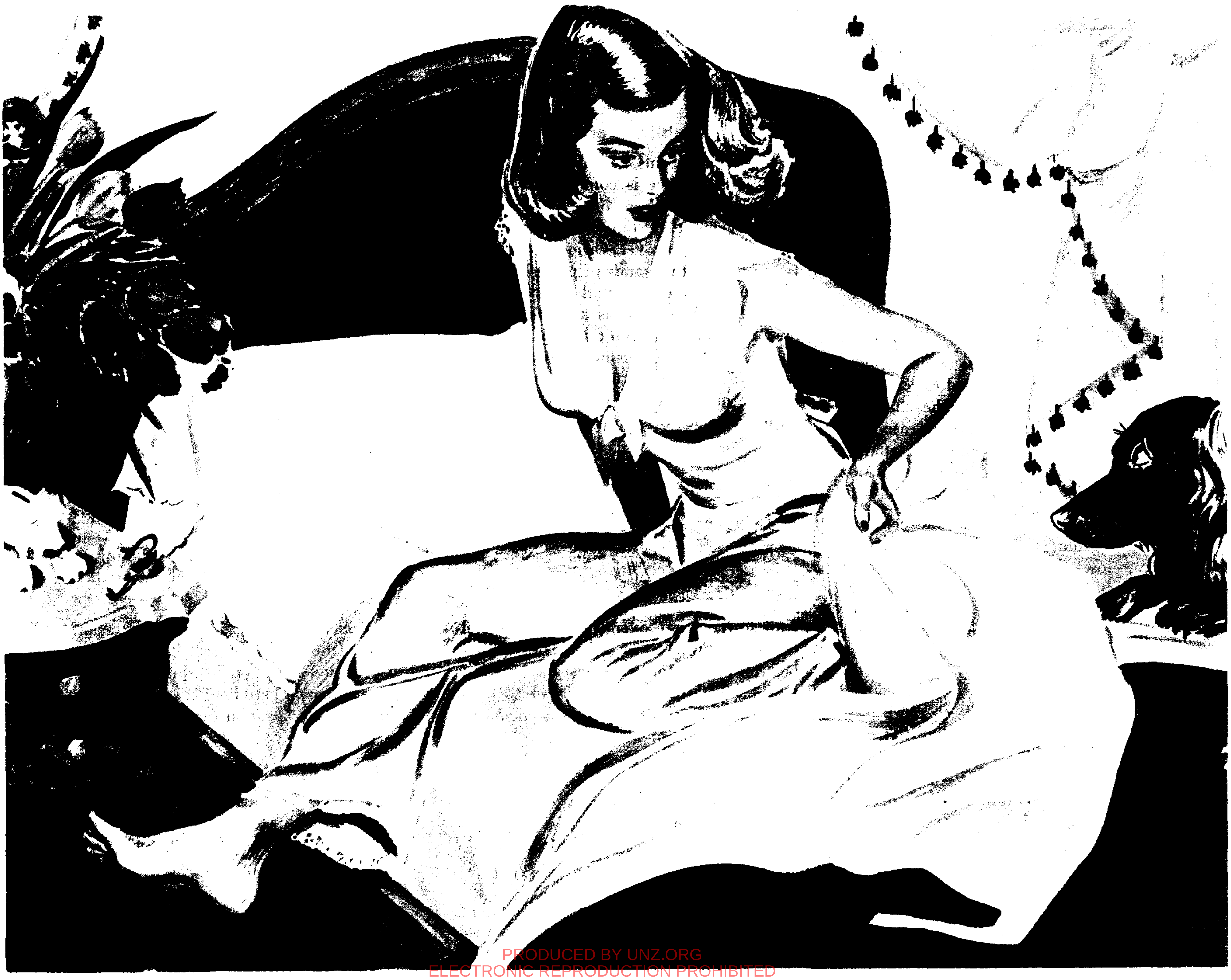
The last holiday Marion had spent in New York, she had started a conga-line stampede in Times Square, torn three microphones out by their roots at a War Bond rally and knocked a fellow actress down during a refined argument in the girls' room at Mario's. This time, I had kept her effervescence at a low, rolling boil. By pulling all personal stops, I had persuaded two male magazine editors and a columnist (also male, of course) to accompany Miss Manners on a tour of night life.

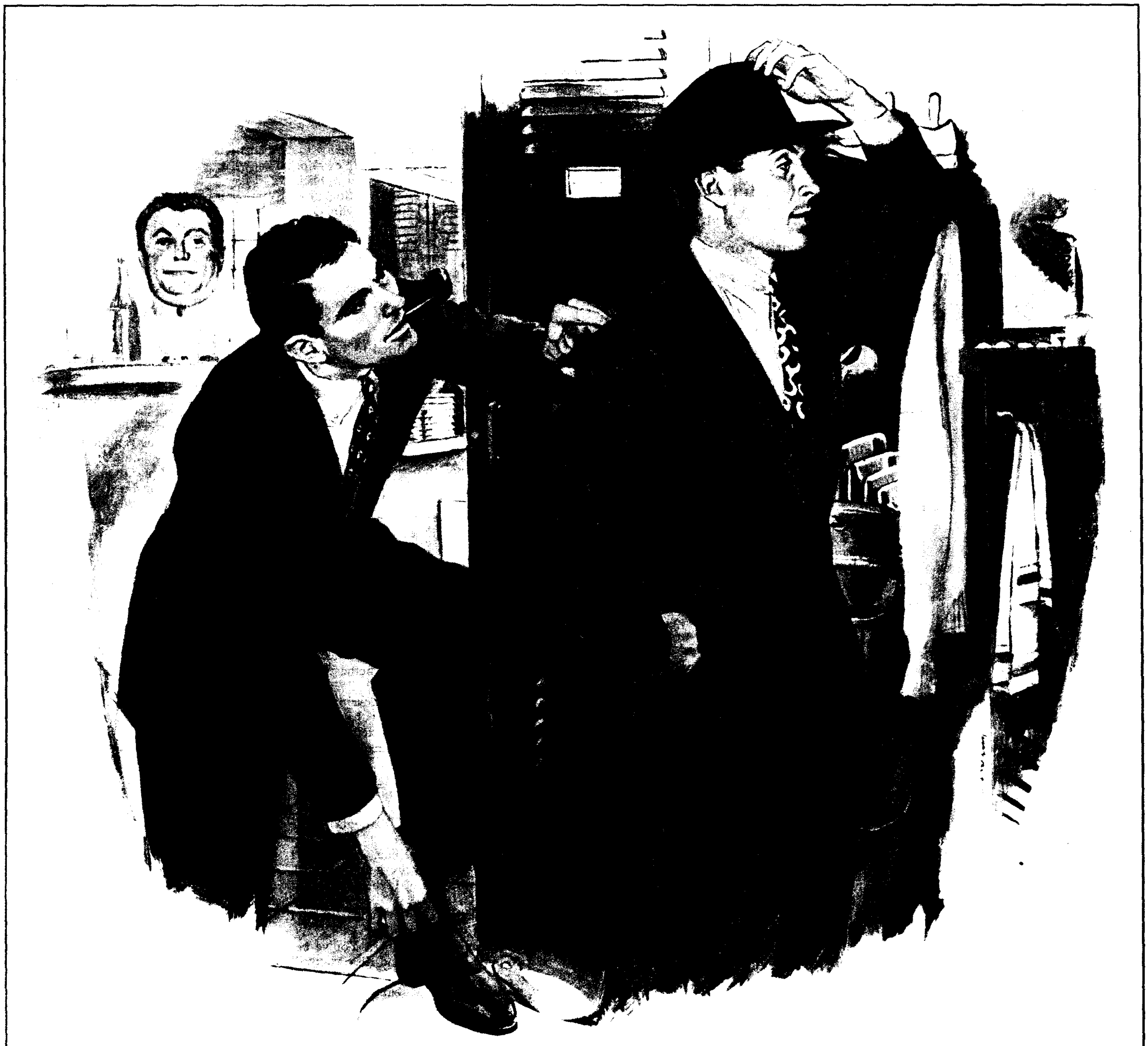
One of the editors turned out to have ulcers and faded early. The columnist refused to dance, and piqued Miss Manners deliberately by making passes at me. But the remaining editor, in a soda-spangled Scotch glow, rumbaed and sambaed Marion through a labyrinth of night clubs, ecstatically promising to put her on the cover. Just how the editor would feel about Miss Manners this morning was a problem I did not feel strong enough to tackle.

While I waited for my secretary, Marylin, to be yanked out of the ladies' room, I dripped scented bath water on the pearl-gray carpet. Marylin can just barely operate a typewriter but, like most movie people, she

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

As I started to get back into bed I was still trembling, and Tiger looked at me questioningly. I talked to him. I had to talk to someone





"Hold on, Fred—we played for a Stetson, not my Stetson!"

The hat Fred envies is the Royal Stetson Playboy

YOU can't blame Fred for trying to get away with Joe's Stetson—nor Joe for wanting to prevent it.

For this is the Royal Stetson Playboy, one of the most versatile hats in the world.

Smart, jaunty lines make this hat ideal for young men who get around; it looks equally well with Joe's brown worsted business suit or Fred's brown herringbone tweeds.

The Royal Playboy is available in colors that harmonize with other combinations, too.

Try it yourself, with appropriate clothes, on not-too-formal occasions.

And, whatever the occasion or the clothing you're wearing, remember this: there's a style and color of Stetson perfectly suited to them.

The Royal Stetson Playboy shown above is priced at $10. Other Stetson hats are priced to $40. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada ...makers of hats for men and women.

P. S. Remember, loose talk still costs lives...keep it under your Stetson.

You'll look your best in the right

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"Saddle up" for a fast round of summer fun in this sporty Winthrop. You'll find it the smartest, sleekest, the most comfortable "mount" you've ever known . . . an all 'round thoroughbred.

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plays an excellent hand of politics. She has her liquid black eyes fixed fiercely on my job, and she is always particularly delightful to me when I am in the doghouse. Today her voice oozed honey.

"Miss Willis, it's Mr. Hamilton. He's pacing around the department screaming for you. I didn't want to disturb you, but he insisted."

Yesterday I would have bet plenty that nothing less than the bombing of New York could have got Phil Hamilton—our publicity chief—out of bed before noon. Something hot must be popping. I told Marylin I'd be right down, found my terry-cloth bathrobe and stumbled into the living room.

Emma, vacuum in hand, was eying the carpet.

"Emma," I said wearily, "I have to get down to the office right away. Skip housework, but give the dog a good walk. I don't know when I can get home."

"Miss Willis, I wasn't hired to be nursemaid to no dog."

Tiger and Emma are not chums. I think she resents the fact that I buy the same hamburger for her lunch as I do for his, even though I eat it myself. Tiger senses this lack of appreciation and never overlooks an opportunity to walk quietly up behind her and growl under his breath.

"This is an emergency, Emma. And if Mr. Warner calls . . ."

"Yes?" She brightened. I'm sure that she sits up evenings planning my marriage to Sam. As a matter of fact, I've spent a few bad nights myself, toying with the same idea.

"It doesn't matter. I'll call him now."

Sam was in one of his devious moods. He was unable to make up his mind about anything. I told him I was willing, if he wanted to take me to dinner. He couldn't remember whether or not he had a date. I asked him how he felt. He wasn't sure whether or not he had a hang-over.

"If it was that kind of an evening, you might just as well have come with us."

"Darling, when you wrote society and were young and innocent, I used to trot along with you to coming-out parties for protection. I even went to one opera opening. Now you're old and tired like Tiger. You can take care of yourself."

I bristled. "You are in a particularly vile humor this morning."

"On the contrary, I feel fine. Last night I felt vile. Some day you are going to break your last date with me. Maybe it was last night."

"Sam," I wailed, "you don't understand. I had to do it. It was my job."

"I don't like your job, either. You've become a combination nurse and Elsa Maxwell to visiting movie stars. You're living in a phony, overheated, pink bathtub. One of these days someone is going to pull the plug."

"Please, Sam, take me to dinner tonight."

"I'll see. There are plenty of girls who will make dates with me and keep them. Call me this afternoon."

I hung up with that meager satisfaction. And I did feel old and tired.

EVEN though I tried all the customary female tricks, including a dusting of rouge over the dark circles under my eyes and a starched white blouse hung with girlish ruffles, I still felt and looked fairly used when I reached the office. Phil was waiting for me.

Phil weighs upward of two hundred pounds, never raises his voice and is known as one of the nicest press agents in the movies. He never tries to promote a lousy picture or to lie to an editor; he leaves those dirty jobs to underlings like me.

"How was Miss Manners?" he asked, manipulating me into his office.

"Okay, but I didn't get in until late. Are we starting to work a twenty-four-hour shift? I feel terrible."

"Now, Barbara, you certainly don't look it. But you have been working hard. You deserve a rest. I'll have someone else take over Manners from here in. You can have the rest of the week off. But first . . ."

I sat down carefully. Phil is no Simon Legree, but I've never known him to worry about my beauty sleep before.

"Jimmy Royal and his wife got back yesterday afternoon from their USO tour abroad," he said. "And the brass hats on the Coast decided to start him in a new picture next Monday. That means he has to leave tomorrow afternoon. I got a drawing room through. I want you to see that he gets into it. He likes you."

"I like Jimmy, too," I said. "It isn't his fault that he is the most beautiful thing in pants. But I can't stand his wife, and she knows it."

Like a lot of other beautiful animals, Jimmy is sweet but not too smart. He was making a quiet living running a grocery store when the depression hit. Then he got a job as a singing waiter in a Hoboken beer parlor and was discovered by the movies. As soon as he moved out to Beverly Hills, he was joined by a flock of relatives with their hands out. He even got himself married to Janice, a shrew if I ever saw one. She has a psychopathic jealousy of every woman who looks at Jimmy. And plenty do.

Phil looked at me sharply. "Janice won't be there."

THE knot in my stomach told me that this was no routine celebrity hand-holding; it was one of those jobs Hamilton couldn't—or wouldn't—handle. I waited.

"Barbara," Phil went on, "what did you hear about Janice on the USO tour?"

"That she threw a fit every time he signed a Wac's autograph, and made a terrible mess over some poor little gal dancer who toured with them in Italy."

Phil nodded. "They battled all over Europe. When they hit New York, Jimmy cracked. He gave her hell last night, then tore out of the hotel and over to the Jersey joint where he used to work. All he did was drink beer with the boys, but when he got home, he found that Janice had taken it on the lam. Jimmy got me out of bed and over to his hotel at five this morning."

It was my turn to look at Phil. His eyes were bloodshot and he needed a shave. I felt better immediately, even pert.

"Now, Phil, you certainly don't look it," I mimicked. "But it never shows on you. Now, if you were like me—"

Phil groaned. "Barbara, co-operate! We make pictures to make money, and Jim is our top money-making star. He apparently likes his wife. Anyway, he married her. Anyway, he declares he won't leave town unless she goes with him. The gentlemen on the Coast who pay our salaries want him there Monday. Our job is to get him on the train."

Everything was very clear indeed.

"What do you suggest?" I asked sweetly. "We might knock him unconscious, of course. Or what would you think of doping him and shipping him out in a coffin? I read a mystery story once . . ."

"Barbara," Phil begged. "This isn't funny. I have orders from Hollywood. All you have to do is go over to his hotel and persuade him to get on that train."

"Women's wiles, you mean? Look, Phil, I'm not that good. Jimmy has been wiled by professionals."

Phil got up from his big desk and lumbered over to where I sat. In an office the size of his, it was quite a hike. "Listen, honey, I know this is tough. But I picked you not on account of your eyelashes, but because you're the smartest kid in the office. And look, if you pull it off, there's a thousand-dollar bonus in it for you."

"They tell me the WLB doesn't allow bonuses."

I was not acting the eager little employee, and I didn't feel eager. I haven't exactly grown gray as a movie press agent, but I've been around long enough to recognize high explosive when I see it. If Jimmy Royal were not delivered to the Coast on schedule, it meant somebody's head. I suspected that Phil thought mine, in its new spring hat, would look very nice on the chopping block.

"Barbara, get Jim Royal on that train and the bonus is yours, even if it has to come out of my own pocket."

I considered a minute. I thought of the pile of bills wadded up and stuck out of sight in the secret drawer of Aunt Louise's Governor Winthrop desk. Despite my salary, which is faintly outrageous for a female only four years out of college, I never seem to make ends meet. For a thousand dollars, I would do cartwheels in any department-store window with Boris Karloff.

"I'll go over and talk to Jim," I promised.

But my spirits flagged the minute I walked into Jimmy's hotel suite. Empty beer bottles littered the floor. Beer was packed in ice and chilling in the black bathtubs. Every man in the room was smoking a cigar. Two radios blatted—one with a soap opera, one with some kind of hot music—and the telephone rang constantly.

Jimmy was on his knees, shooting craps with a baby-faced Air Forces colonel, two radio press agents and a reporter, but most of the guests looked like old friends from Hoboken. Usually on such occasions, Jimmy's wife buzzed around, opening windows and emptying ash trays, making these characters so miserable that they never hung around for long. Today, coats off, feet on the furniture, they showed all signs of staying indefinitely.

Jimmy saw me come in, disentangled himself from the game and put a bottle of beer in my hand. Politely repressing a shudder, I set it on the table and told him that if he didn't mind, I would order a pot of black coffee from room service.

"Hamilton called and said you were coming over," he said. "I'm terribly worried about Janice. I hope you can help. I want to talk to you."

"Can't we find some quieter place?"

He assured me he had three deserted bedrooms and a butler's pantry. But he couldn't pull out of the game yet; he was winning. So I ordered scrambled eggs and a newspaper with my coffee and set up housekeeping in one corner of the foyer. I decided it would be the best place to think, but no amount of effort produced any inspiration.

I WAS ready to give up when Jim came over and steered me toward a bedroom. I was about to bring out an opening line, pathetic and faintly charming, when I saw a little man in a black overcoat sitting on one of the twin beds, crying.

"I forgot," Jim said quietly. "It's old Kelly. He used to tend bar in Hoboken. His wife has left him. He feels terrible."

Kelly was also a little drunk, but I didn't like to point that out to Jim. Instead I said, "Can't you explain to him that we'd like a private talk, and maybe he'd go in the other room for a while."

"He doesn't like crowds," Jim said. "It embarrasses him to cry in public. But—look, Kelly, old boy, you wouldn't mind sitting in the bathroom a bit, would you? We have a personal matter to discuss."

We moved a chair into the bathroom and installed Mr. Kelly in it with a fresh bottle of beer. I was unnerved, and my speech to Jim showed it, but he was sweet, attentive—and stubborn. He sympathized with my problem, said he knew orders were orders, even offered to lend me money if I lost my job. But he wasn't leaving town without Janice.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "I'm getting fed up with pictures. What do I get out of it? A lot of relatives to support, a lot of silly women hanging around to make Janice unhappy, and most of the dough goes to the government. I work harder and I'm not nearly so happy as when I ran a grocery store. For a long time, I've been thinking of quitting, buying a little shop over in Jersey and settling down. It would give Janice a chance to be herself. The poor kid leads a tough life, at that."

I was about to indicate that the poor kid would leave him if he quit movies, when the baby-faced colonel stuck his head in the door to tell Jim that the German machine gun he had coveted had arrived. Jim bolted for the living room.

MY HEAD ached, the thousand dollars was a burned-out pipe dream, and the thought of crawling back to the office with my tail between my legs made my stomach turn. Sam was right—movie press-agenting is no job for a human being. I closed the bedroom door and called him.

He was having a break between editions and was able to talk. I poured the whole story in his ear. Sam has red hair and yells like a bull if you pull a boner, or try to push him around. But when you are in trouble, he's a rock.

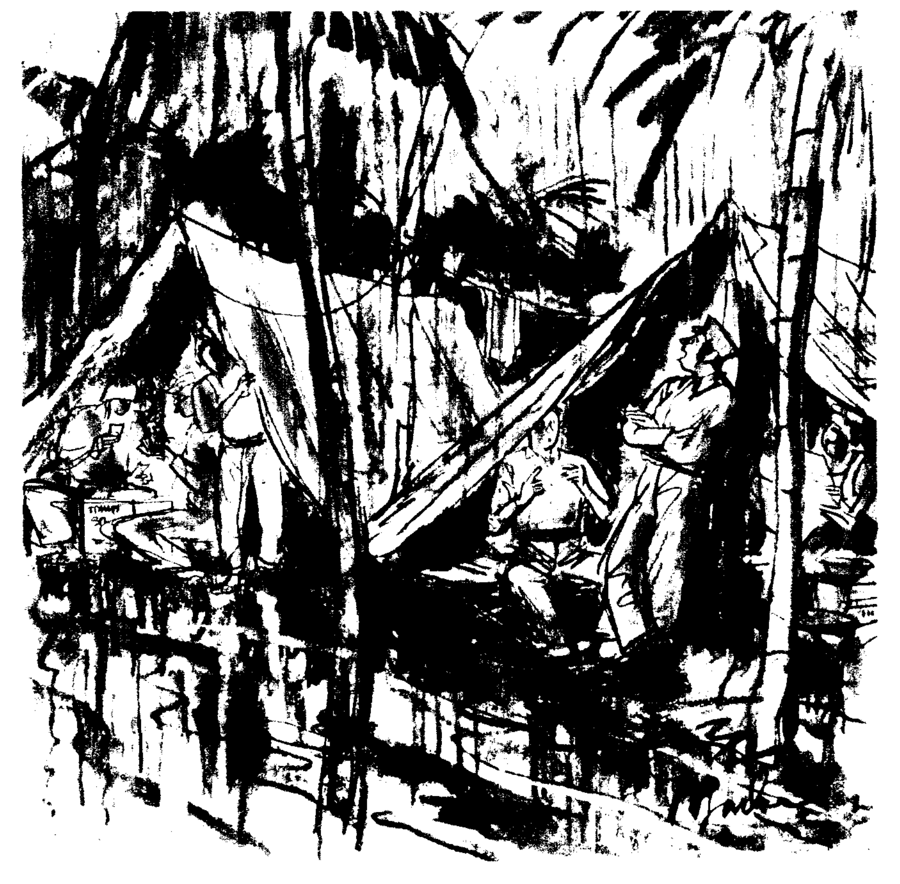
"You were a dope to take the assignment in the first place," he said. "It looks to me as if Hamilton were trying to pull his own clubs out of the fire. You'd better sneak back and throw yourself on his purple carpet and beg for mercy."

"No," I howled. "I've got a much better idea. Can you place an item in Pat Parker's column tomorrow?"

"Look, Barbara. I'm the city editor, not a press agent's pawn. I don't touch Parker unless I have something hot."

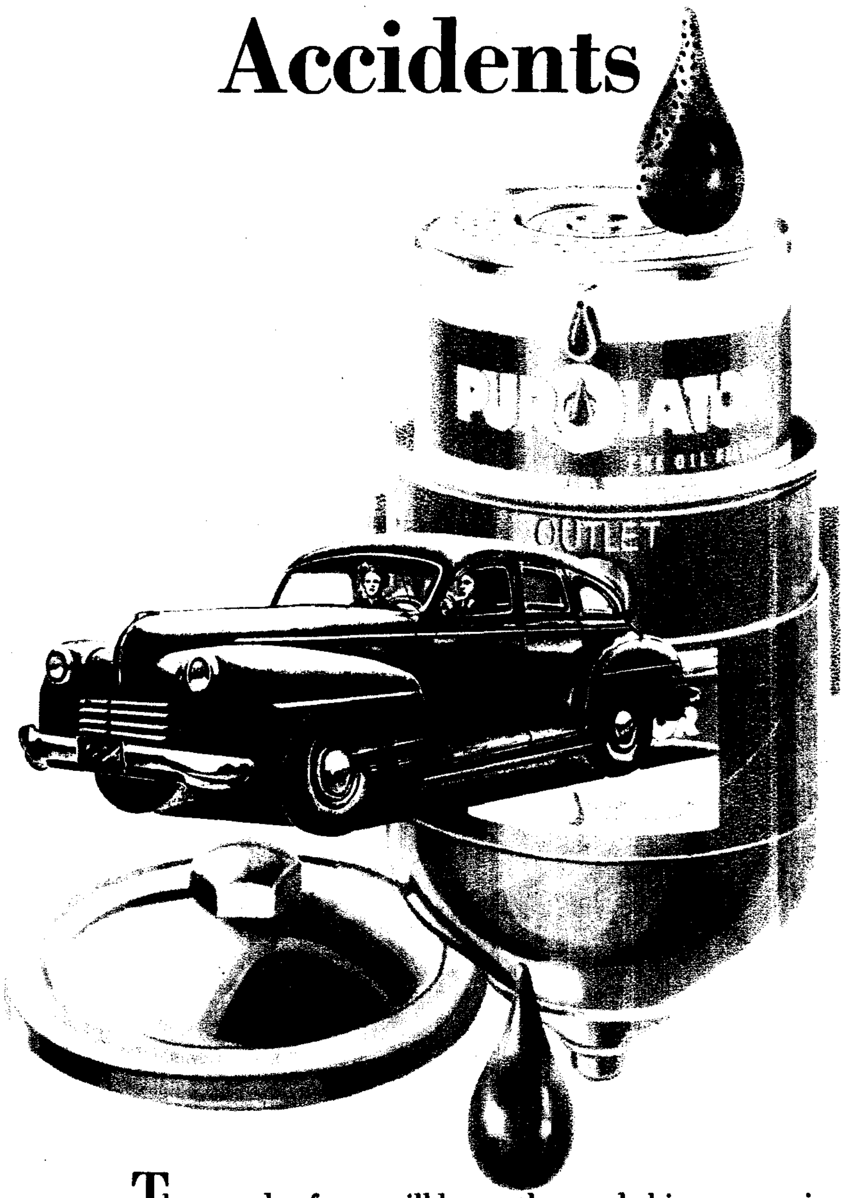
"Wait until you hear this," I promised. "I'll be right down."

Pat Parker is the Walter Winchell of the entertainment trade. He knows all, sees all



"McInnis can recite every subway stop between the Battery and the Bronx"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW



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and tells more. Nobody in show business ventures out into the daylight without first reading his column. This time I was going to let him blow the top off Jim Royal and his little wife; and Phil Hamilton, too. I wouldn't have to worry about being fired; it would be an accomplished fact. . . .

The Dispatch city room is something the department of sanitation should look into. It has no wastebaskets. Everything that is discarded, from coffee cartons and copy paper, to newspapers and segments of sandwiches and pie, is thrown on the floor. By evening, the debris is almost a foot deep all over. Still, no matter how dirty and smelly, there is something about a newspaper office.

Although I had been gone from there almost a year, I still knew people. The gals in the women's department waved at me. A couple of rewrite men looked up and grinned. Mike, my old pal on the copy desk rim, actually got up and came over to shake hands.

"Barbara, I'm glad you came down. I'm going to stick my neck out and tell you something: Until you came along, we never saw Sam really interested in a girl. But you went and took that movie job, and now Sam's been skipping poker sessions lately and buying new ties. We think he has a new dame. But I still bet you could cut her out, Barbara, if you tried. He was awful nuts about you, a while back."

There is nothing more discouraging than to be told that your dream man was awful nuts about you, a while back. I thanked Mike grimly and wandered over to the big desk where Sam was making up the next edition. His coat was off and his sleeves were dirty. His hair stood up in fiery spikes all over his head. I hadn't seen him like that in a long time. It made me feel queer. I wanted to cry.

"Hello, madwoman," he grinned. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a few minutes. So you think you have a hot item?"

"Terrific," I assured him. Then I had an idea. I left my coat on Sam's desk and found a vacant typewriter. Oozing venom, I began to punch out a story.

This was my chance. I wrote two pages of crisp truths about Janice on the USO tour. I embellished it with details of some of the more lurid aspects of the Royals' home life. Even in my depression over Sam, it was fun. I didn't gild Jimmy too much, either. I got in all the stuff about his wanting to go back to running a grocery store, so that Janice could wear a kitchen apron and get the Wacs out of her hair. And I left no doubt that you could never wrap an apron or a house dress around that woman.

Sam was waiting for me before I had finished. I handed him the story. He read it with growing fascination. Then he put it down and looked at me. "What are you trying to do? Lose your job?"

"Yes," I said. Then the whole thing, the night without much sleep, the shambles at Jimmy's hotel, the news about Sam's new girl, closed in on me. I began to cry. "Would you—like me better if I did?" I blubbered.

Right in the city room, he put his arm around me. "You're a sweet girl. I—I'd almost forgotten. I'll take this up with Parker. By the way, the publisher's in town, and I can't have dinner with you tonight. But I'll call you tomorrow."

I WENT home, fed Tiger, fixed myself a solitary egg, then gave up and let Tiger finish it. I wondered if Sam would give me my old job back, so I could be sitting there at a typewriter when his new girl came in to call for him. I added my bills, and all the time my brave gesture seemed more and more pointless.

At twelve, I tried hot milk and turned out the light. Nothing happened, except mental movies of Sam and some gorgeous brunette dancing at a swanky night club. At one, I turned on the light and found a mystery story. At two-thirty, I took a bath and painted my toenails. At three, I decided to read myself to sleep with The Education of Henry Adams. Just as daylight squeezed through the windows, I fell asleep the way you do when you have been hit on the head with a heavy weight. And, after what seemed no more than two seconds, the telephone bell ran a stiletto through my scalp.

I groped for the instrument, knocking over a clock which was holding its hands sharply up to twelve. Nothing was credible, including Phil Hamilton's voice on the other end of the phone.

"Barbara, congratulations! I knew you'd pull it off!"

I had never known Phil Hamilton to be sarcastic. But I had it coming, and I didn't flame as brightly as I had yesterday.

"You mean the Pat Parker item?" I said tentatively. There was just a chance that Pat hadn't used it.

"Yes, ma'am. It was genius. Everything worked out just the way you figured it. Janice turned up this morning before Jim was awake, and we're putting them on the train this afternoon. How you ever thought of that angle, I wouldn't know. I guess what we need around here is more female intuition."

Everything was unclear. So I plunged. "How about the bonus?"

"I'm sending you a check for a thousand dollars by messenger this afternoon. Take the rest of the week off. Stay in bed and rest that busy brain."

THE minute he hung up, I shook my head expecting the busy brain to fall out. Then I dashed to the servidor for the Dispatch. My hands fumbled uncertainly through its pages. There, at the beginning of Pat's second paragraph, I read: "Studio executives are going to be in a tizzy when they discover that their prize money-maker, Jim Royal, is retiring from pictures to go back into grocery business. Reason given: He's tired of Hollywooditis, income-tax pressure, etc., etc., etc."

That was all. I read frantically through the column. No remarks about Janice, no USO tour quarrels, no scenes with Wacs.

I clutched the sink with one hand. Tiger came up and put a wet nose in the other one. "I'll take you out," I said, "but we have to call Sam first."

Sam was in beaming humor. "I expected to hear from you earlier, darling. You saw Parker's column, of course. He certainly cut your little story to ribbons. I suppose it was a space problem."

"Sam, you devil, you changed that story yourself. You were right, of course. You always are."

"Why should I fool around with your copy? I thought it was a swell yarn."

"Sure, a swell yarn and it would have got me fired. Now I'm the white-haired rabbit around the office."

"I don't understand." Sam pretended to be wrapped in mystification.

Exasperation mounted in me. "Oh, Sam, stop putting on an act. Phil Hamilton just called. Janice saw the item and went flying home to Papa; she wasn't going to take any chances of having Jim give up his five grand a week. They're leaving for the Coast this afternoon."

"I'll be darned. Then you get your bonus after all."

"Oh, darling, I don't deserve a cent of it. I'm the worst fool in New York."

Sam laughed. "You better take it all right. You know what improvident husbands newspapermen make."

It was my turn to gasp. "What do you mean?"

"We'll need it for our honeymoon, darling. I had dinner with the old man last night and he said we could use his hunting lodge in Virginia. But I know you. You'll want new clothes . . ."

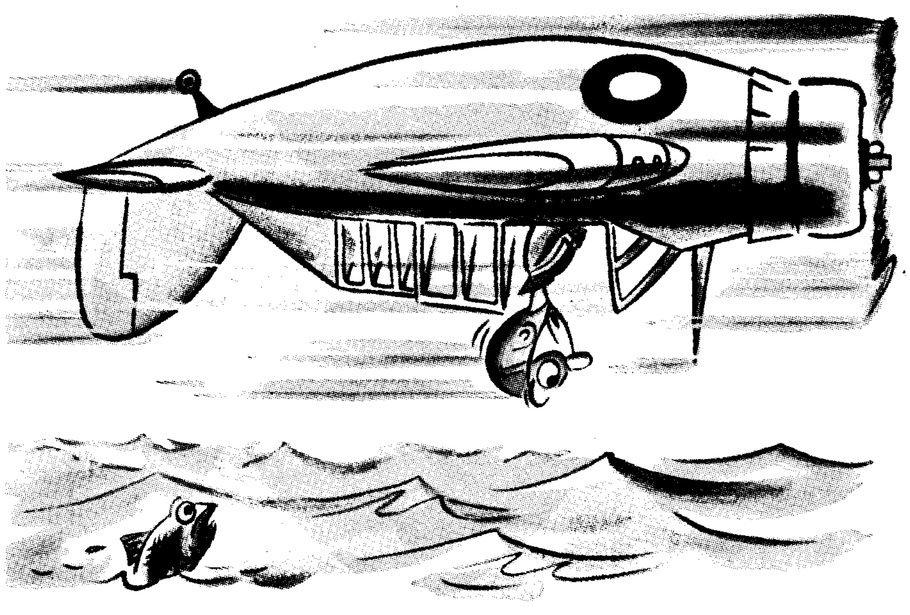
I heard the words, but they didn't get together and telegraph the message to my brain. "Will you repeat that?"

"Look, Barbara, I'm on deadline. I haven't time to fool around explaining elementary facts to females. But I might give you a rough idea of what I mean tonight. Have you a dinner date?"

Meekly, I said I hadn't and trembled so that I could hardly put the receiver back in its cradle. I returned to the bedroom and got into bed. Tiger stood looking at me questioningly. I talked to him. I had to talk to someone.

"Tiger," I said, "we're going to have a man around the house. You may be the first to congratulate me." I held out my hand for his paw.

THE END



"There I was, on my back,
6 feet over the Pacific. . ."

Low? Listen, I was so close to the drink, my props were treading water.

Suddenly, right ahead, a Jap destroyer spots me.

And believe it or not, when those Nips saw me comin', they let go with torpedoes instead of ack-ack guns.

Brother, I was flying SO LOW, *they mistook the plane for a PT boat!*

• • •

ONCE in a while, even fighter pilots like to sit back, relax, and "shoot the line" a bit. For a moment, when the mission's over, they can afford to make up whoppers. Can afford to wink at facts.

But breathing spells of that kind are few indeed in combat. And they're few in business, too. With a schedule to meet, costs to compute, countless details to weigh every day, men of Management can waste little time on an interlude of "armchair inaccuracies."

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Readin', Writin' and No Strikin'

Continued from page 23

shipowners would hardly believe it if he told them what he had heard that afternoon. Such as: "Fellows who try to chisel a few hours overtime, who are trying to knock themselves out physically for a few bucks, don't see the larger picture, the big job, and are actually being anti-union."

"The big job," Danny continued, "is the NMU's postwar program of two hundred dollars a month for able-bodied seamen with not a man working overtime.

The class enthusiastically agreed.

Danny finished the overtime discussion, saying, "When you get back aboard ship and become a delegate, you examine every beef. If it is a legitimate beef (and there is such a thing, don't forget it, plenty of them) then take it up and fight for it. But if a guy comes to you with a bum beef, you tell him then and there it is a bum beef and refuse to handle it. We want a day's pay for a day's work. That's the principle."

At this point, Joe Fuchs, who had earlier shouted that the union was working for the shipowners, rose. "I was just a sorehead," he said, "when I blew my top. I got the torpedo twitches. I can see what you're talking about and agree with it."

Then Leo Huberman asked Basil Harris to address the class. The seamen swung around in their seats, some frankly gaping and others looking very serious.

Harris, with nerve enough to wear a red carnation in a union hall, stuck his hands in his pockets and said, "Now if I talk too much or bore you, you fellows shut me up." Relating the history of U.S. Lines, he discussed his company's pay and hours, saying, "If a man starts out on a job, in any walk of life, if he's not getting the proper salary, then he starts out discontented and won't do good work. I hope the unions and ourselves will agree that as one of the outcomes of this war, there shall be a basic wage which allows men to live decently."

He went over some of the beefs stated in the class and told how he had, in prewar years, gone aboard a "hot" ship (one seamen refuse to sail) and found bad living conditions. He had tried to improve them since. He explained the problems facing the shipping industry after the war, the necessity of a bigger merchant fleet and foreign competition. But he never got around to boring the seamen who, after the class had formally ended, started a bull session with him.

"Why," one seaman whispered to us after Harris had asked why the C.I.O. didn't see to it that union-made freight was shipped in union-manned ships, "we shoulda thought of that. He's a real union capitalist, a regular union man."

On Saturday the school winds up with another big educational dish: the no-strike pledge in the postwar period. Danny Boano started off by saying, "Okay, right now this union has a no-strike pledge. We've lived up to it every minute, and a lot of good union brothers have lost their lives keeping that pledge. Why don't we demand $500 a week for an able-bodied seaman and strike till we get it? We don't because if the Nazis or Japs should win, it wouldn't matter whether we had $500 or five cents a week. But we also have a no-strike policy for the postwar period. How do you fellows feel about that?"

The class split 50-50, for and against it. Later Danny told us this was the usual split. Explaining their opposition to it, one seaman said it was sticking your neck out. Another said that the strike was labor's only weapon.

"What you guys are talking about," said Danny, "is uncertainty of the future."

Why Labor Should Not Strike Now

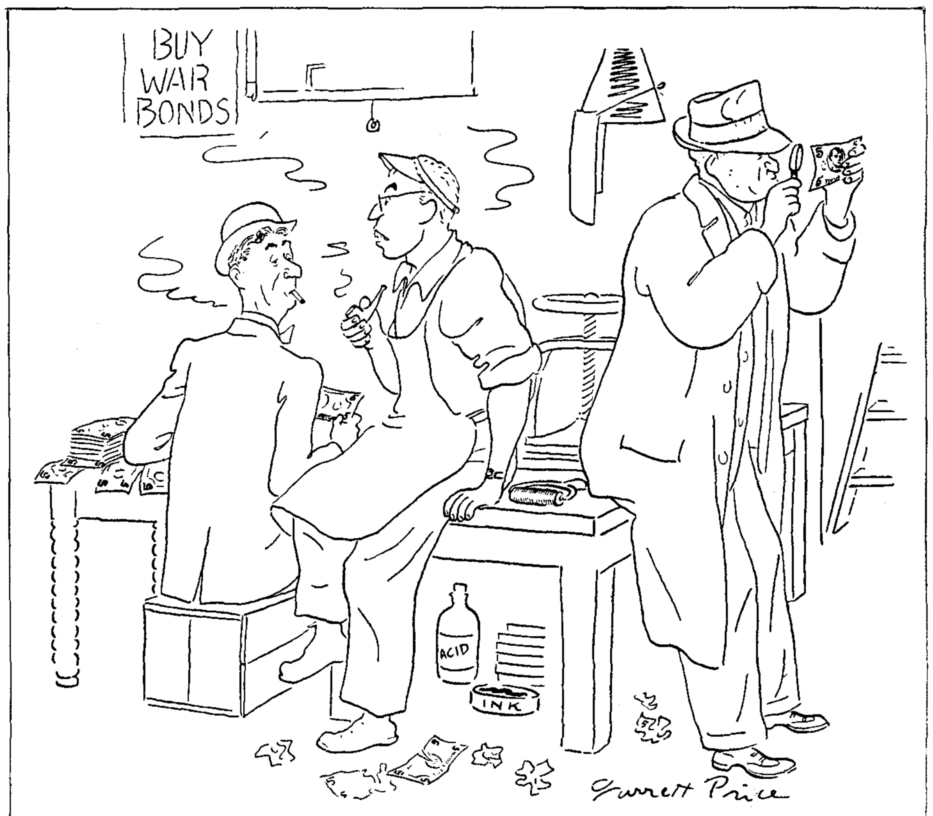
He scrawled the word "Uncertainty" on the blackboard. The men nodded. Thus began the first labor explanation we ever heard of why labor should not strike now and in the postwar period.

"Okay," said Danny. "Here is our goal: $200 a month for A.B.s, 40-hour week. Now here is our program: Unity at the top and unity at the bottom."

He drew three circles on the board, labeling "Gr. Britain—Imperialism," "U.S.A.—Democracy" and "U.S.S.R.—Communism." Then he emphasized first their differences, then their unity in winning the war and planning the peace.

He went on: "Now if these three wholly different countries are able to sit down and agree on such tremendous things as war and peace, surely we should be able to sit down with the shipowners and do it at home. So now we have unity at the top. That's Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin."

"Unity at the bottom" came next. This meant unity of the American people because it would "sure have looked bad at Yalta for Churchill or Stalin to lean over and say, 'Look, Frank, go button your lip. You're not speaking for all the American people.' Bang! There goes unity. So you can't have unity



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It broke down the barriers to "women in business"

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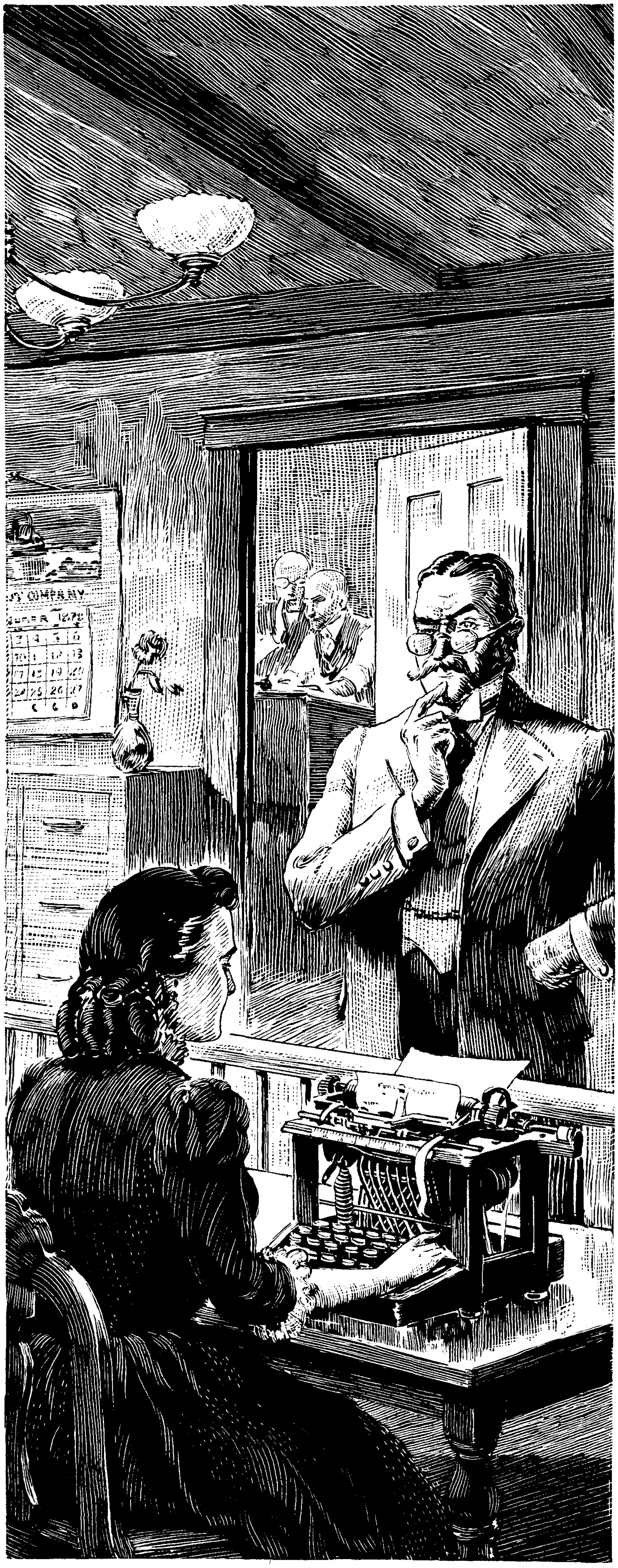

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at the top without having it at the bottom. You can't be out beatin' in the bosses' brains on the picket line six days a week and on the seventh day say, 'We're not picketing today because we support Roosevelt and international unity.' "

Then, pointing out that it would do no good for an A.B. to get $500 a week if there were no ships and no jobs, Danny declared that the wartime merchant fleet, thrice the size of the peacetime fleet, must be maintained. "Otherwise," he said, "that's almost 200,000 seamen outa work. Do you want that?"

Nobody in the class did.

He next told how, when the war broke out, the government purchased the ships, the companies becoming operating agents. "Now," he went on, "we'll come back to the postwar period. It's against the system of free enterprise for the government to continue owning these ships. We are for free enterprise. We want the shipowners to buy back their ships. They sold them at a good profit and have made fairly good profits as operators during the war. Now, to stay in business, they must buy back these ships; in fact, many more ships than they ever had before."

A seaman waved his hand. "That's what I want to find out: How do we know they are going to buy back all these ships?"

"All right," said Danny, "I'll show you. Buying ships costs millions—many, many millions—and the shipowners are faced with many serious problems. First, the shipowner has to invest all the money he's made from the sales of his ships and during the war, in new ships. He has to decide how many ships he will buy. If he goes back to the prewar fleet size, he knows that somebody—some other country maybe—will buy the extra ships. He also knows that the needs of the devastated countries of Europe and the undeveloped countries like China will be great. They will need food, clothing, machinery, tools, cars and trucks and the only place they can get these things is America. And your shipowner knows that if these goods are not delivered in American ships, they'll be delivered in foreign bottoms.

"Knowing these things, the shipowner must go into an expanded world fleet. Also, from our own view, you can't go throwing 200,000 seamen on the beach out of jobs. So we agree with the shipowners. We must triple the prewar fleet." Danny paused. "This is the basis for co-operating with the shipowners now and after the war, the basis for unity at the bottom. If we get that fleet, we will be able to get each A.B. $200 a month, and the shipowner will still make a fair profit due to the expanded foreign trade."

A seaman protested impatiently. "But what about the no-strike pledge?"

"Just a minute, brother," said Danny. "I'll show you where you fit in. Now the shipowners have another problem facing them. Let's say the shipowner has invested all his money in the ships, got contracts with these foreign countries to deliver the goods they need, and, just when he's all set, the seamen, like the impatient brother back there, go on strike; they pull the pin. Where's the shipowner going to find himself? His money is all tied up, his ships are tied up and the foreign governments are screaming for their goods. And if we seamen don't deliver these goods, foreign seamen will. Then where are we? We're on a picket line. The shipowner loses his contract, his dough is all tied up. And then where will we ever get the $200 a month we want for A.B.s?"

The seamen were dumfounded. Recovering, one said in a loud whisper, "Shucks, I had that money all spent." Then everyone laughed.

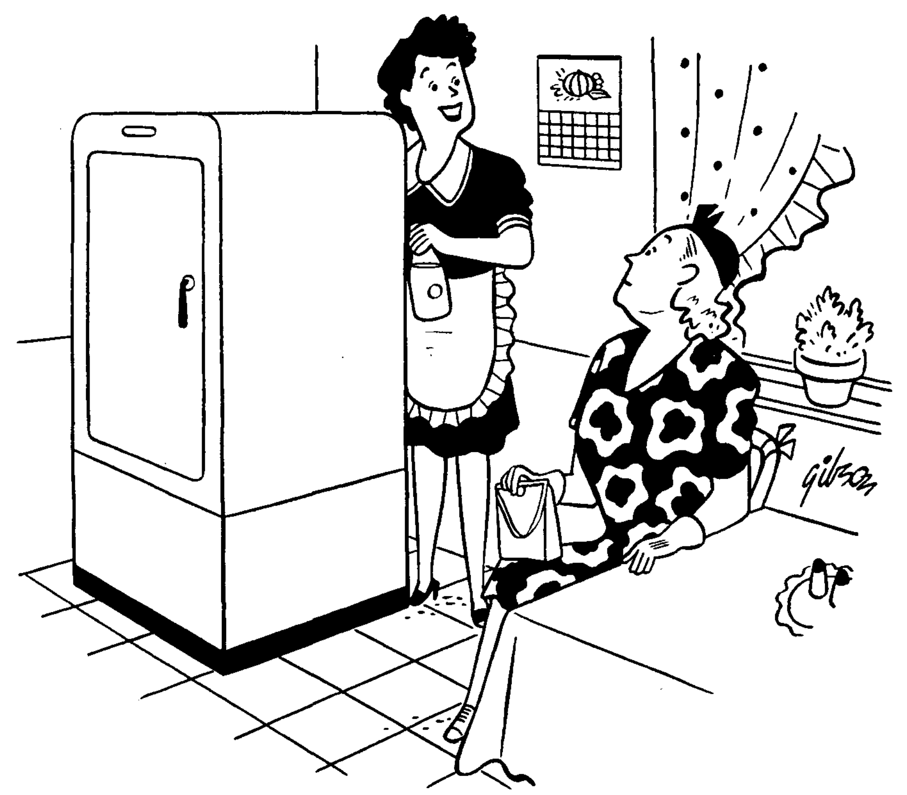
Union Foes Welcome Strikes

But Danny, who was like a fighter with his opponent on the ropes, wasn't finished. "There are people in this country," he said ominously, "who have never recognized unions. They are these old die-hards who hate labor. These people—there are not many but they are powerful—would welcome a strike, a whole wave of strikes right now, so they could go out and smash all unions. They are dangerous right now and they will be just as dangerous in the postwar period. Yet a lot of guys, like John L. Lewis, play right into their hands. Also, you hear guys right in this union beefing: 'The minute the war's over, we gotta hit the bricks!'

"Suppose we took the advice of these jerks, what would happen? The war ends. Bang! We hit the bricks, pull the pin, strike! And sitting on their rear ends in all the lousy ports in the world are our G.I. Joes waiting to come home and we pull the pin and keep them from getting home. Now if that wouldn't produce the greatest antilabor drive this country has ever seen, I don't know what would. We gotta see that nobody provokes something crazy like that!"

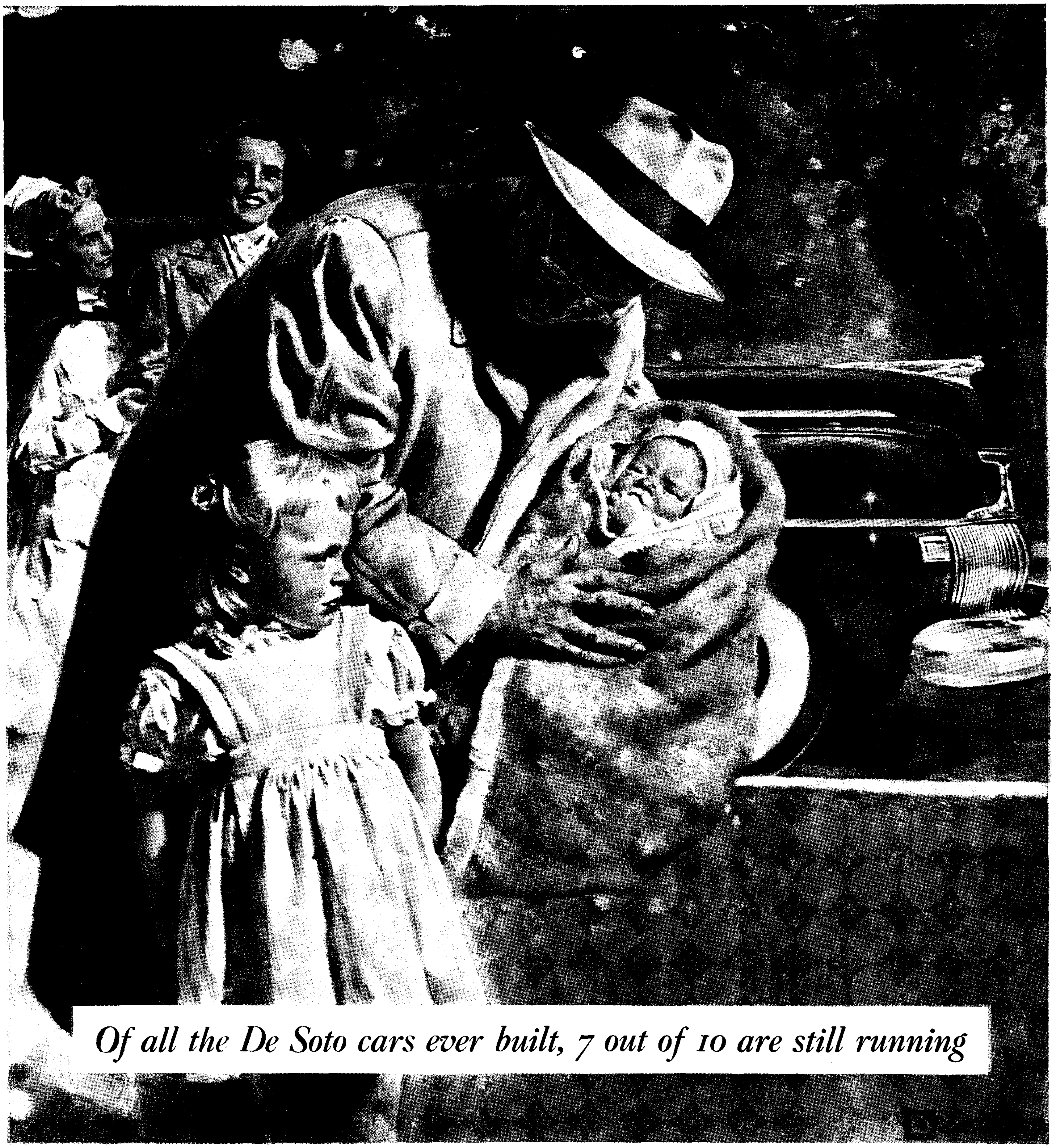
Then came graduation with each graduate receiving a little diploma card stating he had attended the school. Every man made a little graduation speech. From these speeches it was apparent that the classes which had impressed them most were those on racial discrimination and the constructive role labor should play in the postwar period. Some of them were very moving in their sincerity, but everyone got the biggest kick out of Clifford Taylor who said simply, "Boys, I made it."

THE END



"The things I wanted were nearly always in the back, so I had this door put on"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON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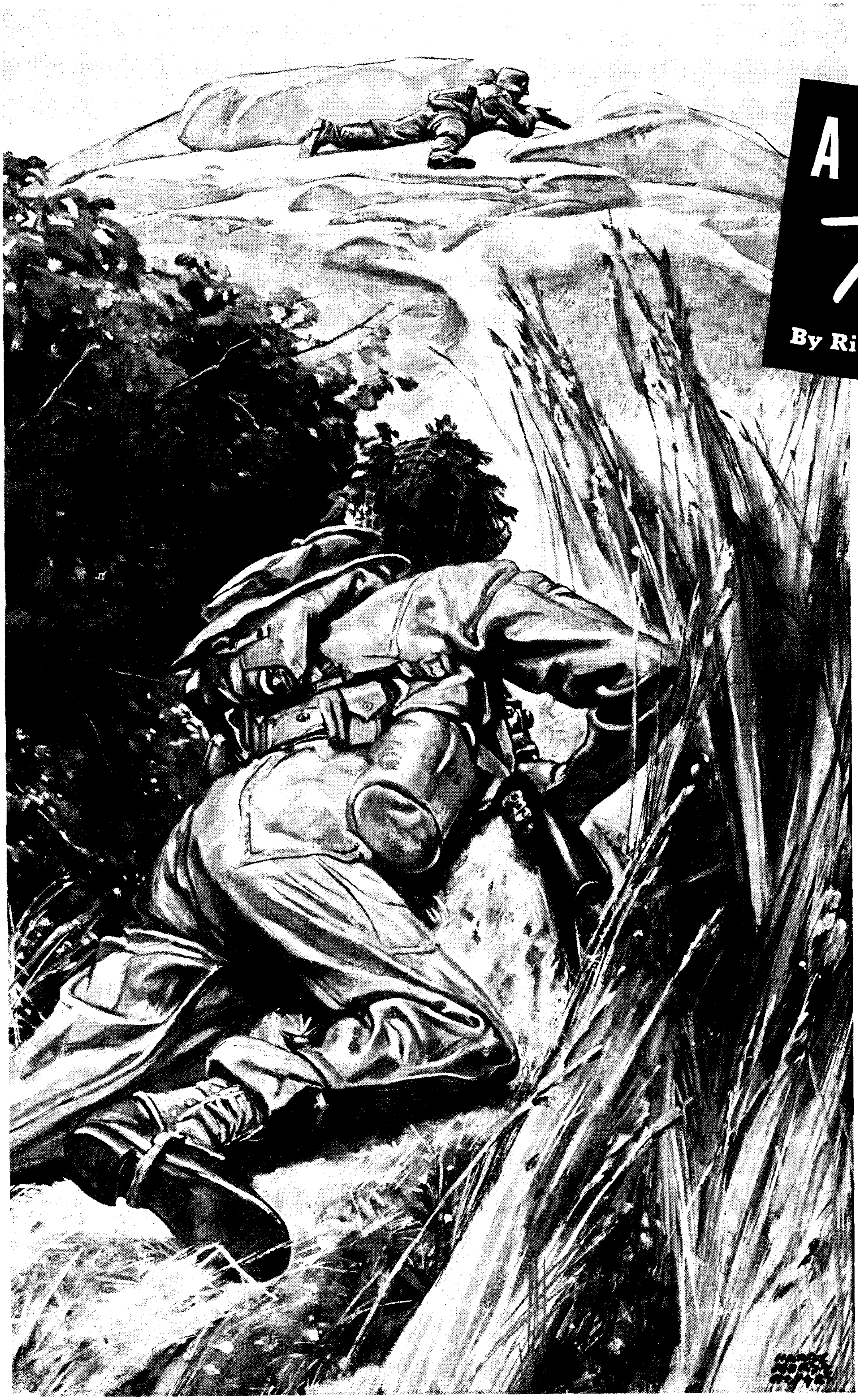
BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE



He began to crawl on his hands and knees until the sniper came into view. The German was lying snugly beside a boulder, rifle pointing downhill. A singing triumph went through him as he slowly inched his way up the hill

A LONG WAY To Go

By Richard B. Gehman

This is a war story. Not the sort of war you read about in headlines, but the personal conflict in which a man tries to keep alive

HE HAD crawled about eighty yards, and now he stopped. It was an excellent place to stop, just behind a bush, in a clump of deep grass. He was not resting, for he was not in the least fatigued. The sun shone gently, the air was pleasant and the ground was cool. He had come a long way, a long way remained to go, and it was time to reconnoiter.

There was an anomalous stillness in the field. Beyond the horizon, shells were bursting in mechanical patterns, as far removed as their actual distance, coming to him with no more current significance than remembered noises of stone blasters in a quarry near a place he had lived as a boy. Occasionally the earth shook, but it was hard to connect the tremors with the far-off shellfire. There were no blackened, devastated trees, no craters, no bodies; it was as though this field in which he lay, and in which was known to exist a German, had been by-passed by the battle.

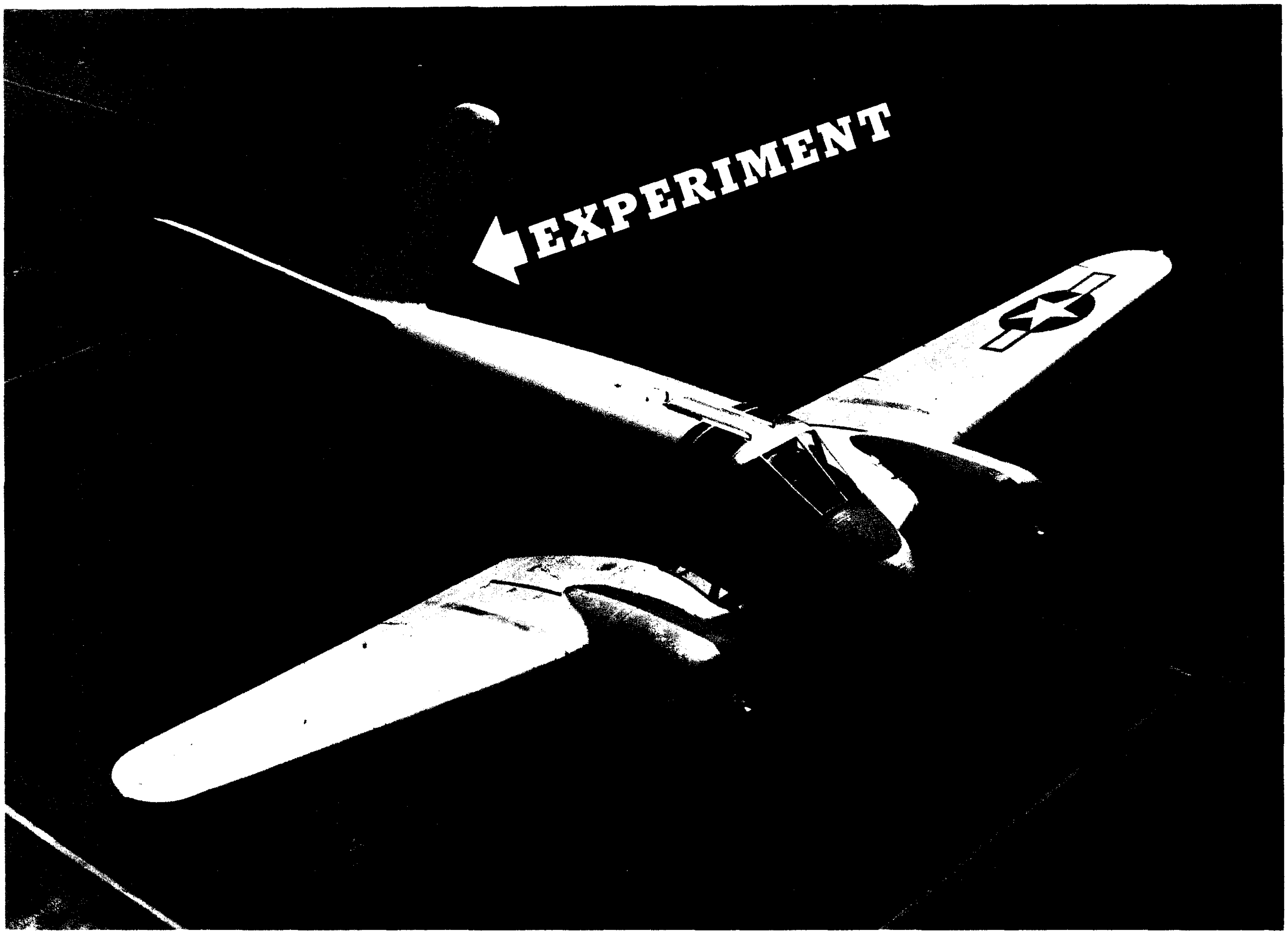
The call of the bobwhite was his signal, and he whistled it once. There was no answer. Somewhere to the right, roughly forty yards, Johnson should have heard. Forty or fifty yards beyond Johnson was Simms, and on the latter's flank, Lewis; Killian, the best shot, had been left to cover them from the hill. Killian, he thought, had the four-forty seat, Killian and the German, or Germans, who would be the feature attraction. He whistled the bob-white again, louder.

This time it was answered. The whistle came back off key, and he knew it was Simms. Johnson had probably lagged behind, he decided; the poor guy, nine months in combat and he was still like an old woman! Then a second whistle came, which accounted for the ones he should be able to hear; Lewis was too far away, and Killian's part required silence.

He lay for several minutes, his weight on his left side, the rifle cradled in his arms. Little by little even the shellfire in the distance passed out of his consciousness, driven partly by the warm sunshine and partly by two persistent words. These words, *Arthur Parcher,* had been on his mind since he had awakened that morning. A lapse in his immediate thoughts, and a voice inside him would repeat: *Arthur Parcher.* It was maddening because he could not remember who Arthur Parcher was, or where he had heard the name, or what it had to do with anything he was doing or thinking. He turned the words over and over in his mind, searching, and then whispered them aloud, at the same time damning his foolishness. That served to bring him back to the matter at hand.

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



MANY research projects and experiments have been originated by Beech engineers since 1932. The results of their willingness to explore new fields are notable. The unique negative stagger Beechcraft biplane, long outstanding in its power class, is one. Another is the Model 18 all-metal twin-engine Beechcraft feeder airline and executive transport, an airplane which since 1936 has made such a record that thousands of these planes serve the armed forces as advanced trainers and personnel transports all over the world.

Since 1941, research at Beech Aircraft has had as its purpose the creation of improvements in aircraft designed for military use. Most of this research cannot be described, for obvious reasons. Something can be told, however, about the experiment pictured above — an AT-10 Beechcraft advanced trainer equipped with a unique two-element empennage which replaces the conventional tail group. Its successful flight tests have shown interesting possibilities.

Whether or not this particular experiment proves practically useful is unimportant. What does matter is the spirit behind such research — an aggressive exploratory spirit that is not confined by tradition and convention but is free to operate anywhere within the boundary of sound engineering principles. The Beechcrafts of the future undoubtedly will reflect the gains attained through such a program, and will offer to their owners, whether military or commercial, an extra degree of performance and value.

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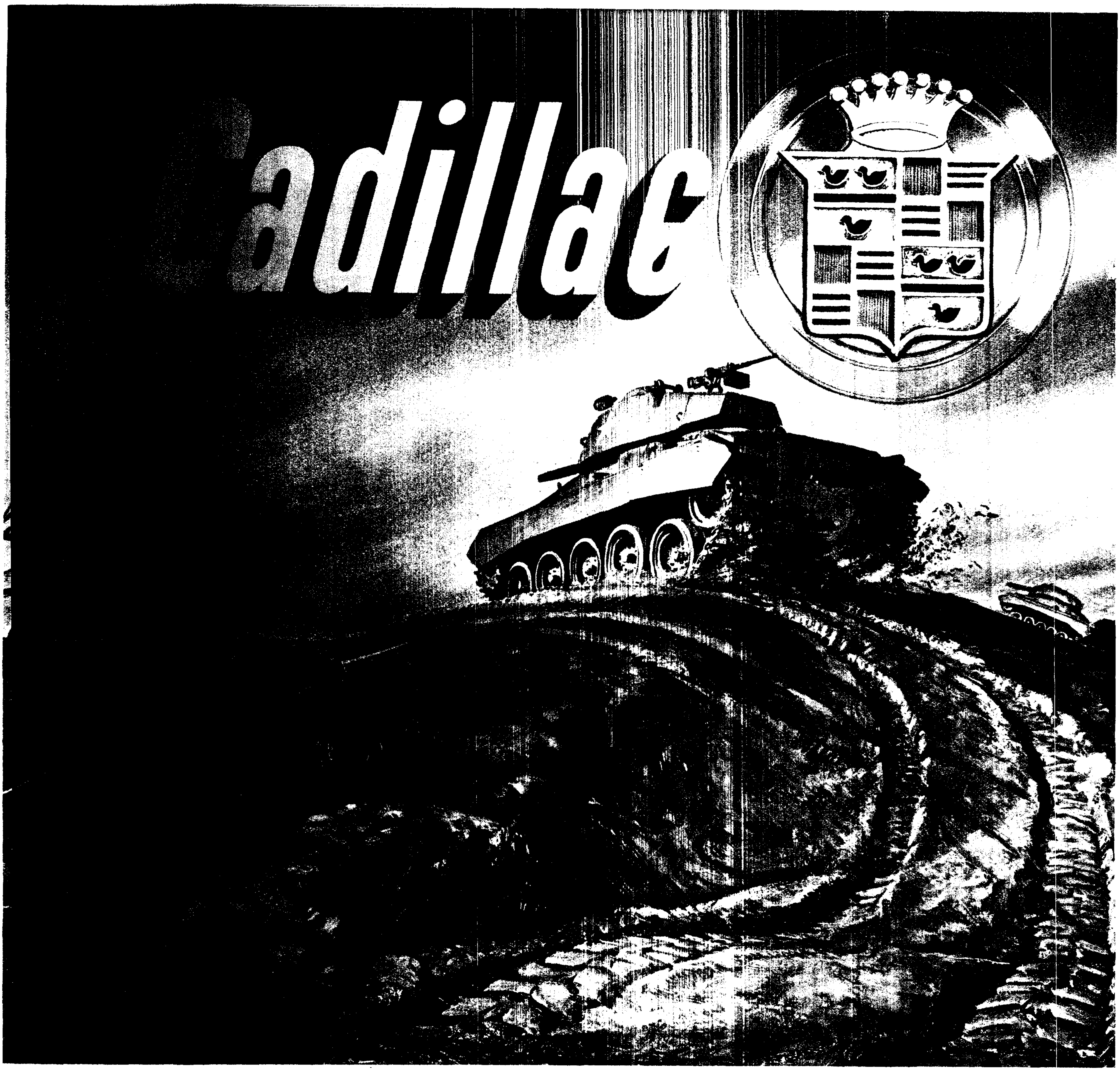
BEECHCRAFTS ARE DOING THEIR PART WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.



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WAR BONDS

KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

Somewhere in this clean, unscarred patch of ground between two hedges, behind one of the rock piles, perched in a tree, or perhaps lying anxiously in the grass, was a German. Two days before, a jeep returning along the straight dirt field bordering the field to the east had been this German's first target. His initial shot had accounted for the driver, and the little vehicle swerved and overturned. Then the German had picked off three more men. Only one had managed to jump clear, into the roadside gully. He had crept back and used the jeep for cover and when night fell he had crawled all the way back to the bivouac area. The day before, the German had killed a man on patrol, and wounded a guard near the encampment.

He knew that much about the German, and he knew that it was his job to find the man and kill him. For this task he had four men, all the time he needed, an ample supply of ammunition, and a simple plan based upon the experiences of three quarters of a year in combat and two in training. Yet there was one point which might introduce itself at any second; he was not sure that there was only one German.

THE field was approximately eight hundred yards wide and fifteen hundred yards long. To the east was the road, to the southwest the hill where Killian lay; to the north and south, the familiar hedges. In the field were six trees, several small piles of rock, innumerable bushes and scattered bits of hedge. The grass was short in some patches, but for the most part it grew two feet high. The four soldiers, beginning at the crest of the hill, had crept at forty-yard intervals down the slope from bush to rock to a patch of deep grass, with Killian, safe behind a boulder, covering their movements.

Their object was to place themselves along the northern edge of the field. Once in position, Lewis was to rise and show himself, making his way in short runs to the gully by the road, to draw the German's fire. If the sniper did not respond, Simms would repeat the performance. Once the enemy fired, it would be a matter of stalking him, which might not be necessary if Killian's eyes were as quick as usual. If more than one German appeared, Killian was to return to the bivouac for help while the rest took cover and waited.

The earth shook with another distant blast. He turned a little to the left and looked back up the hill, noting with satisfaction that there was no sign of Killian; he had placed himself well. For several minutes he looked hard at the concealing boulder. Then he gave the bobwhite call a third time, rolled over on his stomach and began to crawl again. In two or three seconds the call was answered, and immediately thereafter the second whistle sounded.

HE CRAWLED expertly, from long practice, relaxed yet tensed for the slightest noise. When he had gone five yards he perceived that the grass was beginning to grow thinner; accordingly, he began to look for another point of cover and concealment. Another small bush grew some eight or nine yards to the right, and he turned in that direction.

Just before he reached the bush he became abruptly aware that the artillery was no longer sounding in the distance. Almost as soon as he asked himself what it meant, the answer was before him: The Germans had finally retreated from the village under the barrage. Now the tanks must be trundling in, the infantrymen close behind. Two battalions from his regiment were in that. He suddenly thought of something else; the German in the field must have known that the fire belonged to the invaders and would now be even more desperate and difficult to locate.

He inched his way forward, and in a few minutes gained the security of the new bush, where he stopped again. His ultimate goal, a tree with a two-foot trunk, its shape irregularly circular against the sky, was now quite visible. He raised his head cautiously and his gaze went to the base of the tree. A breeze caught a small tuft of grass near the roots, moving it slightly, and he froze his vision to the spot, holding it a full five minutes. When at length he was convinced that the movement was not man-made, he began his methodical search once more, this time his gaze climbing the tree and searching every branch. He would stare a second or two, close his eyes to rest, and begin all over again; he continued this tedious process until there was no doubt in his mind that it was safe to go forward again.

He lowered his head, reached inside his jacket and drew a buckle tight, and began. How long it took him to gain the safety of the trunk he never knew. He was unconscious of the scraping of his knees, the insides of his calves, his stomach, chest, neck, face and numbed finger tips against the hard ground. The only sounds were those of the air going in and out of his lungs and the occasional sharp cry of a bird in the tree, and when this latter clashed into his ascetic concentration he stopped as though he had heard the voice of death.

He moved until he was to the left of the tree, to a spot where he could roll behind the trunk if necessary, and lifted his attention to that point on the road toward which Lewis would run once he had gained his objective. There now remained nothing to do but watch and wait, and at once he became impatient; all the restraint of the slow crawl to the tree seemed to have vanished.

A hunger for a cigarette now arose within him, urgently, as though it had been dormant for hours, and at once took complete possession of his mind. There was a tickling sensation in his nostrils and he could almost hear the tiny crackle the spark makes when a puff is inhaled; he could sense the warmth of the smoke in his nasal passages, in the back of his mouth, and the satisfying pull deep in his lungs before the pleasant release of exhalation. He looked at his watch; almost four hours since his last cigarette.

Now he recalled with particular clarity a time in his college days, when he had been studying late at night and smoked his last cigarette. There were no others in the house and it was too late to go out for a fresh package; all the stores in the neighborhood were closed. Finally in desperation he had gone searching through the house, collecting butts from ash trays until he had a little pile in his hand. He had smoothed each wrinkled, torn stub, wiped it clean, and enjoyed the bitter, stale smoke he drew from it with a sort of painful satisfaction. He remembered this with a grim inward smile; today he had enough cigarettes, a new pack in his pocket, but it was impossible to light one.

He swallowed in an effort to clear the longing hunger from his throat. He thought—

The sharp, stinging crack of a rifle shattered through the field, and in the same second came the brief, agonized yelp of a stricken man, mingling with the echo.

EVERY muscle in his body was quivering, held in check only by tight-drawn nerves. At once he was living with all animal senses, but cursing, cursing because he was sure he had dozed off and had failed to notice Lewis making his break.

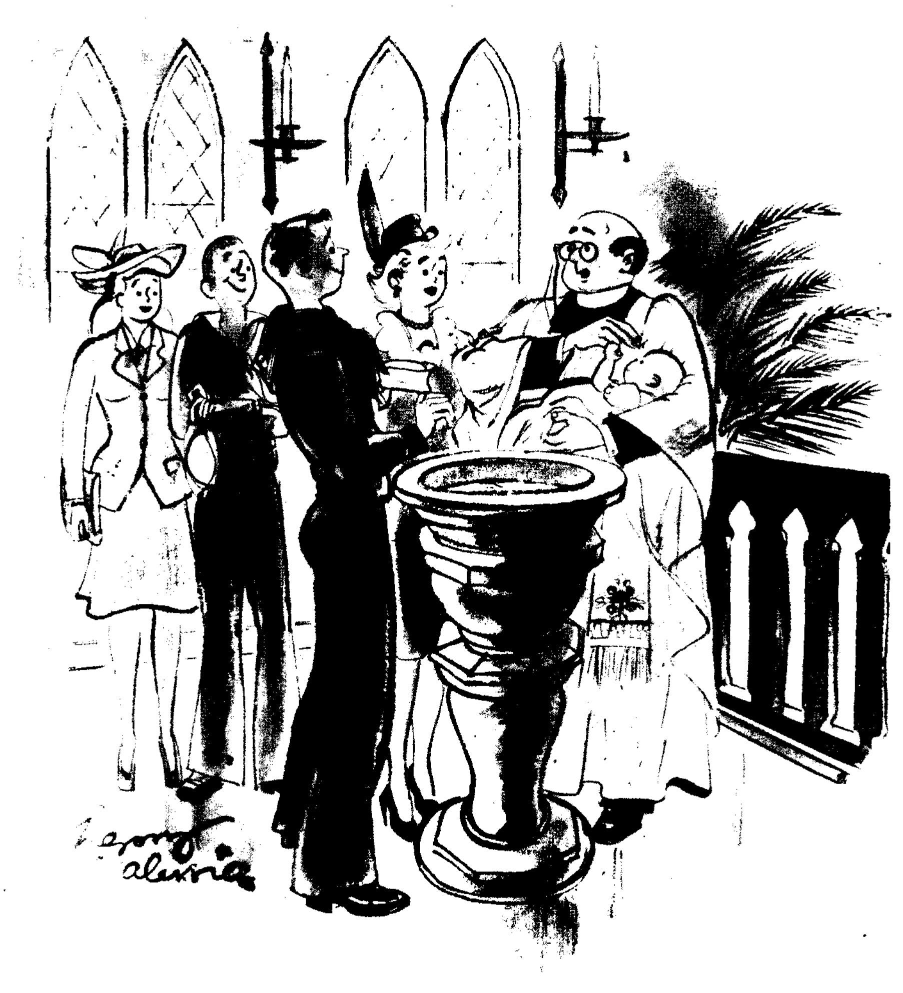
With quick hopelessness he realized that he had no idea where the shot had come from, or who had been hit. Holding tightly to his gun, he eased the stock down into his right arm-crook, his right hand loosely on the pistol-grip and his left firmly under the barrel. At any second he expected—he didn't know what to expect. If one of his men had sighted the German and fired, he would have made it known when the man screamed. Or perhaps the man was waiting to see if there were other Germans in the field. Or, more likely, perhaps the German had spotted and picked off one of the Americans. A cold knowledge came: This very second, the German might be sighting on him, clocking and preparing to squeeze the trigger.

Abandoning caution, he turned on his back and gazed up to Killian's boulder. Killian should have seen where the shot came from. If only there were some way for them to signal!

Turning over on his stomach again, keeping the rifle well off the ground but low enough so that his position would not be revealed, he relocated the spot designated for Lewis. It seemed a long way off. Then, as he watched, there was a quick movement in the grass near the place, and another, and a soldier scrambled to his feet and ran about ten yards before he pitched to earth behind

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



“. . . John, Halsey, Spruance, er . . . Mitscher . . . um . . . Nimitz . . . right so far? . . . O'Hare, Jones . . .”

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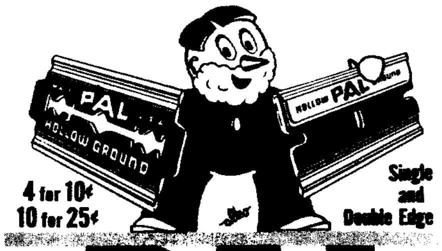

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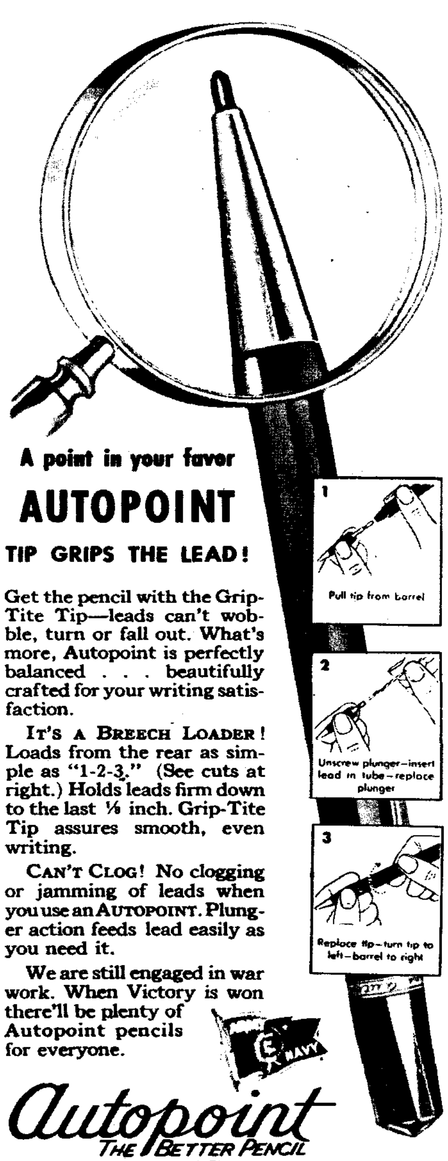
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a bush. It was unmistakably Lewis. He held his breath.

The bush moved. Lewis was taking another chance. A shot smashed the silence again.

Instantaneously several automatic thoughts swept through his mind. The shot had come from behind—from behind and above.

Lewis hit the ground when the shot sounded. From the way he fell he did not appear to be wounded, but it was impossible to tell at this distance.

Horrified, he heard the cold thought repeat: The shot had come from above and behind. That meant Killian—no. It was strange how the mind worked in a time like this. It could mean only one thing: Killian had been overpowered, perhaps killed; the German was now in his place.

There was nothing else to think. The German now had a clear view of the other men in the field—and of him.

HE MOVED without thinking. Without discretion, with no thought but to put protection between himself and the source of the shots, he rolled around to the other side of the tree. Now, facing the hill, he looked to the spot where Killian had been, expecting a third, a final shot, a shot that would end him.

He whistled the bobwhite. If the German had seen him, there was nothing he could do now but lie behind the tree until nightfall, five or six hours away. If the German had not seen, there was a chance, but only a slight one. He whistled again, but there was no answer; and as he whistled something in him said, *Arthur Parcher. Arthur Parcher.*

A wave of hatred swept through him as he thought how they had been outsmarted. The German had probably seen them approach the hill and had lain in wait for their plan to evolve. Waiting until they were sufficiently far from Killian, he had simply gone up from the rear and killed him. It was like them, he thought; they were always a little ahead on plays like these. And then he wondered why he hadn't thought of a rear attack on Killian in the first place, and cursed himself once more.

The fury seemed to calm him and the instinct of the field-soldier gained control. But just as he was about to consider what to do next, he heard a scratching noise on the ground behind him. He rolled like a cat, ready, then relaxed. It was Johnson, crawling toward where he lay.

The sight of the man infuriated him. For two or three seconds he could not speak.

"My God," Johnson whispered as he drew up beside. "I thought they got you."

"They?"

"Well—" Johnson grimaced.

"There's only one, I think."

Johnson raised his eyebrows, then nodded.

"Listen, why'd you come over here?"

"I thought you were hit." Johnson looked at him hopefully. "What goes now?"

He put his chin on the ground and studied the dirt three inches from his eyes. He did not look at Johnson when he spoke, and what he said seemed to come from the mouth of another person. "I'll try to go up and get him," he said. "If I don't come out of there in ten minutes, come in after me."

"How about if there's more than one?"

"Well . . ." he said.

Johnson nodded, struggling to appear calm. He suddenly realized that Johnson was very young, and felt a little ashamed of himself for his earlier censure.

"Here's what we'll have to do," he said, "or what I think is best." He was speaking very softly; he could not get the strange, unreal feeling out of him. "You'll make a break to the left, I'll go to the right. If he hits you he's sure as hell bound to get me, for then I'll charge him. I promise you that, anyhow." He stared at Johnson without expression, then went on: "After you're out—watch your cover, make sure you get good cover—after you're out about five minutes I'll take off. I'll try to get up that hill, around and up behind him. All you have to do is make the break, get your cover and stay there where he can't get you."

Johnson grinned. "All I have to do, eh? Okay, I get it."

"Pick out your cover now. Take that rock over there! Make sure you stay behind it. Scrooch up behind it as much as you can."

"Okay," Johnson said again. Then he seemed to remember something. "Think they got Lewis and Simms? I mean, think he got them?"

"I don't know," he said, angry again. "How in hell would I know?"

Johnson did not reply. He carefully wriggled out of his light pack and field jacket, took off his ammunition belt and filled his rear trouser pocket with cartridges. Grasping his rifle in his hand, he raised to one knee. He glanced down, briefly, winked and ran like a sprinter.

The German on the hill fired twice. Johnson kept going. The German fired again and Johnson stumbled.

For a second it looked as though Johnson had been hit. Then he kept going, running headlong for fifteen, twenty yards.

The German fired again as Johnson pitched behind the rock in a clump of grass. Now Johnson was raising on his elbow, sighting. He fired back, twice.

Keep him occupied, Johnson, he thought. There was a peculiar taste in his mouth and he discovered that he had bitten deep into his lip. He grabbed his rifle and prepared to make his first break. It was a long distance, around and up the hill behind that German, he thought; he would have to run most of it. He still wished he could smoke a cigarette.

There was a shot, either from Johnson or the enemy, and with it he was running, head low, making for the bush twenty yards away. He dived, breaking his fall with the stout butt of his rifle, and lay panting, waiting for the certain shot from the hill. It was only a matter of seconds: Surely the German had seen him. He was now more exhausted than he had been at any previous point in his memory, trembling, waiting, the breath hot in his lungs, weakness in his wrists and knees.

After a little he chanced a glance at the hilltop, but could see nothing. Apparently the German was reloading a clip, or had decided to wait. He wanted to look back to where Lewis lay, and had a throbbing, futile desire to know if he were dead or alive. And then there was Simms—Lewis and Simms, both dead, Johnson and he marked if they showed themselves. It seemed hopeless, and then the significance of the situation struck him and he felt his anger turgesce inside his body. The German unquestionably had the upper hand, but he would not keep it long.

LEGS tense, he prepared for another run. Approaching the hill at the corner of the field where there were covering rocks, he would crawl part way up the eighty- or ninety-foot slope and circle around behind the German. It would be a solid stratagem—if it worked. He could see it clearly: He would get within fifty yards, rise to the kneeling position in which he had been drilled so many back-breaking days, take careful aim, hold his breath and squeeze the trigger. As simply as though he were in rifle practice, he would fire again for good measure, then go to the hilltop and call Johnson. No. First he would go to Lewis, and Simms, and Killian.

His hesitation had vanished. Any doubts he may have had, any subtle wonderings as to his ultimate conduct which may have underridden his thoughts, had gone completely. He leaped to his feet and streaked off again, still running at a crouch, his gaze determinedly on the rock pile for which he was headed. There was a shot from the hill which seemed to stop his heart, until he realized that the German had resumed firing at Johnson. As he ran on, Johnson's rifle cracked once, then again.

He hit the dirt at the rocks, and as he fell the thought flashed through him that he was now holding high card for the first time that day. If there had been other Germans, they would have joined the battle by this time. If Johnson remained cautious, he could hold out interminably. It was now apparent that the man on the hill did not know he was being stalked. He felt almost refreshed, breathing deeply, feeling the satisfaction of a working plan.

He crawled to the edge of the rock pile to get set for his next sortie, and when his breath came easier he started out again. He proceeded in this manner until he had gained the other side of the hill, where he lay prone on the ground once more, warily inspecting his surroundings. His eyes traveled up to the boulder behind which Killian had been posted.

It was then that he felt his hands shake, and perspiration of excitement appeared on his forehead. He realized that the legs protruding from one of the rocks, fifty yards ahead, belonged to the German.

The hard ball of hate broke and the evil liquid seeped through his frame. He began to crawl on his hands and knees, up and to the right. The upper legs, the trunk and finally the head and shoulders of the sniper came into range as he proceeded. The German was lying snugly beside a boulder, his rifle pointed downhill, firing spaced shots, and Johnson's answering reports were coming back at longer intervals.

A singing triumph in him, he was now within forty yards of the enemy, still advancing, inching ahead flat on his belly, his rifle crooked in his right arm as he pulled himself along with his left. Two minutes, he thought: two minutes, Arthur Parcher, two minutes.

Without warning he began to think of his home and of childhood war games. He remembered one boy in particular, with whom he had played in the quarry. They had played their war game realistically, with attacks and ambushes and ferocious charges at each other across the quarry pit. Afterward they fell, spent and exhausted, but in a sense fulfilled. Then it struck him—Arthur Parcher! That was the name of the boy. He remembered him well.

The German fired down the hill again. He looked up at the sniper with a new curiosity. Calm, secure behind those boulders, this German was waiting to kill another American. That was when his fury reached its zenith, and the smile of recollection went off his face.

He looked through the peep sights and settled them on a point between the German's shoulder blades. He shoved the butt of his rifle hard into the hollow of his shoulder, got a loose but firm grip on the stock, put his thumb on the bolt and pulled it back, curling his finger around the trigger. His sight was wavering, and he held his breath to steady it. He began to take up the slack in the trigger. He gently squeezed it back until he could feel that it had gone as far as it would go.

The German fired once more, and the noise almost startled him into jerking his own trigger. At that moment the German moved his leg, shifting his position slightly, moving into an unbelievably perfect target position. He suddenly felt weak: before him was this killer, and he was preparing to destroy him, and the voice said *Arthur Parcher*, and he remembered a boy behind a boulder in the quarry sighting a stick-rifle, and in that second of remembrance he knew he would never kill this man. He pulled the rifle down, locked the safety, slung it on his back and charged up the hill toward the German.

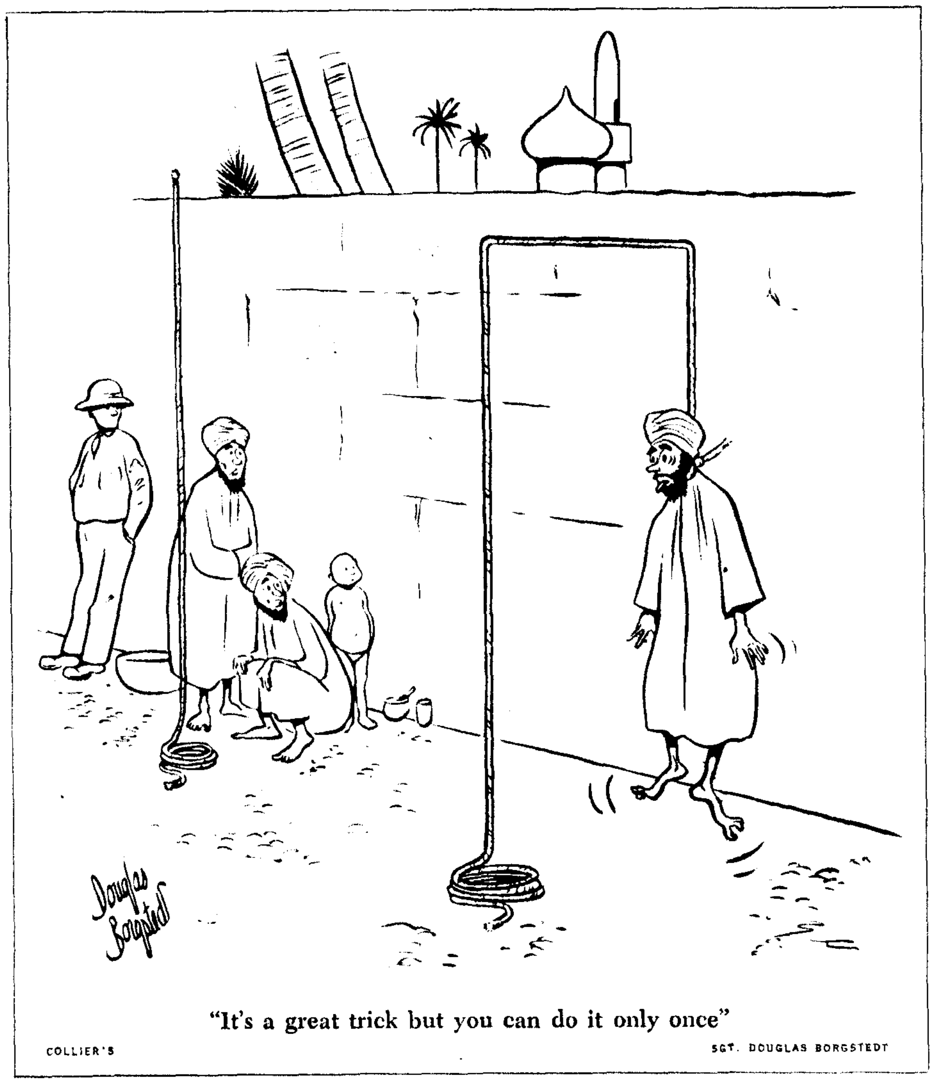
At the last second the German turned and tried to get his gun around. He dived, and the German's eyes were wide as the breath was knocked out of his lungs. He smashed his fist hard into the German's face, again and again until the blood came, he brought his knees up mercilessly between the German's legs, he pummeled until the German lay unconscious.

FOR an exhausted minute he lay atop the man, struggling for air, never relaxing his hold, listening to the strange, quick beating of his heart. When he was quite sure that the other would not move for a while, he pulled himself up and sat on the man's chest, straddling him. The German was not dead. He couldn't be dead; nobody ever died in this game.

A shot rang out from Johnson's rifle, but he didn't hear the whizz of the bullet as it went by. With some difficulty he reached inside his jacket and got a cigarette, lighting it with nervous, detached fingers. He inhaled deeply; the smoke choked him and he had to cough, and the sound was startling because it seemed to come from outside his body. It was as though he were there, yet not there; as though the whole thing were not quite true. He pulled the cigarette out of his mouth and stared down at his hands. His weary eyes looked around and, with a start, perceived Killian on the ground off to one side, his rifle clutched in his hand, as though he had been killed squinting through the sights.

Even then, he could not bring himself to believe it.

THE END



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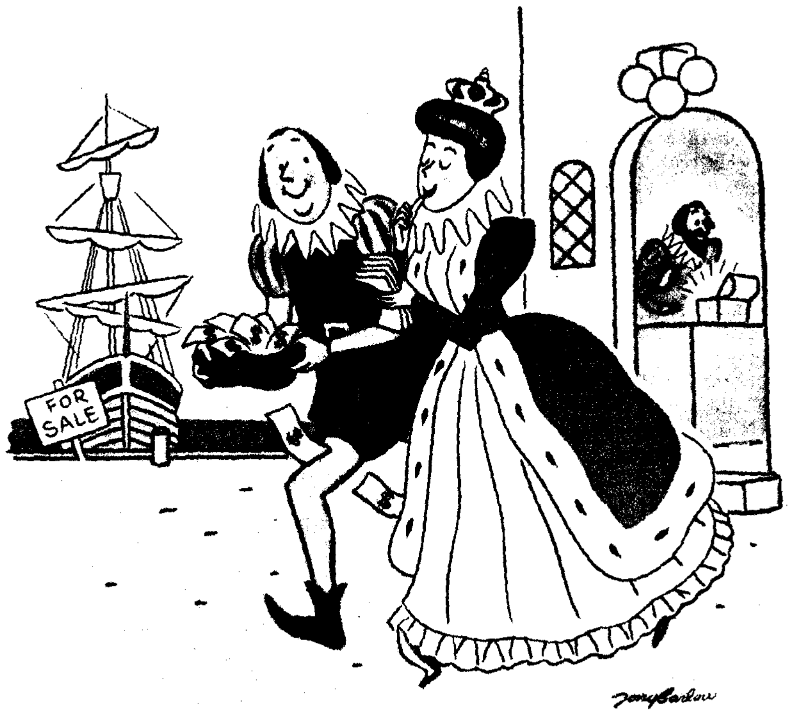
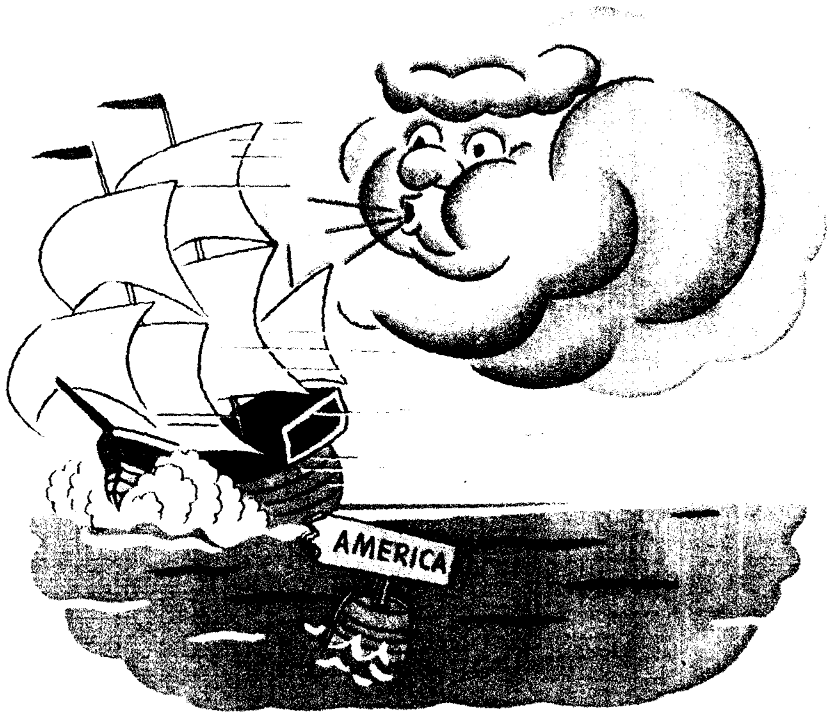
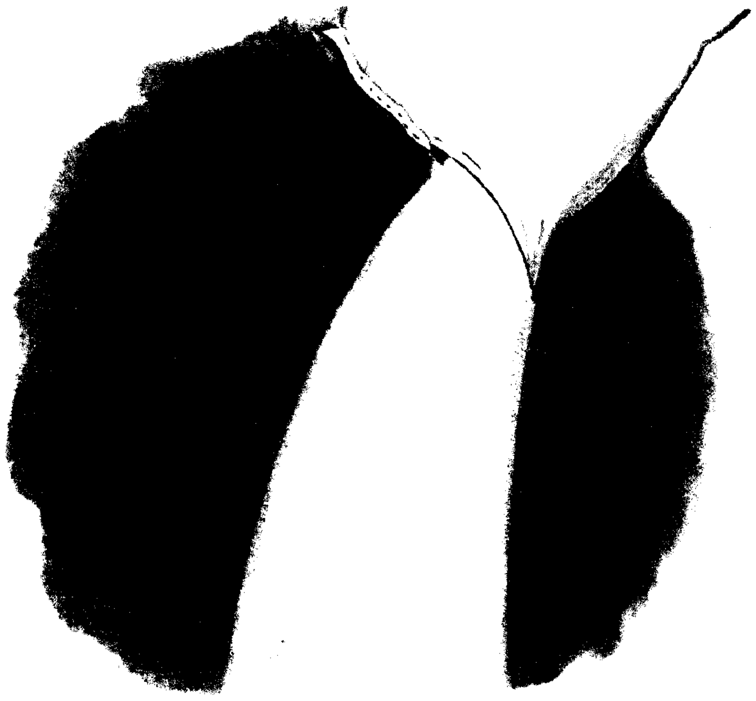
when you think of Columbus . . .



. . . you think of Isabella



when you think of *energy* . . .



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Nick Kalten, greenery expert of the 20th Century-Fox landscape department, shows Peggy Ann Garner the company's tree farm

THE FOLDING TREE

BY JIM MARSHALL

WHAT this country needs—take it from Nick Kalten—is a folding tree. Mr. Kalten is what the film industry calls a greenery expert, but what he really does is produce trees, real and make-believe, for movie sets. He loves trees, especially those that don't shed their leaves every time a baby spot gets within ten feet of them. But sometimes he gets a little tired and sad, when his forests of palm trees are all shot to hell by fliers in Hellcats for some Pacific war epic. The folding tree could be the answer.

Practically all movies have trees in them somewhere: Sahara pictures, Park Avenue pictures. Only those employing Asta have no trees, by order of the Hays office.

One way to get trees into pictures is to make them of plaster, with fabric leaves; another is to go out and get real trees and haul them to the studio lot.

A third way is to go where trees are and just photograph them, with actors in front, but this usually is too uncomplicated for the movies.

Finding, falling, hauling, cutting up and rebuilding trees is often an expensive process, though it is sometimes done. The best way is just to manufacture oaks, elms or catalpas as needed. This is where Mr. Kalten comes in. He is the only man in Hollywood with a private forest, part real, part plaster. Real trunks and plaster branches, plaster trunks and real branches, real leaves and imitation ones.

In his spare moments, Mr. Kalten works on the folding tree, with the branches hinged and articulated. With one master form you could build any sort or shape of tree you wanted. Chances are now if you go out and get a real elm or maple, the branches will hide something the director wants to photograph, and you go nuts trying to arrange the foliage to suit; with the folding tree, just loosen a nut and put the branch where he wants it.

It is cheaper to build trees for the movies than to go out and haul in real ones. Instead, they take plaster casts of the bark on various trees, and then use these to build bark on debarked trunks and branches. A real tree may cost $250 and another $250 to cut down, sectionize and haul in, but you can build any sort of tree for a couple of hundred bucks.

The tree in A Tree Grows in Brooklyn was a headache. It was an ailanthus, or Chinese sumac, a weedy sort of tree that doesn't give a darn where it grows, even in Brooklyn. It is unpopular with foresters because it robs the soil of too much nourishment. It was unpopular with Kalten because it kept shedding its leaves, and he had to go out and hunt around Glendale and Inglewood and Pasadena for new trees all the time. When he found one, chances were the owner got sentimental and refused to sell. When this happened, Mr. Kalten would give the owner a lecture on the bad habits of ailanthus trees. He got several trees that way.

Mr. Kalten is sometimes tempted to take fewer pains with what is called verisimilitude. In all his years of tree-making, he can't remember anyone writing in indignantly to the front office saying it was an elm in the book but a beech when the movies got through with it. Supposing they'd used an oak instead of an ailanthus in Brooklyn. Would anyone have complained? Mr. Kalten figures they wouldn't.

He would like to put a Norway fir into a South Sea Island picture, once, just to see whether people care or not. He is weary of coco palms anyway, having built hundreds, using discarded blueprints from the engineering department for the bark. Works fine, too, except in Technicolor.

A Tree Grows in Hollywood!

Just one tree can often be a headache for Nick. In The Oxbow Incident, there had to be a big tree because three people were hanged on it all at one time. Mr. Kalten built a particularly sturdy limb for this. Then the director wanted a bigger, longer limb, because he had decided it was more artistic to hang the victims farther apart.

So Mr. Kalten had to lengthen that limb and another on the other side of the tree, to make it balance. Then the director wanted the victims still farther apart. Same process, and in addition all the other limbs had to be lengthened. By the time Mr. Kalten got home that night he didn't want to look at anything larger than a dwarf acacia.

The tree-maker has spies all over southern California, and the park department usually notifies him when it's going to hack down some trees. So does the street department. Then Mr. Kalten sends out his big derrick truck and hauls in a few more specimens.

The tree farm on the 20th Century-Fox lot has more varieties than any other acre on earth. Most of the specimens are leafless and have branches missing, but new branches and leaves can be fastened on in a few hours. When companies go out on location, Mr. Kalten usually asks them to bring back any good specimens they notice, and in this way gets five-ton firs from Utah and spreading fig and olive trees from the San Joaquin Valley.

It is usually more economical to build a forest than to take a company and equipment out to one. For Northwest Mounted Police epics, pines and firs are built by the score, and after the shooting's over, what have you got? Just a lot of old pines and firs. Chances are they'll not be needed again for years and just lie around in the Kalten forest rotting away.

The folding tree would solve that problem, too. ★★★

Clementina

Continued from page 12

still a certain tension, but just before she stepped into the elevator, she gave me a wonderful smile and said lightly, "Next time, let's don't argue."

I had not even been sure that there would be a next time, but I remembered the smile as I walked home. When that next time came, we were both careful to avoid a dispute, and she let me kiss her good night at her door. But it was an unsatisfactory brushing of the lips and it was plain that reserve was still strong in both of us.

A few days later I went alone to Salvatore's Pizzeria, because I was still curious about Clementina, and, after that, I often stopped in late in the afternoon for a beer. Salvatore served a good Italian dinner and an excellent pizza, but there were other good pizzerias in the neighborhood. I think it was because of Clementina that many went to Salvatore's, and I think Salvatore was aware of it, and Mario, too.

Many went to Salvatore's because it was an achievement to receive a special greeting from this sober, watchful little girl, and some of them, as I did, discovered a means of forestalling the competition between Clementina and Mario. Before I went to Salvatore's I usually stopped at the candy store around the corner and picked up a little something for Clementina—a sack of gum drops or some licorice or the sort of little trinket they sell at cigar-store counters. Then, even if Tina brought the pizza, the tip belonged to Mario.

I told Ellen about it, and it was the first she knew that I had been stopping in occasionally at Salvatore's Pizzeria. She gave me a steady look and said, "I thought we'd forgotten that little girl."

"I was curious about her," I explained. "I drop in there for a beer now and then. Salvatore says she can draw a glass of beer better than most bartenders, and I believe she can."

"I'm sorry I ever said anything about your little friend," Ellen said. "I'm sure a barroom is the best environment in the world for a growing child."

"It's all right for Clementina," I said.

"So you want a pizza tonight," Ellen said. "Is that it?"

WE WENT to Salvatore's Pizzeria. When we took the table in the booth, Clementina brought us our beers and as she put them down I gave her a little silver bracelet I had bought for her at a Mexican handcraft shop. Clementina's dark eyes lighted, and her smile came, as shy as all childhood, and she stood very still, looking as if no words were possible.

"This has gone pretty far," was Ellen's comment. "You're making progress." She shook her head and smiled. "Only nine years old and she knows how to get a bracelet. Your little friend is dynamite." And as we ate dinner I noticed that Ellen glanced often toward the bar, studying Clementina. She had not understood my interest before, but now she was becoming curious, too, and it was not long before Clementina won her over.

I stopped in at the restaurant for a beer a day or so after that, late enough for Clementina to have returned from school. She came directly over to me that evening and said, "Is she your girl, that blond one?"

"I suppose so, Tina," I said.

"She's nice," said Clementina.

I don't know why the child's approval should have pleased me so, and I wondered what my reaction would have been if Clementina had disapproved. Ellen and I had reached the stage of rather tentative acceptance, but nothing was settled yet.

"She's got good clothes," Clementina said.

"Tina, she's grow up," Salvatore said. "Talk about clothes now. Got to have a new dress to go with the bracelet you give her, and no more black for Tina. I tell her, Tina, you make lotsa money. You make more than me. Go ahead, I say, buy yourself a new dress."

Clementina glanced at her father and simply walked away, but the next time Ellen and I were together in the pizzeria, she came to talk to us and sat down beside Ellen. It was an honor in Salvatore's if Clementina chose to sit with you.

She had a grimy cutout of a newspaper advertisement and spread it on the table. "I like that," she said. "Ellen, is that good for me?"

It was a dirndl dress at six ninety-eight that had caught her eye. "I think I'll buy that," Clementina said.

The event of the new dress was important in the pizzeria. Salvatore was excited about it, and even Mario was interested. Ellen had been pleased by the compliment about her clothes and she said impulsively, "Well, listen, suppose I go along with you, Clementina, and we'll look this dress over? Would you like that?"

"I'd like that very much," Clementina said. "Tomorrow, Ellen? Please, after school tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow," Ellen said.

Ellen told me about it afterward. They took the subway uptown and went into the store together, but not for a moment was Clementina's attitude dependent or unsure. Clementina discussed cut and color in her quick, low, decided voice. She tried on the dress, looking very seriously into the mirror, and when she paid for it, she counted out the money in nickels, dimes and quarters.

"There was another dress she wanted," Ellen told me. "But it was nineteen-fifty. I saw her looking at it with those big brown eyes and feeling the material and examining the stitching, but she'd come to buy the six ninety-eight dress and she bought it. She wouldn't even try the other on."

NATURALLY we went to the pizzeria that night to see Clementina in her new dirndl dress. Salvatore was delighted. He had put by a bottle for us and he came to the table to open it, saying, "Please, this is on the house. From me and my partner, Tina."

There was no apparent change in Clementina's expression, but she moved differently. She had always been dignified, but that night she was queenly. The dominant color of the dress was red, and the bright color made an amazing change. Her eyes acquired luster and her skin seemed a sleek, nutty tone rather than sallow.

"Tina, she's grow up," Salvatore said.

When Clementina came to our table, proudly, yet trying to appear indifferent, Ellen took a package from her handbag and

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opened it. She had bought hair ribbons, red to match the dress, and she arranged the bows in Clementina's hair.

"Tina, she's sure grow up," Salvatore said, shaking his head and winking at me.

The next evening I proposed to Ellen, and Clementina was there beside us when it happened. She had come to bring our beers and say good night. Ellen had admitted by then that Clementina could have taken life in stride even if she worked in a Bowery saloon, and the two of them had become friends. The child confided in Ellen, and discussed her problems at school, in the world outside the pizzeria. She was wise for a child of nine, and her approach to life was serious and calculated.

That night she looked at both of us and asked very quietly, "When are you two going to get married?"

My first thought was that I should spank this precocious brat, but then I saw that Ellen had lowered her eyes and I saw how her fingers closed nervously around the stem of her glass. I forgot about Clementina. I whispered, "Ellen, that makes sense. Will you?"

And she said, "Why not?"

Clementina laughed, and when she saw us leaning across the table to kiss, there in the booth in Salvatore's Pizzeria, she clapped her hands and called, "Papa, we're going to have a wedding."

SALVATORE came running over, and Mario put down his tray, wiped his hand on his apron and stuck it out at me. We shook hands all around, and Salvatore opened another bottle. I remember how Clementina sat on the edge of her chair, with a curious, breathless smile, and said, "I can't think what to get for a wedding present. It must be something very nice."

It was a good moment that night in the pizzeria, something fine to remember, but later it seemed that it might never have happened.

Ellen and I said we loved each other and we believed it, but there had been no real adjustment of our personalities. We were both decided, both independent, and we did not compromise. Ellen's mind was quick and her convictions strong, and she had a temper, as I had. On our first date together we had quarreled, and small differences still could cause serious disputes. I remember the argument about the squarehead. The doorman at Ellen's apartment building had forgotten to report that her electric icebox was out of order, as she had asked him to, and she said in irritation as we left the building, "That squarehead!"

"He's a Swede," I said idly. "He's not a squarehead."

"Well, of course," she said. "A Swede is a squarehead."

"A squarehead is a German," I said.

We were off. Everyone knew that a Swede was a squarehead, she said, and I quoted Conrad to prove that a squarehead was a German. We were both positive, and our voices rose, and by the time we reached the pizzeria we were too angry to speak.

Clementina came over in her red dirndl dress. She looked at us, and sat down in silence. Ellen turned to her and asked, "Tina, what's a squarehead?"

She looked at both our faces, and shook her head, and said, "It's not nice."

"Listen," I said. "If we're going to a higher authority, let's get a dictionary."

"I'll take Clementina," Ellen said hotly. "I'll take whatever she says."

I turned my head and called, "Salvatore, can we see you a minute?"

"All right, you can have Salvatore," Ellen said. "I'll take Clementina. Tina, what is a squarehead?"

"It isn't nice," Clementina said. "I don't like people calling me wop."

Salvatore reached our table and said, "Yes, what I can do you for?"

"Never mind," I said. "You and I are the squareheads, Ellen."

"Thank you, Tina," Ellen said quietly.

The dispute had been only a symptom of the clash—the sort of thing that self-sure people must go through and adjust, but in spite of Clementina's wisdom, it was not adjusted. Little things set us off, and neither would give in. It would be a book we had read, a play we had seen—a positive opinion positively contradicted. Early that spring we broke up.

The final clash came unexpectedly, and it began with one of those tortured lovers' conversations. We were in the pizzeria and had opened the second bottle of Barbera.

Ellen said, "We just can't seem to hit it off, can we?"

I was perverse enough to say, "No, I guess we can't," and the breach had been made. Such things are often little tricks of lovers' agony, leading to a reconciliation and a closer understanding, but we went on from there, and what one said the other agreed with, and there were no denials and no protests.

It ended when Ellen stood up and said, "Suppose we just call it off, then."

"Suppose we do," I said.

She hurried out of the restaurant, and I drank another bottle and told myself it would be a long time before I called her up again. We had not actually quarreled, which made the break seem definite and past repair.

Clementina must have known what was going on. Once or twice I had caught her looking at us, frowning in a puzzled way, and, after Ellen had gone, she brought me the bottle I ordered.

"You have a fight?" she asked.

She was growing pretty, I thought, and the red dress was more becoming than ever. I looked into the knowing brown eyes and said, "Yes, we had a fight."

"You shouldn't fight," Clementina said reprovingly. "Do you want to lose your wedding present?"

"Clementina," I said, "you can't measure everything with that practical little yardstick of yours."

"What did you fight about this time?" Clementina asked.

"The same thing we always fight about. We're just two people who can't agree, Clementina. We can't get along."

"Like me and Mario," Clementina said.

"Don't you and Mario get along?"

She considered, said thoughtfully, "Oh, yes, I think we get along."

It was past her bedtime, and Salvatore came to fetch her. I sat at the table until I had finished the bottle, then I walked home alone, and I stayed away from Salvatore's Pizzeria after that. It was a sort of unspoken understanding. Clementina had become Ellen's particular friend and had chosen Ellen for her confidences. It seemed that Ellen had more rights in the pizzeria than I, and I did not go there again until just before Easter, when I met Clementina on the street.

IT SEEMED a casual encounter, but I learned later she had asked Tom, the bootblack, about me. I often stopped to have a shine at the corner, in the plank and glass shack old Tom had constructed on the edge of a parking lot, and Clementina had evidently seen me there several times as she walked to school. Lately, for three days running, Tom said, she had been lingering near the bootblack stand at the time I was expected to pass on my way to work. I had already mounted the stand, and Tom had turned up my cuffs that day when I saw her standing at the curb, her schoolbooks resting on a fire hydrant. I smiled and called, "Hello, there, Clementina."

She nodded, smiled very slightly, and stood watching Tom work. When I got down and paid for the shine, she picked up her books and fell in step beside me.

"How is everything with you, Tina?" I asked.

"We miss you," Clementina said. "Why don't you come see us any more?"

"I'll be around one of these days," I said. "Say, you'll be late for school if you don't hurry."

"I know," she said. "I just wanted to say we miss you and Ellen."

I stopped and looked down at her. "You mean Ellen hasn't been over, either?"

She shook her head. Walking beside me with her quick, precise step, her brown eyes looking straight ahead, she asked, "You still mad?"

"Not mad, exactly."

She nodded. "Like me and Mario?"

"I suppose so."

"We used to fight," Clementina said. "We used to get mad as cockroaches, me and Mario. He used to say he was going to report me to the union." She chuckled, and set her schoolbooks swinging on the end of the strap. "I'd say to him, 'Mario, I'm doing your work for you. Do you want me to do it for nothing and you take all the tips? Is that nice, Mario?' "

I remembered Mario's helpless rages and the way he had of dropping the coins down in front of Clementina on the bar. She went on talking in her wise, solemn voice: "Mario, he's easy to handle, I think. If I say, 'All right, Mario, you take all the tip,' he wants to give it all to me. You know how Mario is."

The dark eyes glanced covertly up at me. "Of course, I don't take it all. I take just half and he leaves the rest on the bar all night long and then he picks it up and puts it in his pocket when he goes home. You've seen him do that."

"Yes, I've seen him," I said.

Clementina said with satisfaction, "That's the only way to handle Mario."

We had reached the subway entrance, and Clementina hesitated, watching the swing of her books on the end of the strap, bending her wrist to make them twirl. "Will you come tonight for a pizza?" she asked.

She did not meet my eyes; she stood watching the arc of the books. "Papa is worried," she said. "He don't know why he loses so good a customer."

I grinned at her and said, "All right, I'll come around tonight."

Instantly she was gone, the books tucked under her arm. I watched her run across the street and down the block toward the school.

When I got home from work that night, the telephone rang while I was dressing to go to Salvatore's. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello," and I heard Ellen's voice, low and rather breathless, saying, "I have here before me Volume Nine of the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia . . ."

"Hello," I said. "Ellen?"

"Copyright, 1913," the soft voice said. "I want to read you a definition. It's the best one I could find. Squarehead."

"Squarehead? For heaven's sake, do we have to . . . ?"

"Wait a minute," she said. "Squarehead: Originally a free emigrant; now, a German or a Scandinavian. . . . Slang, Australia."

I thought of Clementina and I remembered what she had told me of herself and Mario, and I thought: This was splitting tips; this was half the tip for me. I began to laugh and said, "Have you been talking to Clementina?"

Ellen hung up, and I sat looking at the telephone, pleased and excited. She had gone all the way back to that early argument and she had made the move to compromise. I felt that it was right, and that it should be a woman's nature to give in, at least initially, and I thought that I was like Mario, too. A squarehead *was* a Swede, if she wanted it so.

I called her back, but got no answer. I went on dressing, and before I put on my necktie I called again and still there was no answer. I tied the tie and dialed her number once more, and then I remembered Clementina. She had asked me to come to the pizzeria that night, and she had surely asked Ellen, too. I put on my coat and hurried over to Salvatore's.

Clementina was standing by the door, and I saw her quick, sly smile, before I saw Ellen sitting at our usual table. I pinched Clementina's arm and walked over to the table, and Ellen looked up and smiled and said, "Hello, squarehead."

SALVATORE had the wine ready and Mario brought it over, and then Salvatore and Clementina both came to sit with us. We had no opportunity to talk alone; we could only sit and grin at each other.

Salvatore patted Clementina's shoulder and said, "Tina, she's a big girl now. She's grow up. Ten years old tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Ellen said. "Is tomorrow your birthday, Tina?"

I understood then what had been going on in that small, practical head. I knew my Clementina.

"It's very important to be ten, isn't it?" Clementina said proudly. "We're going to have a party tomorrow night, Papa and me and Mario. At five o'clock, in the kitchen."

"An' a big cake," Salvatore said. "A big birthday cake with ten candles for Tina."

Clementina raised her eyes, and her smile was shy. "I wish you would come to my party," she said. "Do you suppose you can come, please, you two?"

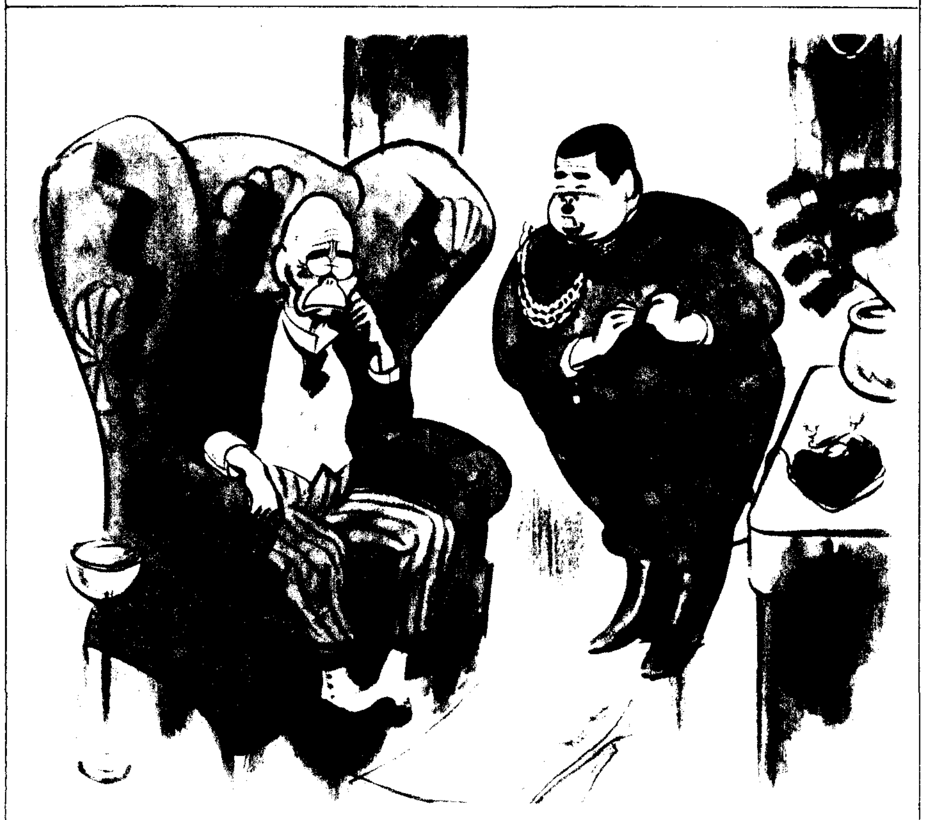
"Yes, Tina," I said. "We'll come."

I glanced at Ellen, and we were both thinking of what we would get for Clementina's birthday, and I suppose she decided in that instant on the dress at nineteen-fifty that Clementina had not even tried on. We were both thinking of the birthday presents, and so was Clementina. We heard her deep, contented sigh.

"It will be a nice party," she said.

THE END

TOKYO TALKING by **MICHAEL BERRY**



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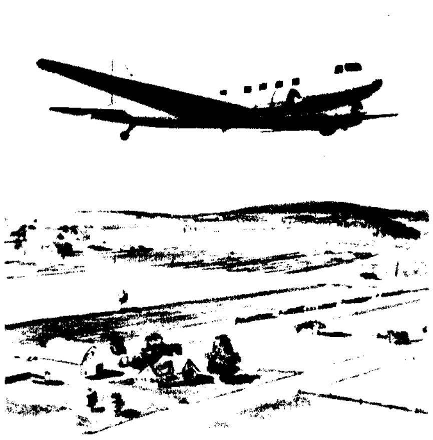

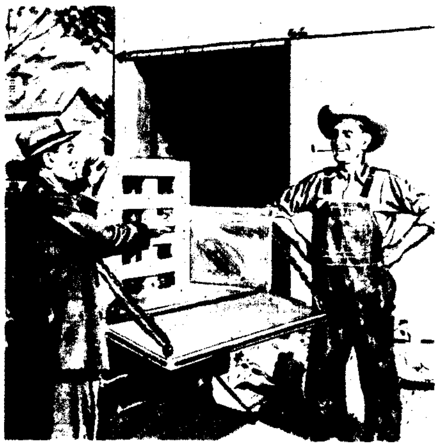

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SLOPPY Louie's

By Ruth Bugbee

If you didn't know how to cook fish before, you will after you have taken a few tips from Louie Morino

Tony Revela catches 'em, Louie Morino cooks 'em

nner in hand

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

SLOPPY LOUIE MORINO'S restaurant in New York is a right fine place to eat. If you work in the Fulton Fish Market (as most of Louie's patrons do), you can just walk across South Street in your apron and boots and hat, and have yourself some hot, fresh-made corn muffins and coffee at 5:00 A.M., which is opening time. You can come back for dinner later and bring your own fish if you like, fresh off the boat. Louie will cook it for you any way you want.

Some of the ship workers along the river there have had their first taste of Lobster Newburg at Louie's, now that they are in the money. Plenty of Wall Street lawyers and brokers have discovered Louie's, too, and they sneak over without telling their friends, because they don't want the place to get too crowded. But word gets around anyway, and the crowds are so big that Louie had to apply to the OPA for more points to feed them, even though fish is his specialty.

People call the place Sloppy Louie's out of affection for its rough, quick-lunch look, the bare-topped tables and the bill of fare chalked up on the mirror in back. But there's nothing sloppy at all about the cooking, as these steady patrons will be quick to tell you.

If you are astonished that men who deal in fish all their working hours can enjoy sitting down to a plate of it, then they're sorry for you. If you eat fish only because it's a meatless day or Friday or because you can't find any meat in the market, they suspect that's because you've never had fish cooked properly.

"My wife didn't like fish," says Louie, "until I showed her how to cook it. Now we have it as many as five times a week at home, and that's okay with her."

Leo Samuels—whose family runs one of the big fish companies—was eating at Louie's the day we were there, and he joined our table. He had had the same experience with his wife. "Women," he says, "fry fish too much, even fish that should never be fried. They do the same thing to meat, too. They fry it and turn it and fry it until it turns into something you can put under your shoe and walk away on."

"I don't say to eat your fish raw," says Louie, "but don't overdo it. It doesn't need much cooking. Now, take whiting. It's a common fish, and people don't pay enough attention to it. But it eats better than a lake trout. It's flaky, like snow, and healthy and wholesome. You can boil whiting, or broil it, but it's too delicate to bake. Take a one- to two-pound fish, the bigger the better. Broil it, brush it over with olive oil or melted butter, sprinkle on some chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and that's wonderful eating."

Louie will insist that you spend on butter some of the red points you save by eating fish, unless you can locate some really good olive oil. One or the other is essential to most fish cookery.

"Every morning," he said, "I melt some butter in a pan. I put some chopped parsley into it and stir it and cook it until the parsley is burned black. Then I strain that butter back into the crock where I keep it melted and ready, with a paintbrush in it, to brush on the fish. That's what gives that extra special flavor. We all have to have our tricks."

While we were talking about whiting, Louie plied us with hot clam broth. "Now eat your broth while it's hot," he would say, "and we'll talk later. Have you had celery salt?" We put some in our broth, and that is a very fine combination.

Now, for the way to make whiting soup:

Charles Walpole, workman, propositions Louie about cooking that king mackerel

Rube Boland, Arthur Moore, Charles Stewart, over from the Market for a bite

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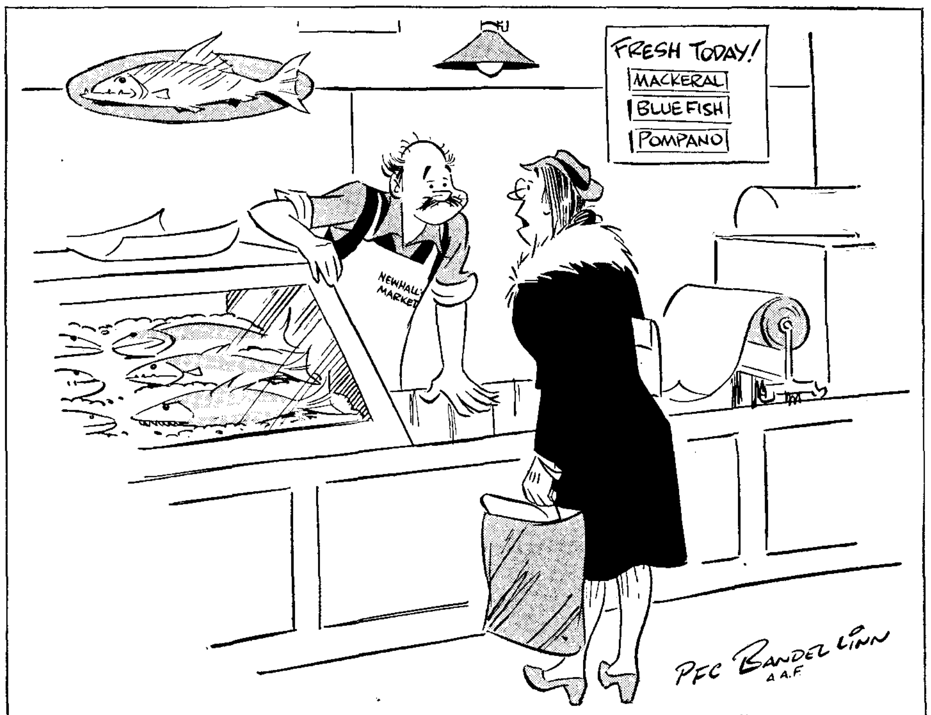


COLLIER'S "I want a fish that looks like the Japanese premier!" BANDEL LINN

If your market man has not cleaned the fish for you, remove the fine scales by scraping against the grain, cut the fins (or leave them to be pulled out when the fish is cooked), slit open the belly and remove the guts. Leave the head on to add flavor to your soup. You may remove it later if you like, though personally Louie prefers to eat it. Make a cut at the head, and cut the rest of the fish in two. Then set it aside to drain thoroughly while you chop a medium onion or a clove of garlic, mince some parsley, and cook in half a cup of olive oil—it's got to be olive oil for this—until the onion is brown. Now put in your fish, barely cover with water, add salt and pepper, and simmer thirty minutes.

"There," says Louie, "you have a beautiful taste. This is a wonderful soup, very good for you, and there is nothing fishy-tasting about it. You eat it, fish and all, and you can lift the fish right out of the curve of the bone."

There is a curious thing about the whiting. Against the brain are two tiny bones. Look carefully and you will see that each is shaped so as to form a silhouette of the Madonna and Child.

Easy on the Palate

Porgies and mackerel are fish with enough body for baking. According to Louie, porgy "eats better than a steak." Negro cooks, who know fish better than most white folks, will pick a porgy or a whiting any time.

The whitefish is another one that's good for baking. It's a fresh-water fish, more common in the Middle West than along the seaboard, but Louie was expecting a shipment of fifty pounds from Canada. He aimed to broil most of this delicacy. He was also going to bake some, in a special dish he likes to make at home for company—an easy, all-in-one-pan dinner.

"Now," he told us, acting the process out with his hands, "I will show you how to bake that whitefish, with potatoes. Clean, scale and gut your fish, and take the heads off. If a fish weighs a pound, leave it whole. If more, cut it crosswise. Allow a pound to a person. Now, all right, peel some potatoes and slice them like for Saratoga chips—a quarter of an inch thick, right? Put a layer of potato in your baking pan. Cover your potato with your fish. Now in a separate pan make a sauce with one medium onion chopped, two green peppers sliced, two cups stewed tomatoes, one pint of water, salt and pepper. Boil five or ten minutes. Cover the fish with your sauce. There should be sufficient fat in the fish itself. If you think not, brown your onion and pepper in some butter in the first place.

"Now bake forty minutes in a medium oven. If your company is late, you can keep the fish warm for half an hour longer without hurting it. In fact, many a time I eat it the next day, cold as ice and fine. The best way to serve this dish is not to fuss. Don't spoil it by moving it into some sort of tureen. Just put the pan right from the oven onto the table. And mop up the juice afterward with bread."

If Lobster Newburg is what you want to serve company, Louie can tell you how to make it right, even out of a can. "The sauce," he says, "has got to taste like lobster, too." He makes stock for this purpose by boiling lobster shells with celery, parsley, seasonings. But if you haven't any lobster shells around, you can still make a good Newburg sauce this way:

Buy eight or ten clams (any shellfish will do, but clams are best; more akin to the lobster), scrub to remove sand, and boil—shells and all—in two cups of water for fifteen minutes, with the same fixings Louie used with his lobster shells. Now melt two tablespoons of butter, add half a cup of cream and the yolk of an egg, and cook in a double boiler until the sauce thickens. Add two cups of your stock, boil down to the right thickness, and throw in a good drink of sherry. There's a sauce that will blend amiably with your cut-up lobster, giving you a delicate but full-flavored Newburg. It will keep for a week in a good refrigerator. Warm it up any time.

Contrary to what you may think, there are plenty of fish dishes that you can make ahead. "Fish chowder isn't any good unless it's a couple of days old," says Louie. "I make mine a day ahead here. Gives it a chance to thicken up."

Cold boiled salmon, naturally enough, has to be fixed ahead. Just put your salmon in a pan with a little chopped onion, a squeeze of lemon and a minimum of water, and steam it done. Then put it in a serving dish, pour the juice over, stow it in the refrigerator, and the next day it will be beautifully jellied and ready to eat.

"Where I come from," says Louie, "we ate crab and shrimp and plenty of things raw. It's good to take along some bread, dig your clams and eat them for lunch right while you fish."

Louie, son of a fisherman, came here from Genoa in 1900 as a little boy and went to work in a New York restaurant washing dishes. "I do plenty of that still, the way help is." But his chef John, also from Genoa, has been on the job fifteen years, arriving at three in the morning to get things going. They both take great care not to overcook the delicate sea food they relished raw as boys.

"Now when you fry a shrimp," says Louie, "start with it raw. If you boil it first, what flavor the little fellow has goes right into the water. For six people, take two pounds of shrimp. Shell and clean them. Beat one egg into a cup of milk, add a dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Dip the shrimp in this, then in cracker dust; they fry, a few minutes only in a lot of fat. They've got to float in fat.

"Where I come from, we wouldn't use anything but olive oil for frying. But if you want no smell at all, use beef fat. Cut up beef suet, put it in an iron kettle in the oven for several hours. That makes fat for frying, and no smell to it. Sure, you can use vegetable shortening at home. That's fine, too; no smell. And you can save the fat and use it over and over again. Fried potatoes should float, too."

When he can't get fat for frying, Louie broils his soft-shelled crabs, though he still hankers after them raw himself. He dips them into a milk-and-egg mixture, then into crumbs (made light and good by mixing half white flour and half white Italian bread, dried and ground), then paints them over with butter and broils like steak.

Never, he begs you, more than one dipping into crumbs, and he sighs over the pancakes some people create in lieu of fried oysters, with the sad little oyster buried away in the middle. "Oysters have bellies," he says, "and you can see the shape of my oysters when they come out. Only one dipping in crumbs. They've got enough moisture of their own to make the crumbs stick. I sell five to six gallons of fried oysters a week, and that's a lot when you figure 140 to 160 oysters to a gallon. And you can see all their bellies."

There's no cheaper or better dish that you can serve up than a mess of mussels, all steamy and hot in a clean towel, with drawn butter and lemon on the side and lots of crusty white bread. That's a European favorite of better days, steamed open over wine vinegar. All you have to do is scrub them and put them into a pot to steam. First run cold water over them for half an hour, and they'll even help you with the washing up by working away to feed themselves from the water, opening and shutting and letting the running water help to wash the sand away. Into a two-gallon or bigger pot, put a quart of vinegar—wine vinegar if you have it. Over the vinegar set an inverted soup plate, and on top dump your mussels, protected from direct contact with the vinegar. Steam for ten minutes at the most, and you'll have a lot of succulent, juicy eating.

Mussels in spaghetti sauce is an Italian favorite. For six people, steam or boil five or six pounds of mussels—any way to get them open, but just don't overdo it. Extract the mussels—of which you will have about two cupfuls. Cook a medium-sized chopped onion and a tablespoon of chopped parsley (always parsley) in a cup of olive oil until the onion is brown. Add the mussels and brown them—about five minutes. Then add four good-sized tomatoes, peeled and cut up, a pint of water, salt and pepper, and simmer for two hours, or until a good spaghetti-sauce consistency. You know what to do about the spaghetti—and the green salad, the red wine, the cheese and the long loaf of bread.

Louie realizes that one reason women don't broil fish as often as they should is that the tender fish sticks to the broiler, and gets all broken up when they trowel it off. So here's a tip for broiling, say, fillet of sole. First, dry it thoroughly on a clean towel. And please, lady, do not wash that fish.

"I know you can't tell a woman anything," says Louie. "I've got one of them at home, and she washes fish no matter what I say to her. But you do more harm than good washing a fish. Now you take a lobster. Wash it in fresh water, and you kill it. And they say a dead lobster is bad for you. The heat is going to burn off any germs on your fish.

"Anyway, you wash or you don't wash, but you *dry* your fish. Then you spread out some white flour and touch the fillet to it, both sides. You don't coat it, you just touch it. The flour will burn away on the broiler and you won't know it was there, but the fish won't stick."

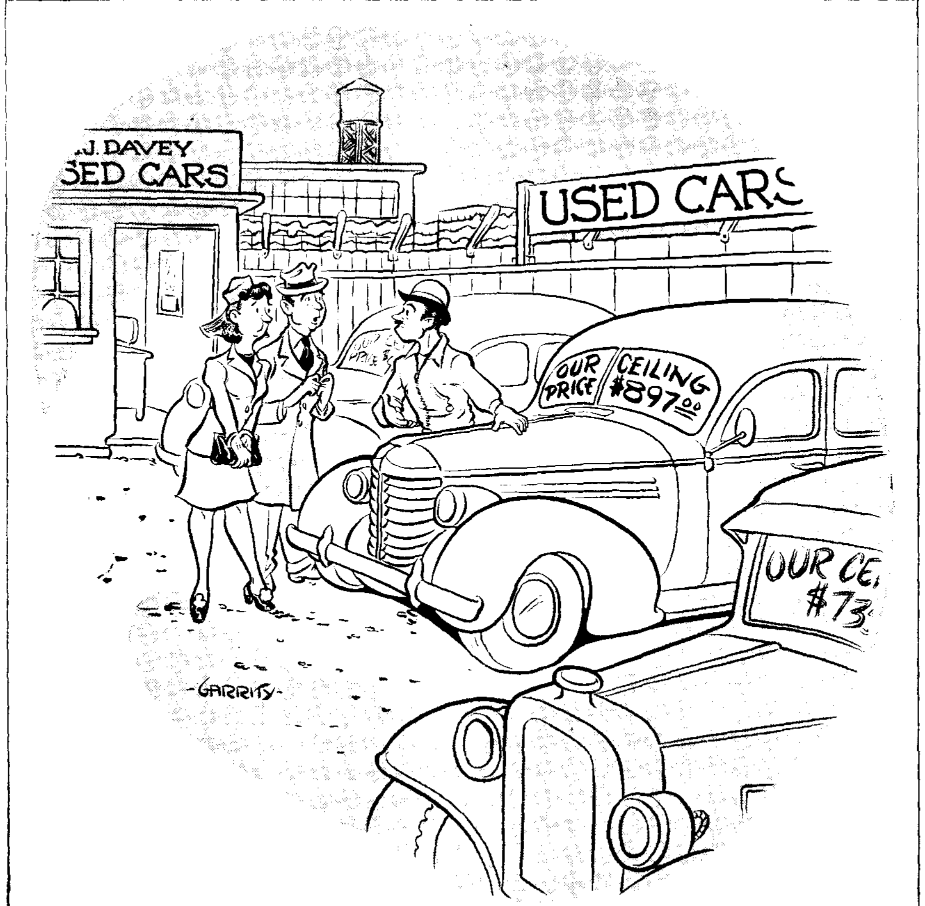
Fish is What You Make It

Louie also realizes that more women might cook fish if it didn't look so much like fish. So, to break you in gently, he suggests boiled haddock with egg sauce. You can get neat fillets of haddock at the fish store—no head or tail to confront you, not even any bones. Simmer these fillets for twelve minutes in a gallon of water, with half a lemon squeezed and thrown in, and a tablespoon of salt.

Meanwhile, make a sauce by melting two tablespoons of butter, adding half a cup of milk or cream, the yolk of an egg, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and cook in a double boiler till thick. Allow a cup of finished sauce for six people, and about four pounds of fish. Cover the fish with this sauce, and Louie will allow you as fancy a platter as you like. Grate hard-boiled egg and sprinkle chopped parsley over all. You will have a fine-looking dish of stuff, and it will taste good, too.

Not that Louie, personally, cares for fillets. You can keep your high-priced boned shad, too. Give him a fish with the bones all in, for flavor, and he'll take the head and tail, too—for soup.

THE END



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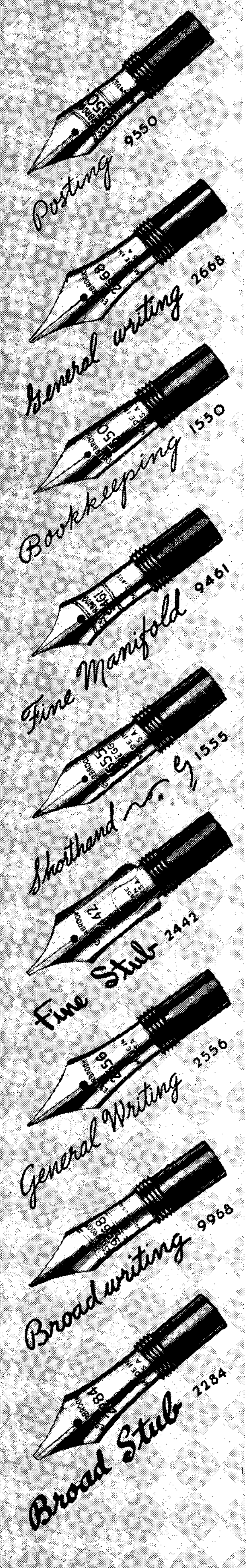

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RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

pistol cartridges into their pockets. The field was really ready for anything.

The ship pulled to a stop, and the big door swung open. For a minute, nothing happened. Then a dirty, unshaven, slant-eyed face peeked meekly out the door. Just his head appeared—then withdrew. Guards moved closer to the flight of stairs that had been pushed to the door.

Standing five feet, three inches, the grim little character supported himself on a pair of homemade crutches and started down the stairs, his amputated left leg and complete helplessness making the assorted ammunition bearers feel a little on the silly side.

And you may recall the story in Wing Talk for February 10th, of how pigs were flown to Goose Bay, Labrador, to insure the ATC outpost there a guaranteed supply of fresh pork.

Oddities and characters are actually a very small percentage of the enormous cargoes carried every day by ATC over its 160,000 miles of scheduled world airways. A steady stream of blood plasma, engines, bullets, diplomatic papers, clothing and everything considered urgent war essentials rides the sky lanes. And these military aircraft never come back empty. The number of sick and wounded that have been evacuated from all theaters of operation by air is crowding the half-million mark.

To keep this procession going in an orderly fashion is a gigantic task. Some things must be moved quicker than others, and the responsibility of fixing the sequence of movement is a job performed by ATC's Priorities and Traffic Division, headed by Colonel Ray W. Ireland, who made a name for himself in the air-transport industry long before the war, with United Air Lines. Ireland got taken over the coals as the one who had authorized the now-famous "A" priority for the Roosevelt dog. For days, ATC men went around barking at one another, privately agreeing that they, too, would have put a top priority on Blaze on the strength of a White House request to give him air transportation.

They wouldn't now.

THE END

San Francisco's Pride and Joy

Continued from page 17

the Family Club at Bush, and had drawn a bead on a loaded taxicab at Sutter when Jimmy bailed out.

"A man's entitled to a chance," he is reported to have exclaimed.

Even with its manifest perils, San Franciscans prefer cable transportation to any other. Half-filled trolleys frequently pass long queues of passengers waiting for a cable car bound to a like destination. There is something about the privilege of standing in a sardine-packed cabin, or clinging to the outside of an activated berry crate with one foot barely contacting a frail stringer, that appeals to the native son's adventurous spirit. The normal capacity of a cable car is thirty-four, but no car is considered loaded until all standing room is taken and the stringers, running the length of the open section a foot above the pavement, are jammed.

Since it is manifestly impossible for the conductor to reach all these apiarian creatures and retain his professional aplomb, probably twenty per cent ride without fee. In the carefree days of private ownership, this was considered an investment in good will and did much to endear the cables to the public, but the practice is regarded with abhorrence by the revenue-conscious municipal operators of today.

The California line permits anyone, male or female, to take advantage of the clinging privileges on the stringers, but the Powell line, with Victorian prudery, limits them strictly to male customers. There have been angry distaff protests against this discrimination, the women apparently feeling that they have a right to risk their necks if they choose to, but the objections are met with a prim reminder that the Powell line serves a more sensitive and dignified clientele than the California and must be conducted accordingly.

Although cable cars seldom are without capacity custom, the city operators, upon taking over the Powell line, deplored its lack of solvency. Asked for an explanation of the inconsistency, E. G. Cahill, supervisor of transit for San Francisco, surprisingly pointed out that it costs a dollar more per hour to operate a cable car than a trolley. Since the trolleys have twice the capacity, and the cables require a similar crew of two, the margin of profit on the latter is seriously reduced.

"We do not, however, contemplate abandoning the cable lines," Cahill always explains hastily.

In spite of these protests, there is a feeling of insecurity among cable-line employees of whom anyone on the pay roll less than a quarter of a century is classified as an upstart. Last December, William Thomas, Powell Street superintendent of operations who joined the company in 1901, resigned with the explanation that he felt his job was impermanent.

Moreover, Hugh Thomas (no relation), who entered the service in 1898, and Herman Shufelt, who has been at the same repair bench in the Powell line powerhouse for forty-five years, expressed doubts about their futures. "The job seems sort of unsteady," Hugh Thomas admitted, "and a man can't get any roots down if he has to be thinking of moving all the time."

Told that there had been rumors that trolley coaches, sometimes called trackless trolleys, would replace the cable cars on the San Francisco hills, William Thomas smiled contemptuously. "Stinkpots," he said euphemistically, "on wheels."

You learn about the cable cars from William Thomas' wonderful book. It is small, paper-backed, probably two and a half by four inches, and on its cover, blurred by decades of handling, appears the single device, "Ledger." But from its dog-eared pages, in the neatly regimented handwriting of its owner, march legions of facts that reach back to the cable car's antiquity.

Ready with the Answers

Ask him when the Powell cars were equipped with storm fronts, and he'll thumb the book briefly and tell you November 5, 1903. Ask him how long it required the cables to return to operation after the earthquake, and he'll riffle the pages again, then announce that the disaster occurred April 18, 1906, and the next car rolled down the Powell hill at 6 A.M., January 13, 1907.

Ask him when the first commercial cable car ran, and he'll say it left the barn at 11 A.M., June 14, 1874 and that the first Powell car went into service at noon on March 19, 1877. He'll tell you that the great winders in the powerhouse are fourteen feet in diameter and that steam power was replaced with electric at 1 A.M., December 6, 1914, the first turbine generating 750 horsepower.

He will also tell you, without recourse to his wonderful book, that it took an earthquake and a political job to drive the cables off Market Street. In 1906, he says, Pat Calhoun, a fly boss of San Francisco, had been trying for years to get a trolley franchise on Market Street. When the earthquake snatched the cables from their conduits, snarled them like pulled taffy, twisted the rails and conduit guards into ferrous filigrees against the murky heavens, shook down the power plants and destroyed seventy per cent of the rolling stock, Calhoun saw his chance and made the most of it.

With the co-operation of Mayor Eugene Schmitz, he obtained a so-called temporary permit to string overhead trolleys, on the premise that they could be installed more rapidly than the cables, and the town needed carriers.

"After that, we never got back," says Mr. Thomas suspiciously.

One of the cable line's woeful moments comes when a cable snaps. When the break occurs inside the powerhouse, the suddenly released tension produces an olla-podrida of flailing cables and bucking machinery akin to a bombed steel mill, but those employees who don't get a length of steel rope around their necks in the confusion, prefer these breaks to those under the streets. Inside, the cable may be repaired within two and a half to three hours. A splice, which must match exactly the original, with no bulges or depressions at the junction to foul the grips, is inserted, and service goes on.

An outside break, however, is something to cuss about. From one to four hours are needed to locate the separation, after which an incision must be made in the street, the ends pulled together by windlasses and the splice made in the open air, rain or shine, with inadequate tools and interminable interruptions. This operation requires from ten to twenty-six hours and in prewar times provided diversion for scores of citizens who otherwise would have been obliged to take naps or play pinochle to fill their days.

Sometimes, just before a break, strands peel off and form tiny spurs on the cable. At such times, small boys with a genius for confusion attach a cluster of tin cans to a cord and drop the loose end into the grip slot. There it is caught up by the projecting spur and the clattering cans are yanked along the pavement with nerve-shattering effect.

For years no feminine name adorned the cable pay rolls. They were a man's institution, reserved for cigar smoking, tobacco chewing and spittoon pinging. Gripmen and conductors even looked with disdain upon women in the open seats, especially if they were so brazen as to smoke.

Now, however, there are half a dozen women conductors. If Hugh and William Thomas are to be believed, the cables will cease to operate before any skill-less female hands profane the sacrosanct grips, but a recent episode indicates that things are nearing that dire pass.

The warning came early last year when a conductorette hopped off her car at the Taylor Street turntable and pushed brazenly into the Cable Car to confront the publican with a demand for a steam beer. The publican looked at her as if she had been a stegosaurus, then cleared out the till, put on his coat and hat and turned to his male customers.

"Boys," he said, "that did it. This joint is out of business as of right now."

Eventually he was dissuaded, but not until after he'd made a treaty with the offender involving a quick bourbon and ginger ale and a polite invitation to get to hell out of the joint and stay out.

No Respect for Tradition

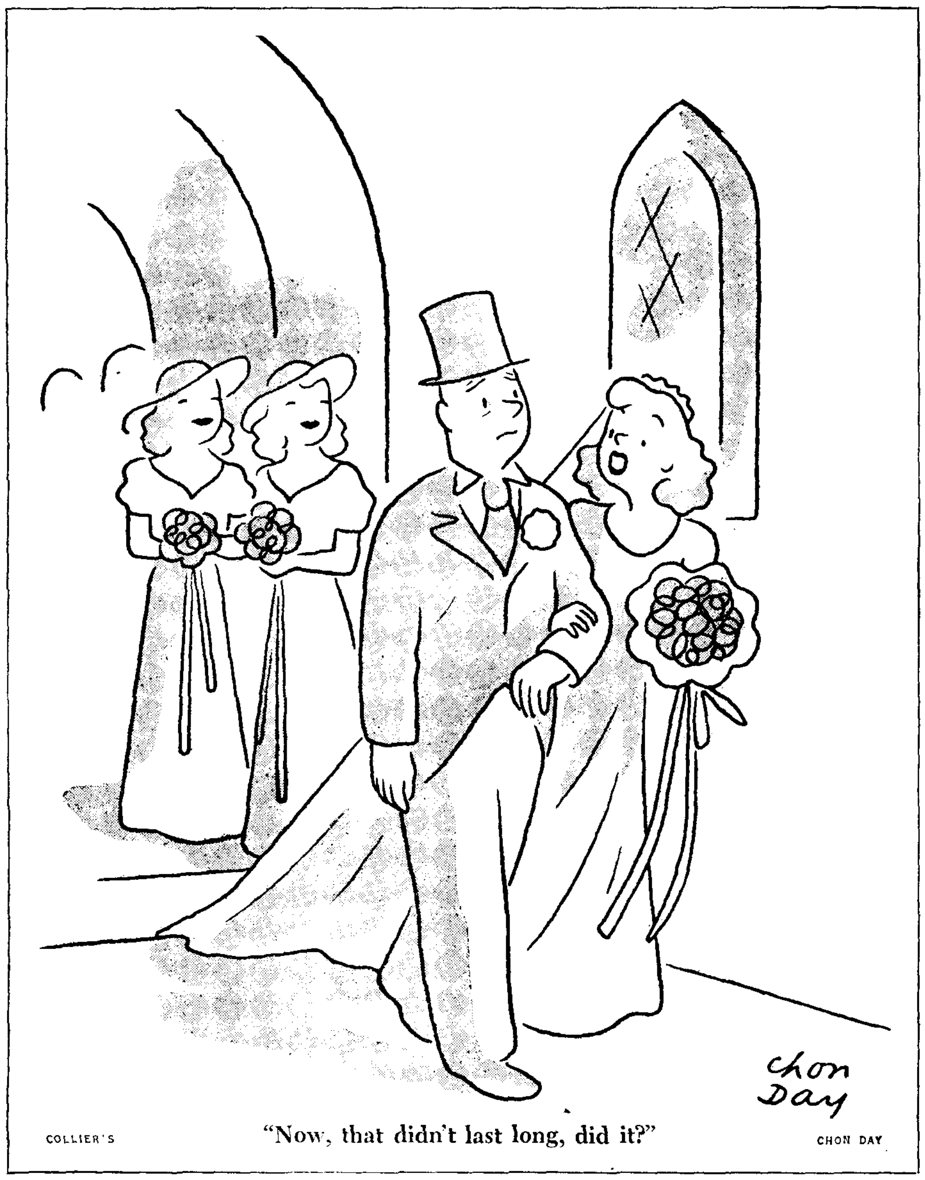
"People like that ain't got no respect for tradition," he explained, but fortunately the intruder was a rarity among San Franciscans. The respect for tradition, and especially cable-car tradition, is deeply rooted in the city by the Golden Gate.

Not in vain did Troubadour Gelett Burgess immortalize the cables in verse forty-three years ago, and Justin Murray delineate their indefinable charm in his series of sturdy etchings.

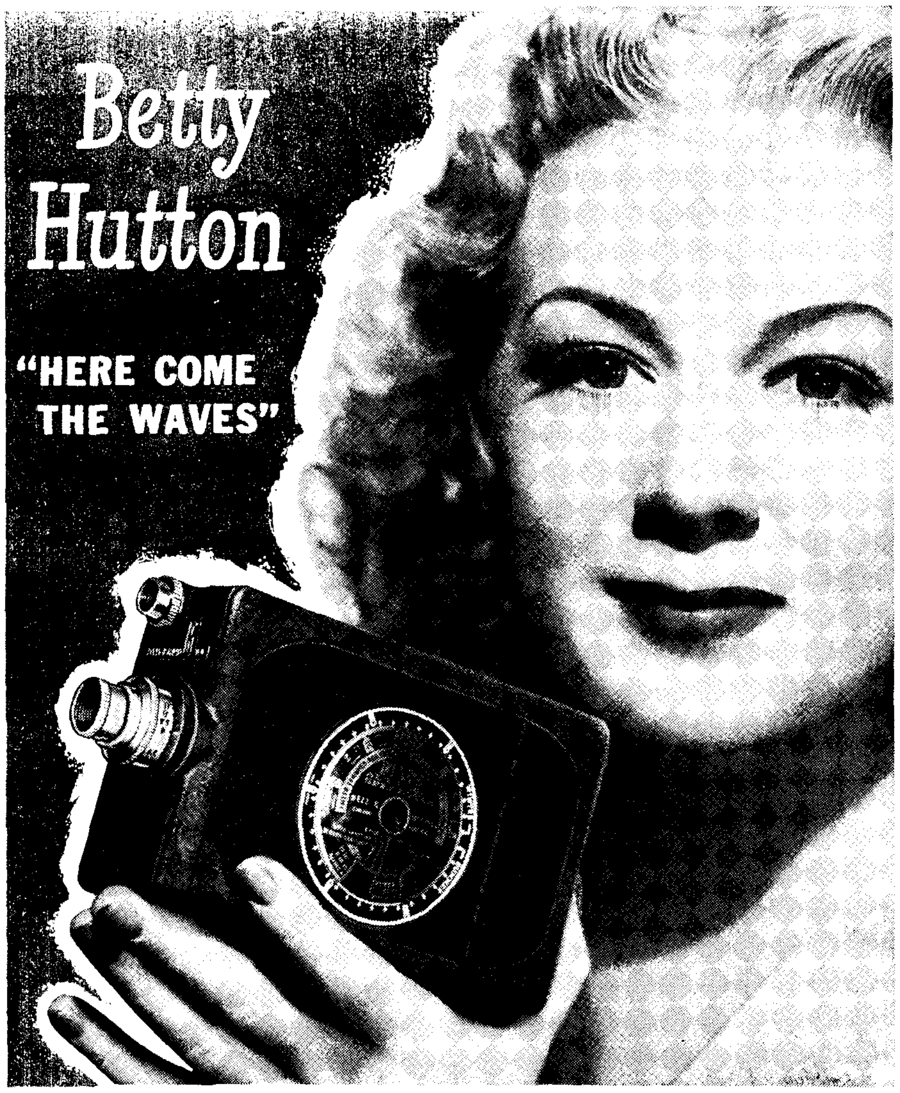
It takes more than a merger of private and public properties to destroy an institution that could provoke a bard of Mr. Burgess' importance to compose that seventh stanza of his Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip, which goes:

If you had to drive a penny bus from Chelsea to the Strand,
You'd see Westminster Abbey and you'd say that it was grand!
If you had to pass the Luxemburg and Place de la Concorde
Atop a Paris omnibus, no doubt you'd thank the Lord!
But the Frenchy'd give his chapeau and the Cockney'd give his whip
For a sight of San Francisco from the Hyde Street grip!

THE END



COLLIER'S "Now, that didn't last long, did it?" CHON DAY



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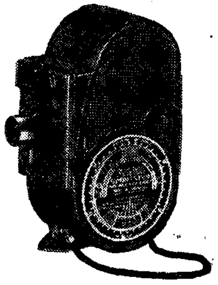

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Nazi Nest Eggs in Argentina

Continued from page 13

plant in Argentina, the *Sociedad Electro-Metalúrgica Argentina* (SEMA) to the Argentine government for $5,000,000. This black-listed factory, which received the blueprints for its lethal products by way of the German diplomatic pouch, was capitalized at only $1,470,184 in 1939, when it earned $154,109 net. But Goering poured money into it during the early war years, increasing its capital by 1943 to $3,376,100, when profits were admitted to be $754,233.

So if Goering should escape the Allied armies, he could claim his fortune and live in style—perhaps on the large hacienda near Bahia Blanca recently purchased for Nazi labor-front leader Robert Ley by his friend Franz Borsemann.

Admiral Karl Doenitz of the German navy has his nest egg in the care of a relative named Edmundo Wagenknecht, owner of a big German import-export firm in Buenos Aires. Von Ribbentrop recently sent $500,000 to the Argentine firm "Securitas" in the name of his cousin Martin, a Buenos Aires German who hasn't earned that much money in his whole lifetime; and within the last few months, Von Ribbentrop has had ten million dollars deposited in Argentina in the name of Pedro Rodriguez Panchino. Even Pierre Laval is recently reported to have sent $50,000 to Argentina by way of Spain.

The only important Axis leader about whom there are no money-exporting rumors is Hitler himself. Der Fuehrer either had blind faith in his cause or knew very well he wouldn't have a chance to escape once Nazism fell.

As other sources of loot in Europe disappear, the Nazis have resorted to extortion in the United States and Latin America. Ransom notes sent to people here in increasing numbers direct them to deposit funds to certain accounts in Buenos Aires—or else friends in Europe will suffer.

Eight weeks ago, an Argentine friend told me I was "loco" when I said the real war criminals were already established in his country. So I took him into the Buenos Aires subway. A shining new subway car had just been delivered by the Argentine branch of Siemens, the Nazi electrical trust which in Germany makes the elaborate mechanisms that go into robot bombs and other weapons.

A Flourishing War Plant

After a while, we took a cab past the block-square War Department building just completed by a German contracting firm which had been exposed long before as branch headquarters for the Gestapo; and then we drove out to a tremendous factory which makes parts for tanks, bombs and other lethal instruments. This factory's profits leaped from $140,367 in 1939 to six times that last year on a $9,400,000 investment. I didn't have to tell my doubting friend who owned the factory. The name was there for anyone to see: "Thyssen Lametal."

Fritz Thyssen, foster father of Nazism, and author of *I Paid Hitler*, is in Switzerland, but he is still an important man in the Argentine economy. His colleague, smooth, steely-eyed Fritz Mandl, whom an OWI official calls "one of the most dangerous men in the world," is the leader in Argentina's current armaments race which threatens to throw South America into a war. Mandl, who created and armed the famous Austrian *Heimwehr* Fascist army (headed by Prince Ernst von Starhemberg, now working in Buenos Aires for Mandl), has the experience in applied Fascism which the Argentine army men lacked.

The factories of Mandl, Thyssen, Goering and other Nazi chieftains are short of material and equipment. But Germany's industrial cartels have promised postwar technical and financial aid to the nationalist extremists who now run Argentina and who have a vision of someday dominating the hemisphere. It is not hard to imagine that five or ten years hence, the Nazis could launch radio-controlled rocket bombs from Argentine bases capable of blasting entire cities out of existence.

In almost any Buenos Aires money-changing shop you can get U.S. $1,000 bills for the equivalent of $700 in pesos. This is "hot" money, seized by the Germans in banks and homes when they invaded the European countries. You can buy lire notes printed this year by Mussolini's government in northern Italy. Japanese yen, francs, Hungarian pengö and Bulgarian bank notes have continued to arrive despite the Argentine Central Bank's prohibitions imposed in 1942 out of fear of inflation. And with this cash, says the Argentine underground, have come blueprints for new war weapons, plans for future conquest, and the agents to carry them out.

While the Germans were still winning the war in Europe, they planned to use Argentina as a base for a series of Nazi-dominated governments in Latin America, which would eventually force the United States to its knees. The plan, which would have exerted economic pressure on the U.S. from three sides, came dangerously close to succeeding. Meanwhile, the Nazis bought the souls—for whatever they might have been worth—of hundreds of key military and political figures in Latin America.

Hitler's Stooges in High Posts

Argentina's strong man, Colonel Juan D. Peron, goose-stepped into Paris with the conquering German army in 1940 and returned home to found the secret lodge of fanatically pro-Nazi colonels—all German-trained—who run Argentina. Ex-Foreign Minister General Orlando Peluffo was nominated chief of Nazi propaganda in Argentina in 1936. The chief of staff of Argentina's army is General Carlos von der Becke, brother of one of Nazi Germany's important agents in Argentina. General Basilio Pertine, former War Minister and mayor of Buenos Aires, is Argentine director of Siemens and president of the German firms, Cardimex and Agfa. He was also president of Goering's SEMA factory. Mario Amadeo, fired as secretary of the Argentine embassy in Santiago, Chile, when he was exposed as a Nazi agent last year, is now director of political matters in the Argentine foreign ministry.

In addition to the local quislings, important Nazi economic and military officials are reaching Argentina regularly. Jorge Main, German financial expert, sneaked past the British controls through Spain to take a post with the Argentine finance ministry recently. Colonel Walter Osterkamp, ex-chief of the air-fighter school at Werneuchen, Germany, is said to be instructing fighter pilots at Córdoba, Argentina. Major General Hans Steudemann of the Luftwaffe is technical adviser to the Argentine army.

On January 22, 1945, on the letterhead of the German Ministry of War, Himmler notified Nazi *gauleiters* in Europe that certain party leaders in whom Hitler has confidence will be sent abroad on special missions. On February 7th and 8th, 345 Nazi party operatives received orders to leave Germany immediately. They were part of a great exodus of Nazi agents, many of whom already have reached Argentina. Other Nazi military men and financiers are arriving by ship and submarine to plant money and ideas on the fertile Argentine pampas.

The influence of Nazi money was suspected in the recent suggestion by Panama that the American republics immediately establish cordial relations with the Argentine regime. Panama is the hideout for vast fortunes in German "hot" money. The restrictionless Panama corporations—some of them with yokel "presidents" one step north of being paupers—deposit millions in the United States and other countries. A dozen of these corporations have offices in Wall Street.

The groundwork for these Panamanian investments was laid in 1939-40 when handsome Doctor Arnulfo Arias, a Harvard graduate, was president of the Canal republic. Arias was so manifestly pro-Nazi that he was overthrown—some say with the secret connivance of the United States. He now lives in style on a hacienda in Argentina and main-

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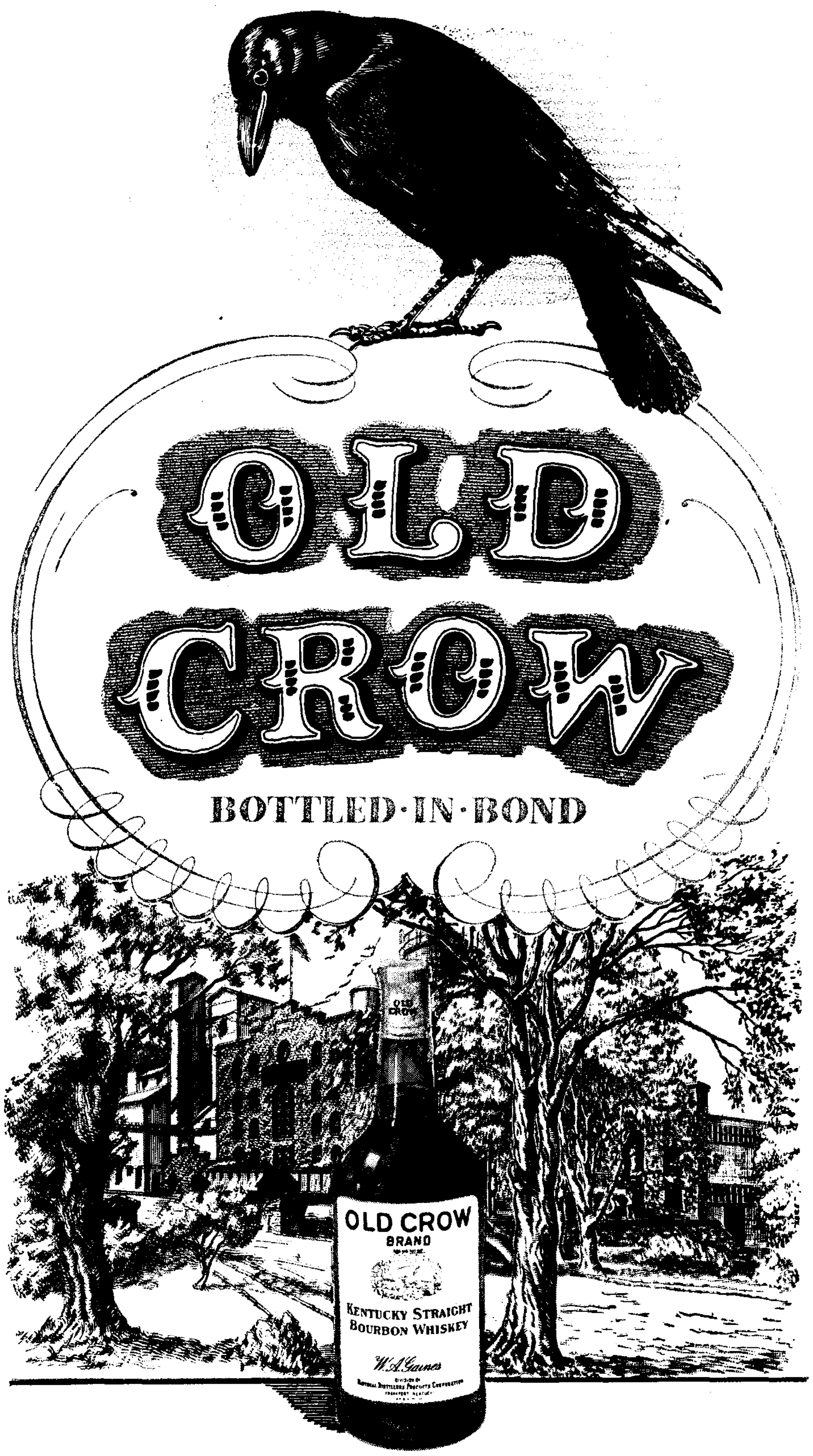

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tains an apartment in Buenos Aires. When I asked if he knew anything about the caching of Nazi funds in Panama, he replied: "It has never been proved that I have been connected with the Nazis."

Another man whom Allied agents suspect of knowing where German funds are hidden in this hemisphere is ex-king Carol of Rumania, now in Rio de Janeiro on his way home from Mexico. Carol's "escape" from Spain several years ago with a large fortune was supposedly permitted on condition that he invest certain sums in Latin America for people who had the power to let him leave Europe.

All this financial skulduggery is complicated by Germany's confiscation of securities in occupied countries. The Nazis "bought" gilt-edged stocks and bonds with worthless paper money and resold them in neutral countries. They took over the famous Bor Copper Mines by paying French investors 3,500 francs per share (1,000 below their value) after stealing the cash from the Bank of France. They then resold the securities to investors abroad in return for strategic supplies, or hid the money there until they could come and get it.

Most of these caches belong to the Nazi cartels, those tremendous groups of corporations which have dominated world trade in co-operation with American and British trusts.

The No. 1 cartel is I. G. Farbenindustrie, largest corporation in the world and a mainstay of German industry, espionage and sabotage in both hemispheres. Farben subsidiaries include household names like Bayer Aspirin, Agfa, General Aniline and Dye; in the U.S., these companies were seized and sold to American organizations during the first World War.

Sabotaging the Home Front

The U.S. Senate Military Affairs Committee recently disclosed that in 1937, Farben had cartel agreements with sixty-three large American industries, including Du Pont and The Aluminum Company of America. The committee said this trust played the principal role in "German economic warfare against the United States." It added that in this war, "the usual crude methods of physical sabotage and espionage" gave way to political and economic offensives aimed at sapping and weakening the industrial power of the United Nations and penetrating neutral countries, notably Argentina.

In 1942, Senator Truman said of the Farben-Standard Oil of New Jersey cartel pact by which synthetic rubber formulas had been denied to the United States: "I still think it's treason."

On November 23, 1937, when Farben was at its mightiest, its agents Baron von Tipplleskirch and Baron von Killinger met with officials of a dozen American trusts in Boston. Von Killinger (who later, as ambassador to Rumania, killed his entire office staff and committed suicide when the Russians approached Bucharest) proposed a union of German and American commercial interests to exploit world markets and bring about a war against Russia.

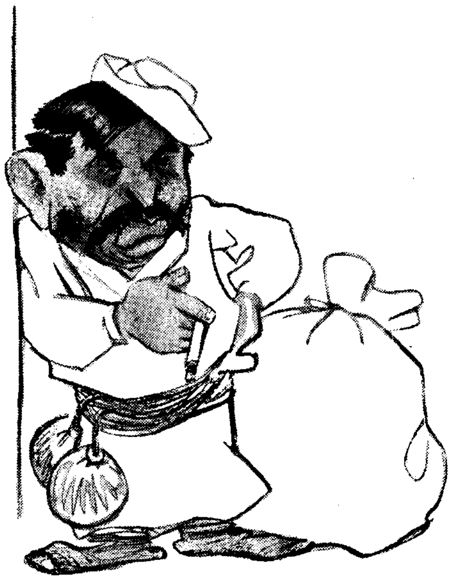
Another Nazi cartel agent who came to a violent end was youthful Gottfried Sandestede. Exposed in 1941 by the Argentine Congressional Committee as chief of German espionage in Argentina, Sandestede fled Buenos Aires at 5 o'clock one winter morning, his auto careening through the streets with the police hot on his trail. He leaped into a waiting plane at the Buenos Aires airport and got off to Brazil and Berlin. Sandestede was then "assigned" to the Russian front where a bullet—Russian or German—ended his life last year. His death was loudly mourned by the Argentine collaborationist dailies, who pictured him as a martyr to the holy crusade against international Communism.

You might think the Argentine Nazis would abandon a cause that is obviously lost to Europe. But they either cannot, because the Germans have too much on them, or will not, because it pays well to help the Germans secrete their fortunes. Many Argentines feel that once the excitement of war-criminal hunting dies down, the Allies will permit Germany to rebuild its industrial power. Anyway, they know the Nazi cartels are ready to function as usual from Buenos Aires instead of Berlin.

The principal Allied weapon against the Germans in South America has been the black list—that list of firms and people with whom Allied citizens are forbidden to trade. But the Argentine government refuses to recognize the black list. It has even helped black-listed enemy firms to secure vital U.S. goods. Last year when Siemens in Argentina needed copper wire, the Argentine government purchased that strategic material from an Allied firm and ordered it delivered to the Nazi trust.

Allied hunts for German nest eggs in Argentina usually lead to someone on the black list. There the trail ends, for the Argentine government won't co-operate; and although Nazi trusts in Argentina have theoretically been cut off from outside supplies for four years, they are making more money than ever before. In 1943, Siemens earned 14 times what it did in 1939.

Farben's Bayer subsidiary declared an 11% profit in 1939 and 22% in 1943. One Farben company recently introduced a new medicine containing three vitamins and a sulfa drug, products which could have been obtained only from the United States. Another Farben unit advertises a product of "North American origin," flaunting in our faces its success in evading the black list. Only recently when the U.S. threatened to cut all drug supplies to Argentina did the local government halt the flow of our materials to the Germans.



Argentine clothes may not improve Laval's looks, but it's a living

Fighting the Nazis in this economic war over the nine million square miles of Latin America are crack financial "detectives" of the U.S. Department of Justice. They realize the close relationship between financial penetration and military conquest. They urge a permanent department of financial espionage to protect us from the international cartels. And if the U.S. State Department wishes to strike a body blow at world Fascism, these detectives can point to the resources of the real war criminals in Wall Street, Panama, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

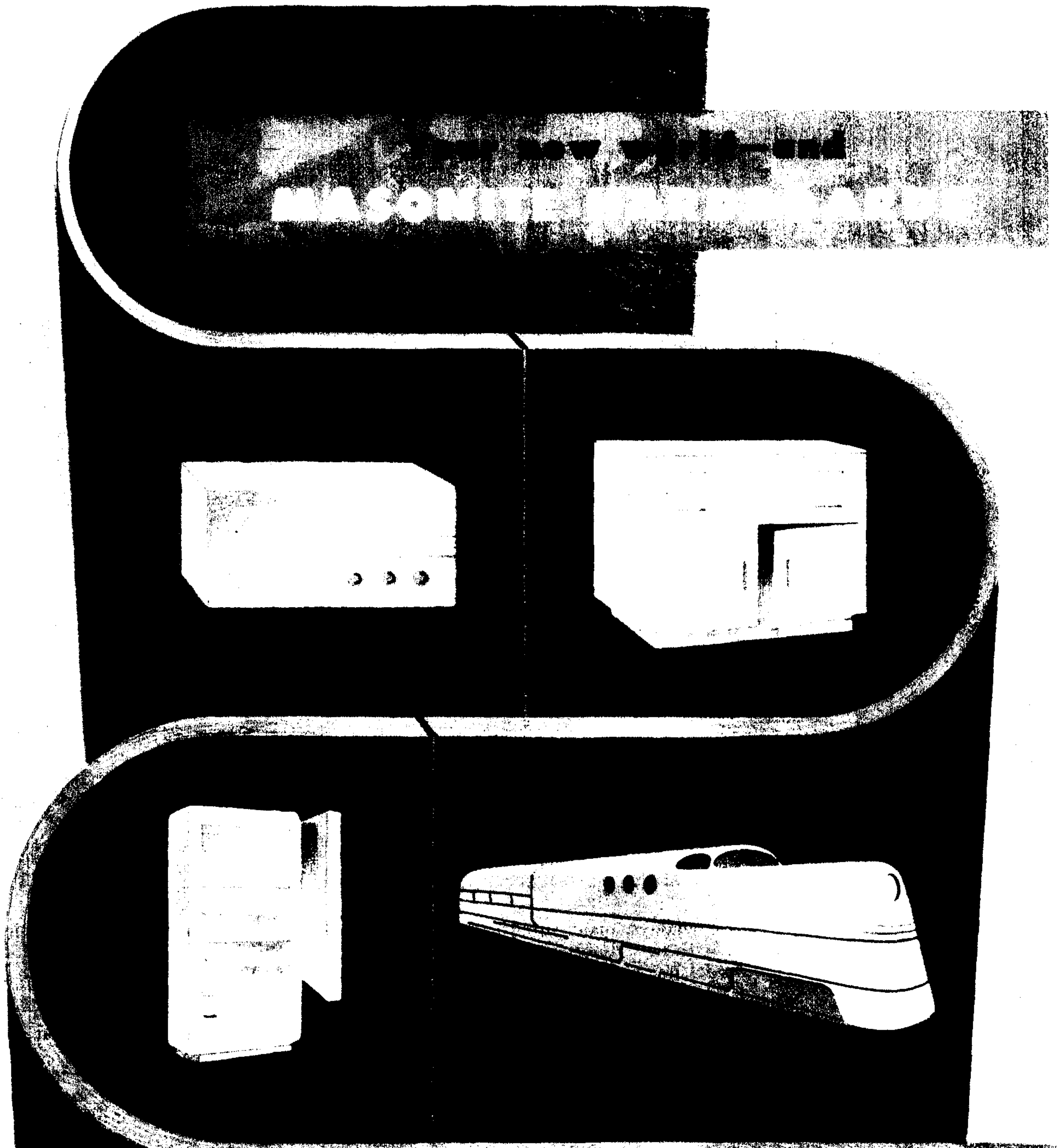
Before I left Buenos Aires two months ago, I asked Foreign Minister Peluffo, through a friend, if there were a possibility that Hitler, Goebbels or Goering might be admitted to Argentina if they could reach there. He replied, "Absolutely not. If they were, we'd have a revolution on our hands. The people would not stand for it!"

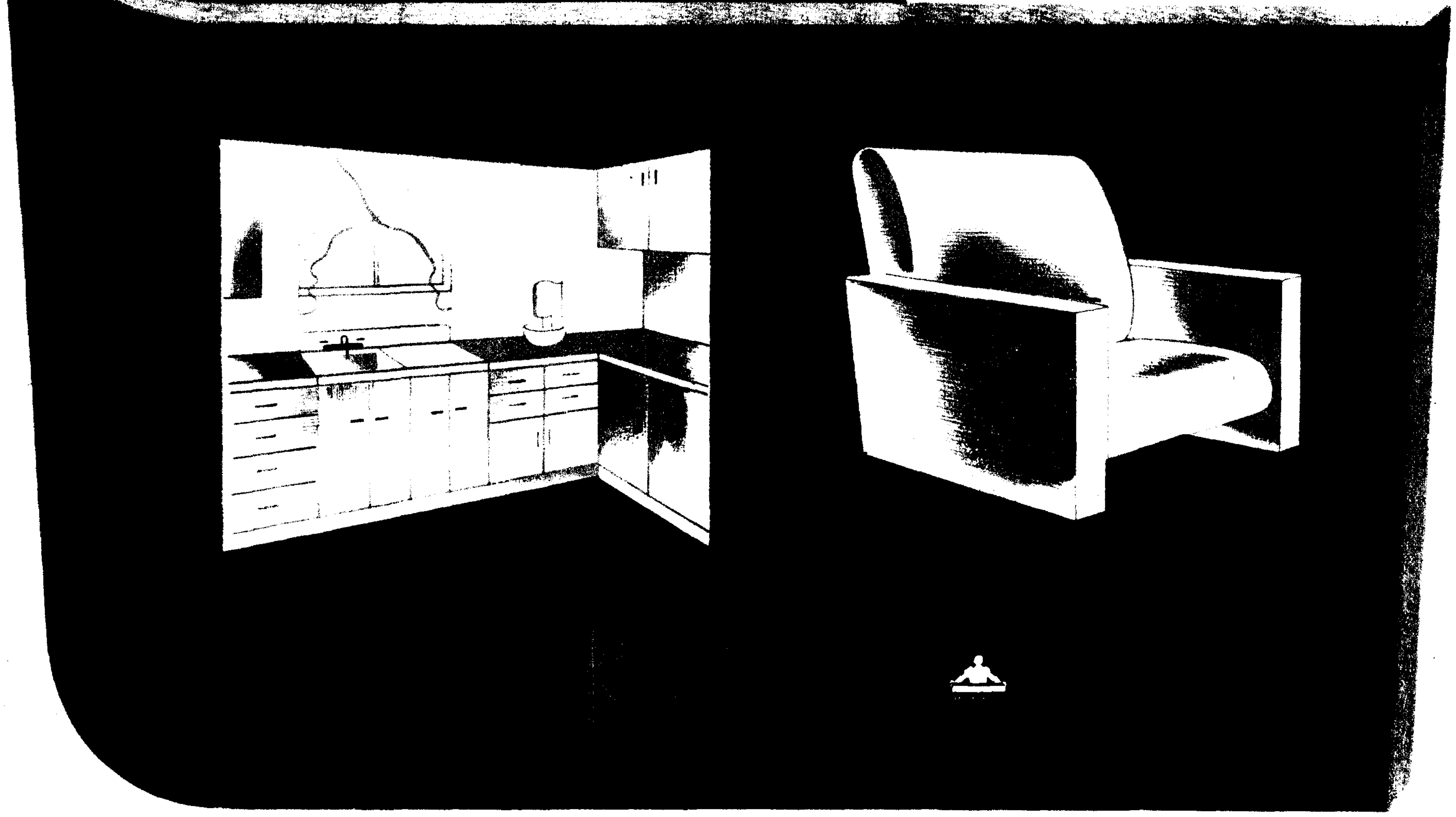
That's okay with the cartels. The big three front men of Nazism have outlived their usefulness. They will be thrown upon the mercy of Allied courts, while the cartels carry on in new quarters.

Senator Harley M. Kilgore of the Military Affairs Committee says, "If we are effectively to disarm Germany and avert another terrible world war, we must destroy Germany's potential for aggression by destroying the power of her cartel masters."

THE END

[illegible] new world—and MASONITE HARDBOARDS





Hundreds of things you'll use or ride or live with in the coming world of peace will be better because they're made in part from some of the most versatile and useful new materials ever invented—the Masonite★ hardboards. To some things they bring greater strength and longer life, to others new beauty or unusual value.

Thousands of new and remodeled homes will take advantage of the unique qualities of these hardboards, for smooth, durable, handsome interior and exterior wall panels, for tough counter-tops and wainscoting, for splinter-proof, moisture-resistant built-in units.

To manufacturers, Masonite ligno-cellulose hardboards offer new design possibilities, improved quality and simpler production. They take a great variety of finishes. Dense, strong, grainless and hard, they may be bent, die-cut, punched, drilled and formed. Discuss your post-war product plans with our engineers—they'll give you valuable technical data about the several Masonite hardboards and their uses. Masonite Corporation, Dept. C-4, 111 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

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GENTLEMEN AT WORK

By Henry L. Jackson

What with the shortage of handy men nowadays, many suburbanites are doing things about the place that they never did before. So clothiers have come up with new designs for outdoor wear, many borrowed from Western utility clothes. The corduroy jacket, plaid shirt and wool hat at left, for instance, and frontier suits, Western hats, shirts and belts

THERE'S a whole new crop of handy men around the country. You'll see them this spring—putting up screens, getting Victory gardens turned, washing the dog, putting a fresh coat of paint over winter-ravaged houses. They're amateurs in the strictest sense.

These men are your next-door neighbors: doctor, lawyer, business executive; butcher, baker and defense worker. Every man who owns a home or rents one—every apartment dweller with dog or automobile. But they haven't the remotest resemblance to that vanished race of professional handy men who turned up in spring to take over odd jobs around the house. You can tell a block away that these are men of standing in the community.

They're wearing a brand-new type of clothing, known as working country clothes. There are work clothes and there are country clothes, but this war-born category is a combination of the two, retaining the best features of each. This is sturdy clothing, built to take plenty of hard knocks, but with tailoring that makes them socially presentable.

The idea started out on Long Island, where clothes-conscious landowners have turned to working around the farm, to cutting wood, to repairing fences. They needed clothes that could take it and still remain presentable.

Working country clothes filled the bill.

They're leather and poplin jackets; tweed jackets reinforced with leather patches at the elbows where stress and strain are greatest. They're big plaid shirts, colorful and masculine; whipcord, gabardine or covert slacks; they're water-repellent poplin bucket hats and tweed caps; they're solid-color sports shirts of gabardine and lightweight wool; they're heavy brogue shoes and the ankle-high chukka shoes known in the Army as flight boots; they're wool socks in solid colors and bright Argyle patterns. Add a wool, knit or bow tie to any combination of the above and you're turned out decently for any informal country occasion.

When the weather turns torrid, you'll find that working country clothes include a cotton basque shirt, probably striped, or the tee shirt in solid color, or the new pep shirt—a modernized version of the old sweat shirt with precision tailoring in light, cool-looking shades—denim, corduroy and lightweight linen slacks; lightweight lisle socks in the short length; stitched canvas hats or open-weave straws; nonrationed shoes of the California type. Checked gingham shirts and denim pants are fine for farming or sailing.

Even out in the great Western spaces, utility clothing has appeared for general wear as well as at ranch and stable. Here, however, it is of a topical nature, borrowing ideas from the colorful cow hand. Frontier jackets with matching frontier pants are great favorites, the narrow trousers carrying a reinforced seat; Western shirts in bright colors with contrasting piping, narrow cowboy neckerchiefs, broad-brimmed sombreros and cowboy utility boots are the choice of the men who supervise produce-producing acres, raise cattle, direct dairy farms. They like this clothing well enough to wear it even for dress-up occasions. And no one lifts an eyebrow at Western shirts that are being made to sell up to $75 apiece.

Many ideas that originated in working country clothes out West have been adopted elsewhere. In smart suburbs all over the country, you'll see typical frontier jackets and pants, the denims or levis of hard-riding cowboys, the freedom and color of the West.

Working country clothes are the civilian version of Army field clothes, which consist of a poplin jacket, poplin trousers, wool shirts, etc. What it boils down to is dressed-up work clothing and it saves your regular clothing for more formal wear. Ex-servicemen are going to be very happy in it. ★★★

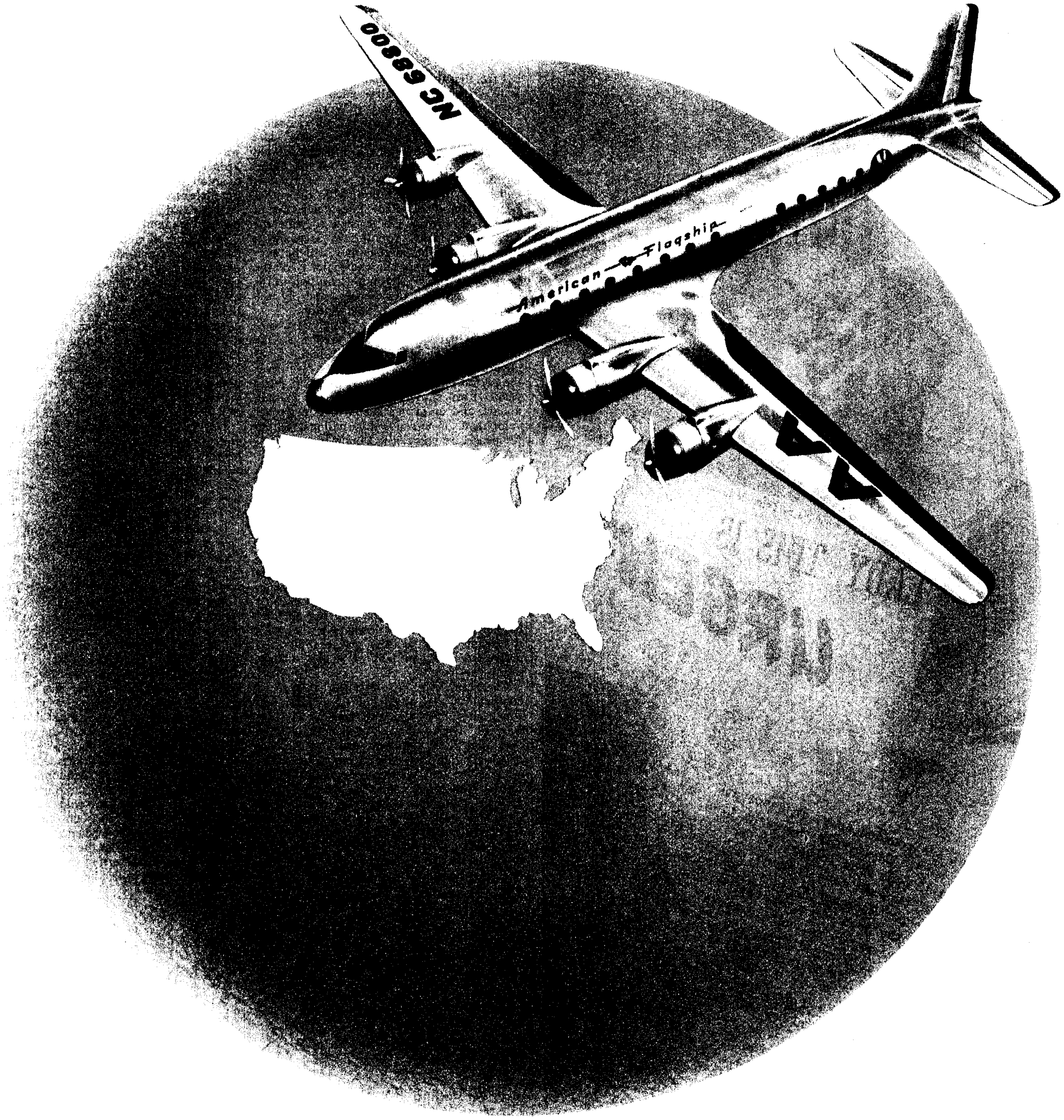
Cotton slacks and pep shirts are fine for painting a house, while a basque shirt, leather jacket and slacks are good for lazy kibitzing

Maybe his follow-through is not so good but this gardener is well dressed in poplin slacks and hat, a bright red flannel shirt. Morale booster in back holds a poplin jacket

They probably won't make man's best friend like it any better, but gabardine slacks, sports shirt and a pull-over sweater are ideal for giving the pooch his perennial dunking

The Scotch plaid shirt is the one thing without which no suburbanite can call himself a handy man. Equally indispensable is the canvas work-bench apron

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX



Let's Keep It The Best Place On Earth

● Continental U.S.A. is only about 1½ per cent of the earth's surface, but it is the biggest country in productive power. Also, it is the best place in terms of human opportunities and standard of living.

We have had to fight for it. We have to exercise eternal vigilance and work hard to preserve it. We must keep it the best place on earth, now, in our new era of increasing global air transportation.

We have the engineering and aircraft manufacturing ability and the airline experience to keep the U.S.A. the *first* among nations as an airfaring people. We believe that Americans are alert to the necessity, effectively, to utilize what is possible only with air transportation. To help insure our nation's prosperity and security, American Airlines is preparing to expand its domestic services after the war with a great fleet of the fastest and most modern Flagships. In the meantime, ***thanks*** for your cooperation. More than ever we are eager to receive your suggestions—both from those who can and those who cannot travel with us now.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

Evacuating wounded by Evinrude in South Pacific—Signal Corps Photo

LADY, THIS IS URGENT!

From every front our wounded come, in desperate need of nursing care. Day by day the casualties mount...the rows of beds grow longer, longer... the cry of "nurse" becomes more frequent in army hospitals everywhere. More men will live if more women will nurse...the need has grown beyond the strength of those who now so splendidly serve. Lady, the need is terribly urgent...if you are a registered nurse decide now to join the Army Nurse Corps!

Remember...ALL women can help!

If you are untrained - take a home nursing or nurse's aide course.

If you are a senior cadet nurse - serve your final six months in an Army hospital.

If you are a registered nurse - join the Army Nurse Corps. You may mean the difference between life and death to many wounded men. Visit or write your local Red Cross chapter for full information and application blank. Or communicate with the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

EVINRUDE MOTORS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

The Cost of Lasting Peace

Continued from page 11

I feel that the alternative to these proposals is to do nothing at all—which would start us along the short road to World War III.

Therefore, while I frankly feel we should go further than Dumbarton Oaks, and while I do not believe the American people should be led to expect too much from the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, I will realistically endeavor, in co-operation with the other members of the United States delegation at the San Francisco Conference, to state the Dumbarton Oaks proposals in as sound a form as possible, so that they will be supported by the overwhelming majority of the people of America, by more than two thirds of the United States Senate, and by the majority of the other United Nations.

I do feel, however, that it is of great importance that we begin now to discuss the principles involved in the development of government on a new and higher level over the period of the next ten, twenty and thirty years. I am convinced we are only making a start, and unless we keep going in the development of effective international action for peace, we will fail to obtain it.

If Anarchy Rules the Airways

It is always helpful in a discussion of a principle to apply it directly to a particular situation. Let us therefore apply the present rule of absolute nationalistic sovereignty to the field of international commercial aviation. If we continue to follow the old principle, each nation has a perfect right to permit any of its citizens to fly planes anywhere in the world where they can get permission to land, to charge whatever they wish for freight and passengers, and to apply their individual rules—or lack of rules—to flight safety.

The result will be the cutthroat type of competition that is economic warfare, and which inevitably tends to become military warfare. The result will be instability in the development of world airways and the lack of sound, uniform safety rules, with power politics constantly calling the tunes. In other words, even though most of the nations of the world enter into agreements from time to time, there will be nothing to prevent individual nations staying outside the agreement, doing exactly as they please, and disrupting the entire future development.

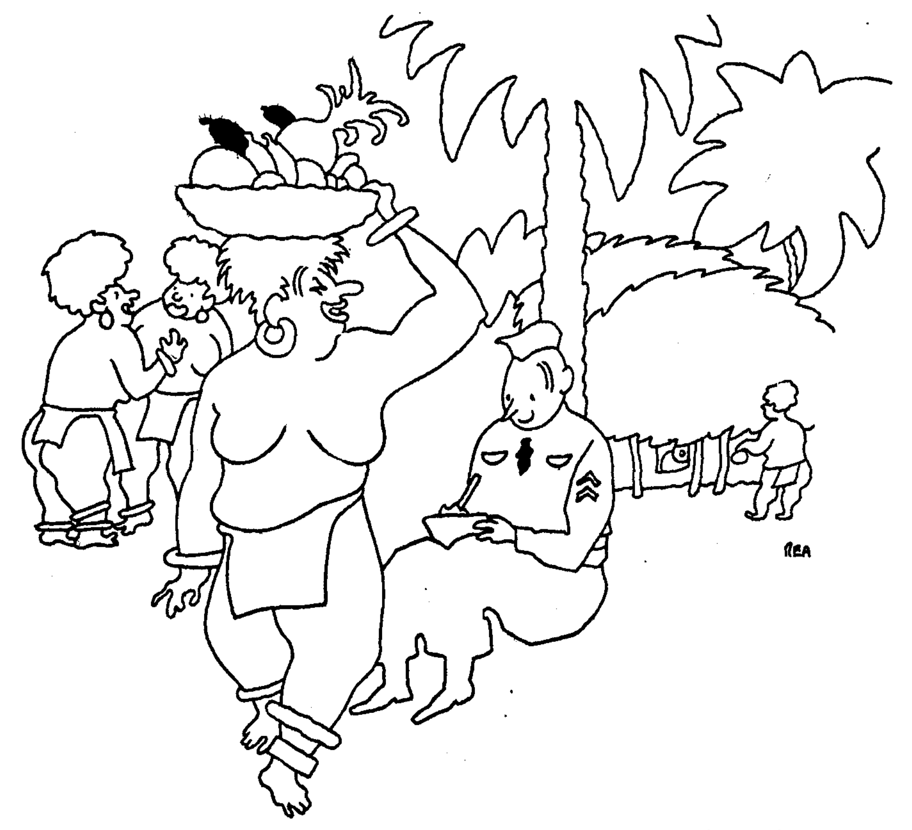
A constructive effort was made at the Chicago Civil Aviation Conference in November, 1944, to reduce these difficulties. It was a good conference. It made progress on many technical matters, but it was totally unable to meet the most vital problems of the airways of tomorrow. Neither it nor the agencies it created can in any way affect the aviation practices of the nonmembers—and nonmembers are numerous and extensive. Nor can it do a thing about reasonable rates or fair economic practices of its members.

Pause and contemplate what the situation as to airways and railroads would be in our own country if there were no agreement among the forty-eight states, if states could establish any airline or railroad between them they wished, could subsidize lines in conflict with one another, fix and change rates at will, and regulate or not regulate as they desired. We know it would be chaos confounded. And chaos will be the word to describe world commercial aviation in a few years time if the principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty is followed.

On the other hand, if we follow the principle that man is sovereign, that we must have world-wide supervision over the development of air transport, there is no reason why we cannot develop international aviation that is as sound, safe and serviceable as our excellent domestic airlines.

I would propose an International Civil Aeronautics Commission, whose members, selected by the nations of the world, would supervise international airways in much the same manner as our own Civil Aeronautics Board supervises the airways within the country. This means that the commission would approve fair and reasonable rates; would issue licenses of public convenience and necessity to the airlines that are to fly the routes; would establish rules for safety of flight, for traffic control, for aids to navigation, and would supervise the development of the vast network of airlines that should cross and recross every part of the world.

Under such a commission, we would have wholesome competition within the boundaries of regulation, instead of economic warfare. Under such a commission, our airlines would obtain a fair share of the routes around the world and would obtain such portion of the business as their own efficiency and comfort and service earned from the public. It would prevent a ruinous race by nations to grant larger and larger subsidies to their airlines



"Extraordinary people these natives. Except for the lack of lorgnettes their women remind me greatly of Aunt Emma"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Choice of a lifetime . . .

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding

Treat yourself to the finest Golden Wedding in more than half a century. Linger over its lighter, finer flavor. It's the discriminating whiskey drinker's *choice of a lifetime.*

Golden Wedding

Has had no peers for fifty years

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There are plans in the air for you

Aeronca has plans you ought to know about. For instance, right now, undergoing wind-tunnel tests, is a model of a plane that can be flown by any member of the family, roomy enough to carry the *whole* family. It will be offered at a new low price for this type ship. It will have such automobile-like features as ball-bearing controls and even cushioned power to eliminate vibration.

Right now, the company is fulfilling war contracts. This war work has taught even Aeronca new tricks, and they've been in aviation for more than 16 years. War brings out the kind of engineering that means big things for peacetime private planes. In fact, Aeronca's the only light aircraft company to receive the Army and Navy "E"! And there are . . .

Other postwar plans! Aeronca realizes that thousands of postwar personal planes will need airports just as automobiles need roads. That's why the company has a plan that is starting thousands of small airports all over the country—operated by the men who own them. You'll probably want to know about both planes and plan. Use the coupon!

AMERICA'S PERSONAL PLANE
AERONCA
has an important message for air-minded people

Department C-421,
Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.
Send me your valuable booklets:
__________"Aeronca — The Plane You Will Want To Fly."
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Enclosed is 10c for each booklet.

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as each seeks to develop the air in unrestricted competition with the others. But the board's jurisdiction would be limited to flights between nations, and the board would not be given any power over the airlines within this country or within any other country.

Of those who object to the development of such an international authority, I would ask: What is it that you want to have American companies do which you feel an agency of this kind would not permit them to do? Do you want to try to grab more than America's share of future air travel, thereby developing a continuing source of international bitterness and intrigue? Do you want to charge very low rates between, shall we say, France and America, to undercut and ruin competition and then make it up by charging very high rates, say, between China and America, where you might have a temporary monopoly? Do you want it to be only your own business if you fly an airplane that does not meet full safety requirements, when you will be carrying the people of many nations in the plane?

Let me also make it clear that I propose that the agency set up in this particular field will have world-wide jurisdiction, and that *no nation shall be permitted to fly a commercial plane in international flight except under the jurisdiction of this agency.* This does mean a new concept. It does mean that we are saying that we will not permit the existence of outlaw nations. We must recognize that wars do not occur simply because one nation marches across the borders of another. The causes of war go far behind that event. War is the final and terrible manifestation of the anarchy of nations, of the lack of law and order and justice on the world level which has paraded for so long under the name of absolute nationalistic sovereignty.

This approach will also require that we discontinue the notion that our country or any other country can, in a futile attempt to give false prosperity to a particular group within a country, suddenly jump up its tariffs, or devalue its currency, or install embargoes upon any certain group of products, and thus bring suffering and depressions to other parts of the world.

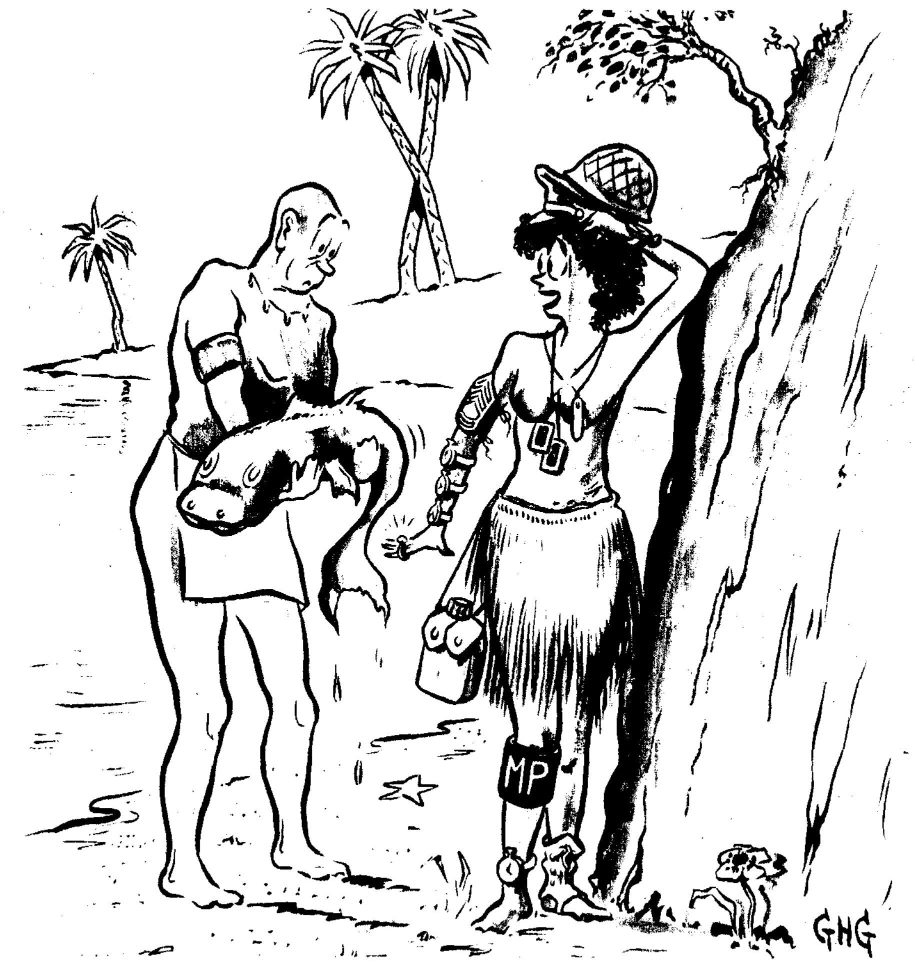
As a part of the price of peace, we must contemplate lower tariffs and increased trade with the peoples on the world. There may well be times when this will mean that we will obtain a slightly lower price for some of our wheat, our butter or our shoes. But we must ask ourselves: Do we want to contribute in this way to gradual advancement of the standards of living of the world, or do we want to follow the narrow, selfish course which always in the past has thrown us into the whirlpools of vicious depressions and the conflagrations of civilization that we call war? Will we take a chance on a few cents less for wheat and shoes, or would we rather take a chance on sending succeeding generations of our sons into battle?

We must also contemplate the granting of assistance through capital, credits and technical skill to the other peoples of the world. I do not propose a Santa Claus role. The entire approach should be that of farsighted investment in the development of the resources and standards of other peoples of the world. Let us be perfectly frank and say that if to maintain peace in the next fifty years, we spent one half of the amount we are spending to win this war in five years, the price of peace would not be too high.

The Challenge to Capitalism

Our American system of private capital and individual enterprise will survive with greater vigor if it takes a position of world co-operation and leadership, than it will if it tries to turn within itself. If its horizon is narrow, if it seeks to close itself within its own borders, it will wither and deteriorate in the petty internal struggles of a shrinking economy. Individual capital thrives from use. What greater use can there be than that we devote the capital of America to the sound development of a world in which we fully participate? Individual enterprise reaches its greatest height when it meets its greatest challenge. What greater challenge can there be than to meet the demands of the consumers of the world, to show great resourcefulness and initiative, to demonstrate that man was meant to be free, that he was endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights?

While we will live with and co-operate with other systems, and while we respect the rights of other people to choose their own governments and their own economy, we should hold fast to our own basic principles and keep them bright before the world, not in a boastful or domineering manner, but in



"Sorry, Mgambi, but the day is past when you can woo me with a fish"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

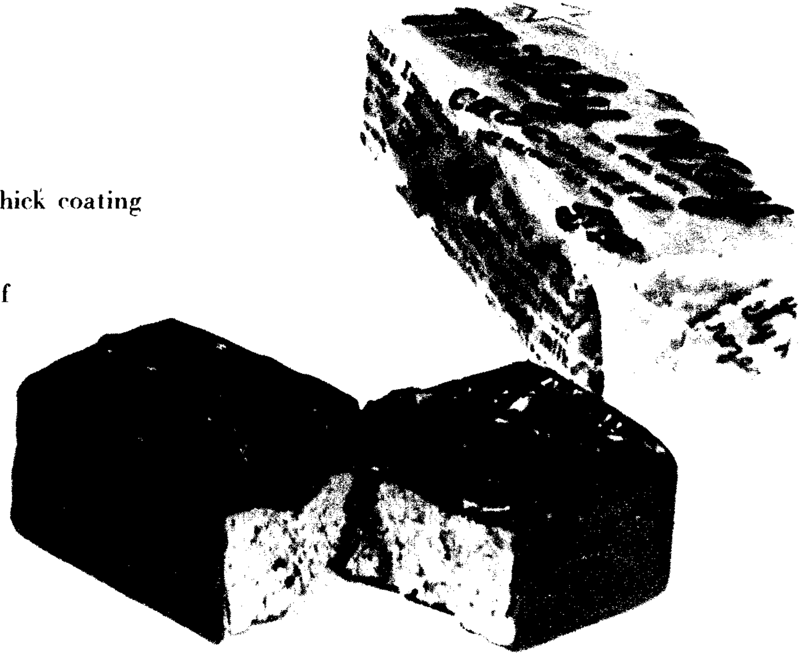
TIME OUT FOR A TASTE TREAT

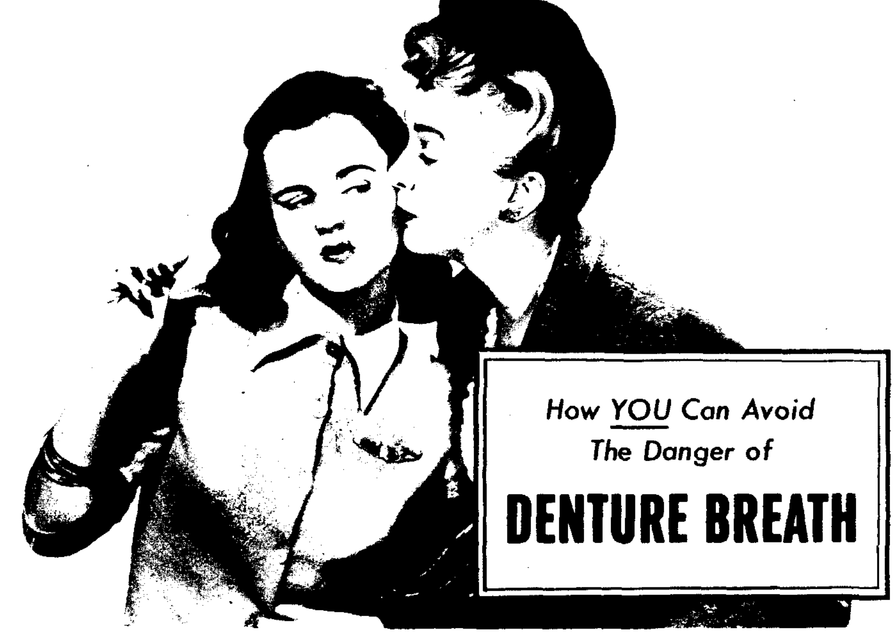
Milky Ways for all to enjoy together make any game twice the fun!

In every luscious bite you taste the goodness of that thick coating of pure milk chocolate . . . the layer of smooth creamy caramel . . . and the center of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk.

What a delicious taste blend . . . found only in a Milky Way!

When you crave good candy, eat a Milky Way!





FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU Can Avoid The Danger of

DENTURE BREATH

Don't think Janet doesn't love you, Mother. She does! But how can *anyone* love your... Denture Breath? Avoid offending. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

NO BRUSHING

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth,* and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

Later—Now it's home sweet home again. No fear of offending with Denture Breath. Mother's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW! Another Polident Product DENTU-GRIP Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

the manner of one who believes in the standards he carries.

World trade after the war, with the diverse types of economy that will be in existence, will present many difficulties, but they will not be insurmountable. We will be able to maintain our system of private capital and individual enterprise and to compete successfully with and do business with other countries having various forms of state and planned economies.

To do so in an orderly manner will require the development of a code of fair trade between all nations which will minimize the sudden throwing upon the market of an excessive quantity of a product at low price. An over-all framework of world monetary and trade policies within which the nations will compete and do business must be slowly developed.

The means must be developed by which nations having complete governmental centralization of world trade, such as Russia, can develop multilateral trade rather than only bilateral trade. This can be done with stable currencies and an international clearing house.

All must recognize that in the modern world, no nation, whether operating under a free economy, a planned economy, or a state economy, can long enjoy a high standard of living and peace in a world beset by economic warfare and world-wide depressions.

The Value of the Golden Rule

Any advantage which one country obtains at the expense of a ruinous blow to the economy of another country can be nothing but temporary, and inevitably it will rebound to the future disadvantage of both.

As a further part of the price of peace, we must contemplate maintaining a strong modern navy with adequate bases over the seas, an alert, up-to-date air force, and a mechanized, highly trained land force. The forces should not be tremendous; we should not become a militaristic nation. But we should discuss our world-wide policy frankly with our military, naval and air leaders and endeavor to reach agreement with them as to the military forces needed to carry forth those policies.

We must also recognize our responsibility to furnish a part of the police power of the world and to back up the United Nations organization in a system of justice and law that will be gradually developed.

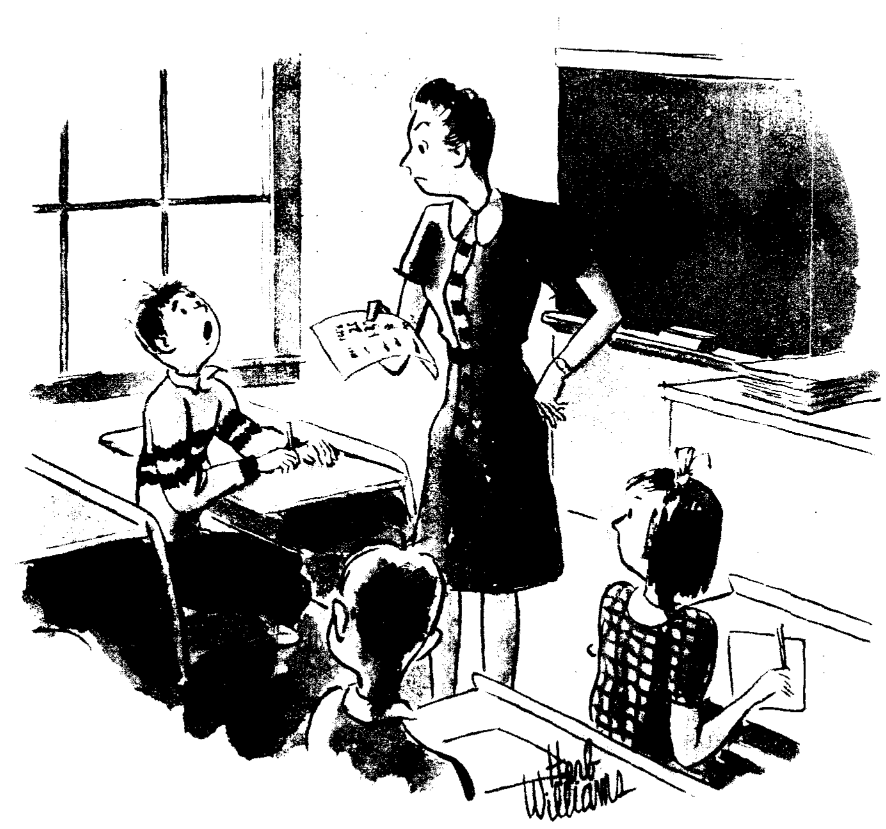
I believe it would be very desirable if a small portion of our forces were actually assigned to the direct control of the military staff committee of the United Nations. Joining with similar small forces from other major nations, they would constitute a very effective deterrent to the small disorders that break out in the world. These small breaches of world peace are often the forerunners of major wars and do so much to break down the whole moral tone and code of world behavior.

We all recognize that the speed with which one or two squad cars can arrive at the scene of trouble is a greater deterrent to crime than the fact that a large citizens' posse can be organized after considerable delay. So, I believe we should definitely contemplate consigning small, fast, hard-hitting PEACE forces to the control of the United Nations organization, so that they can be used quickly and decisively for policing action in accordance with general policies which our Congress and our President establish in advance. The size of the force and the rules for its use should indicate that its nature is definitely police, and not military.

I wish to make it clear, also, that I do not propose that this joint force should be more powerful than the forces of our own nation or of Russia or of Great Britain. In fact, I would oppose such a development. Man functions best under a system of law and order with checks and balances. I believe it is wholesome and good that the major powers of the world and the United Nations organization should operate somewhat as checks and balances upon one another. If we all frankly recognize that we will not always agree, but never lose sight of the overwhelming necessity of moving forward together on the big issues, if we are not hypersensitive to criticism, then there is no basic reason why we should not live together in peace.

Let me also make it clear that while I have emphasized the price of peace, it is my conviction that if we pay that price, if we lift our eyes and seek to fulfill our responsibility to the peoples of the world, if we stimulate increased trade, and if we gradually give authority to the world agency in world fields and thereby limit our own international whims, if we recognize the responsibility of our great productive system, if we hold fast to our basic American principles and keep them before the world, and if we cling to our system of individual capital and free enterprise, we will find in truth that the price of peace is as bread cast upon the waters. For it will return to us manyfold, not only in the happiness of our people, not only in high standards of living and high levels of employment within our country, but also in the development of the basic dignity of man.

THE END



"I guess I just wasn't cut out for a desk job, Miss Greely"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

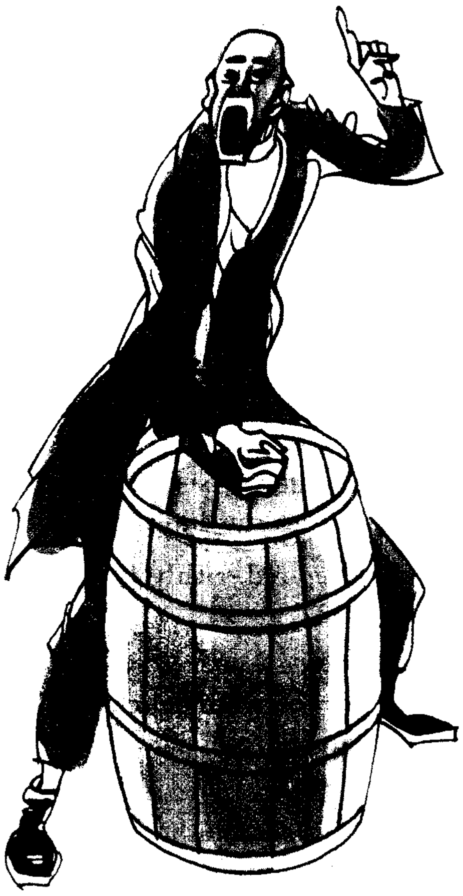
Gangway for Gabriel

Continued from page 15

Appletree stood up behind the cracker barrel that Ed fixed to use for a pulpit and went harrumf, harrumf, a couple of times to clear his throat. And then he commenced to preach.

Well, sir, I got to hand it to that feller, he could preach like nobody's business. He started out nice and slow, taking it easy, and getting warmed up like. He said how all of us was awful sinners what with card-playing and cussing and carrying on, and he even got in a couple of good licks at elderberry wine.

And by the time he worked up to how the Judgment Day is coming, he was starting to hit his stride. His eyes was popping halfway out of his head, and he was hopping up and down like a churn-plunger, whooping and howling and waving his arms like a crazy feller. He was a caution, all right! When he hollered about sinners sizzling in the fiery pit, I would of swore I could feel them flames! And, by golly, so could the reverend! When he talked about sulphur and brimstone you could see his nose twitch on account of the smell, and when he talked about Old Nick lighting into a sinner with a pitchfork you could see him jump like a yellow-jacket hornet had stang him! I seen some powerful tall preaching in my day, but I never seen the like of this fellow! He had them poor old ladies fit to be tied, and even me and Ed got all choked up when he commenced to talk about the sinners and the heathen that was going to miss the glory boat come Judgment Day.



The Reverend Appletree was whooping and howling like a crazy feller

The way he told it, you could just hear them unbelievers and blasphemers and heretics and backsliders howling bloody murder while Lucifer's gang sorted them out and plunked them into the fiery pit. It was plumb pitiful, he said, what was going to happen to them folks that hadn't never repented, and even though they was sinful and wicked and had it coming to them good and proper, he couldn't help feeling terrible sorry for them.

And I guess he really meant it, because even while he was preaching the tears was rolling down his face though it wasn't nothing to the way Miz Slocum and them ladies was blubbering and bawling, and even Ed Sprangley was crying like a baby.

And the reverend choked up so he couldn't hardly talk when he said how that terrible day was coming when Gabriel would stand up there on the hilltop and blow a mighty blast on his trumpet and all the departed would rise up to be judged and I seen Ed reach for his pocket just in time to grab his arm but it wasn't no use.

Because just when I was grabbing *Ed's* arm, the Reverend Appletree up and pulled out *his* hanky. And maybe this here Appletree had a sure-enough gift for preaching, but, believe me, it wasn't *nothing* compared to his gift for noseblowing! Like I said, he had the biggest nose I ever seen or likewise heard tell of, and he knowed how to make every inch of it count.

And I guess if I hadn't of been holding Ed's arm, Ed would of been able to step aside and let Charley go by, although he still would of had to do some tall stepping.

BECAUSE Appletree's nose wasn't no more than halfway blowed when Charley rose up out of that coffin, sheet and all, and lit out for the door like a scared bunny rabbit. And when he went by Ed, that there sheet whipped around Ed's ankles somehow, and Charley drug him clean out the door and two blocks down Main Street before the sheet come untangled from his legs.

Like I told Ed a couple of days later when he could sit up and see visitors, I figure he was just as lucky not to of stayed around with all them ladies screeching and fainting all over the store, and I figured his doctor bills wasn't no more than I paid to have the stove fixed that Appletree knocked over going out the back door.

And you might think how a lady as homely as Miz Slocum, that's a widow to boot, would be real grateful to the parties which fixed for her to meet her second husband. Because Appletree dislocated hisself in several places from not quite clearing the back fence, and by the time he was up and around, Miz Slocum had him hooked good and proper.

And, believe it or not, me and Ed didn't even get a in-vite to the wedding.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

WITH less pathos, we have a little poem by Mr. C. G. Carpenter, of Painesville, Ohio. It was inspired, no doubt, by our Amy Porter's piece in The Week's Work about Cover Artist Lawson Wood. Mr. Wood, as you indubitably know, lives in England. Mr. Carpenter composes as follows:

They say the people of England are a race
All possessing a dignified poker face,
Having no sense of humor at all—
Even can't understand our game of baseball.
But anyone seeing the animal covers.
Which on Collier's make animals our brothers
And make us laugh till we split our sides.
Decides that the English have their funny sides.
As shown by others besides Lawson Wood,
Who draws animals that are funny and good.
Let's have more of his animal covers by all means
Because they are all so clever and clean.

THAT'S all, except that Mr. Lew Foster dropped in from Dallas, Texas, on a recent Saturday and handed our cellmate, Photograph Editor Calvosa, a card. "It Will Be Done!" exclaimed the card. "Remember, please—Actioneer Lew Foster, Actioneering for American Commerce & Industry." Mr. Calvosa was quite alone at the time and couldn't think of anything for Mr. Foster to actioneer, but suggested he come back Monday when all the office cubicles would be humming with activity and crises. "That isn't the way I work," said Mr. Foster briskly. "On Monday I'll be in Philadelphia." . . . G. W.

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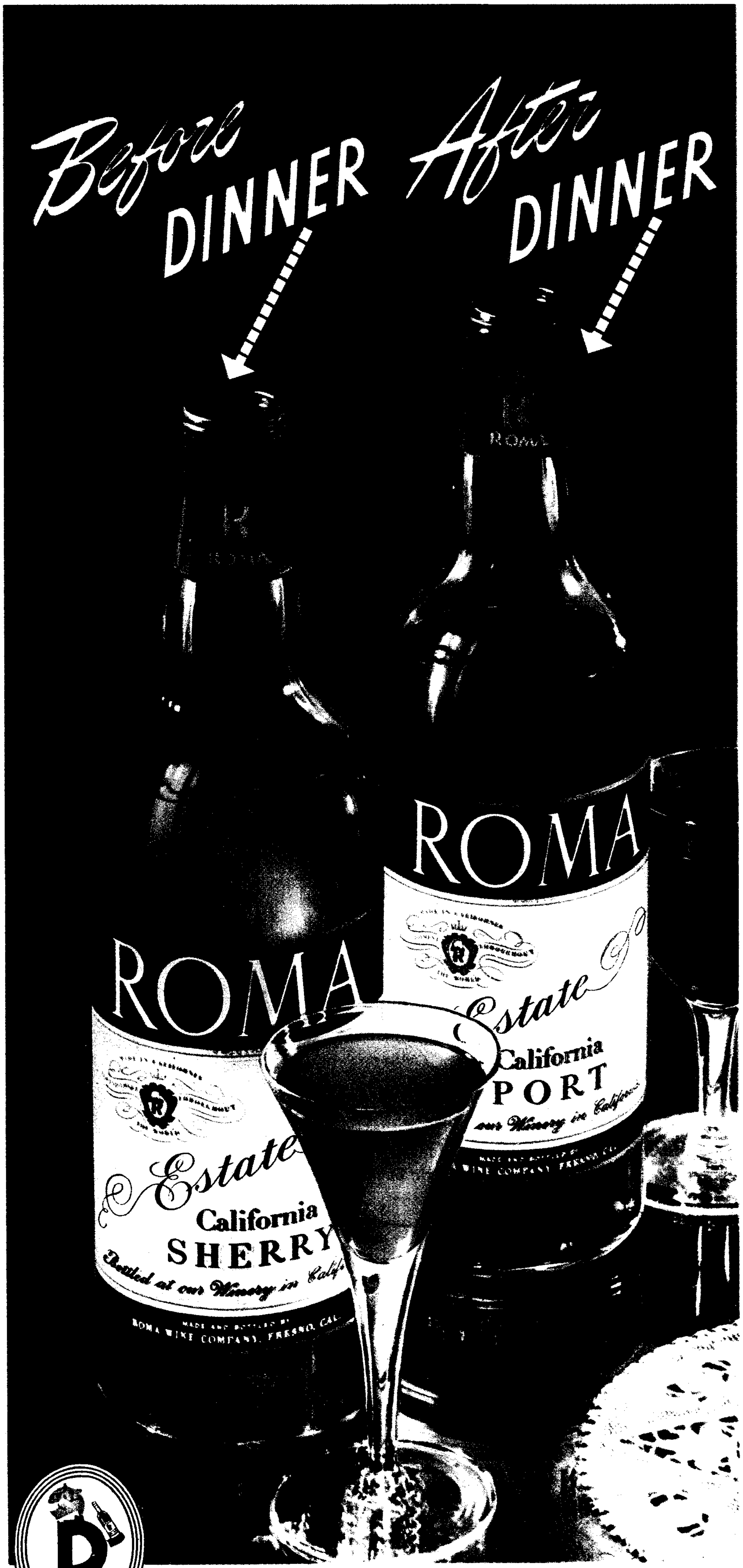
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MORE AMERICANS ENJOY **ROMA** THAN ANY OTHER WINES

Life With Oscar

Continued from page 18

The recent sale of the picture rights to Warner Brothers at a fabulous price and unprecedented conditions can or may net Oscar about three million more dollars in the next seven years. And rights to radio, amateur, stock and foreign stage performances, easily worth three million, have not yet been sold.

Thus safely entrenched, Serlin is proceeding with utmost caution, again in sharp contrast to the old days when he was surviving one Broadway disappointment after another. Strangely enough, he has no ambition to bestraddle Broadway as a theater colossus. His future production plans are modest, chiefly because nothing figures to surpass the value of his interest in Life With Father, and he devotes much time to watchdogging the property to make sure the Day family has no cause for "pulling the switch."

To that end, he has one of Broadway's best theatrical press agents, Harry Forwood, under exclusive contract to publicize only Life With Father and always in the best of taste. Katharine Day, affectionately called "Peg," is an invited onlooker at the Empire Theater regularly to see that the original high standard of script and production is maintained. Some $5,000 is spent annually refurbishing costumes and props, and to date Stewart Chaney's lush-plush, mid-Victorian interior set has been replaced twice.

No Tampering with Father!

Changes in stage business are never permitted, because they would be followed by script alterations, and soon the part of Father would reflect the actor's personality, rather than the character okayed by the Day family. As it is, a fixed characterization permits frequent changes of Fathers. Thus, the original delineation by Howard Lindsay has been duplicated by Stanley Ridges, Percy Waram, Louis Calhern, A. H. Van Buren, Edwin Cooper, Arthur Margetson, Carl Benton Reid and Harry Bannister. Father was established as a symbol of gentle domestic tyranny, recognized and loved by all.

Consistency again is reflected by the small army of boys who have recited the lines of the four redheaded sons. They have come and gone, understudied, replaced, outgrown or moved up, suffered voice changes, dyed hair and mishaps. A total of 75 have been tutored and mothered. Twenty of them have entered the Armed Forces, and one, Richard Ney, not only became a naval lieutenant, but also the husband of Greer Garson, which shows the unique possibilities of a part in the play.

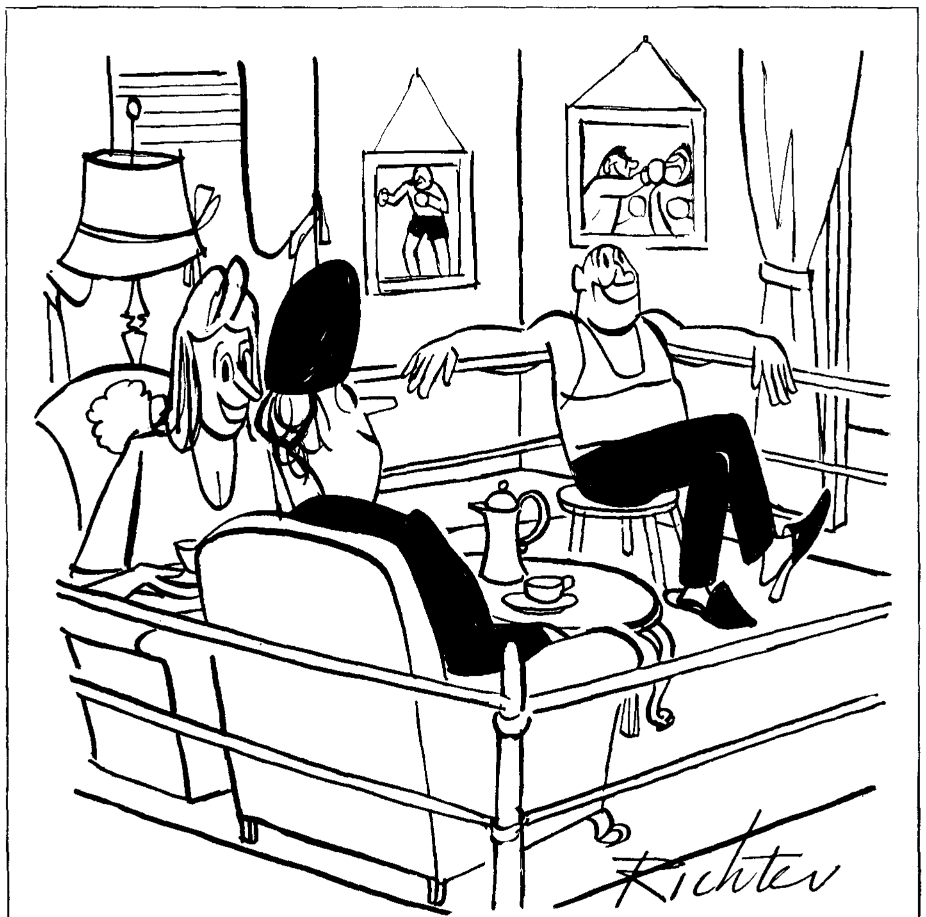
Eleven Vinnies have condoned Father's outbursts at the Empire and in the six road companies that have played nearly 200 cities, including repeat visits. After Dorothy Stickney came Dorothy Gish, Margalo Gilmore, Elaine Ivans, Muriel Kirkland, Nydia Westman, Lillian Gish (66 weeks in Chicago with Percy Waram), Viola Frayne, June Walker, Mary Loane and Betty Linley. None was starred. Each was a featured player billed equally with the male lead. Thus far, no critic has sunk to the depths of saying whether one pair of parents played better than another, which Serlin claims is the highest tribute to the original direction of Bretaigne Windust, plus his own determination to make all actors "stick to the script."

Nor have the spectators evinced any difference. Broadway statisticians report that to April 1st, a total of 2,360,000 had seen the show at the Empire, and 3,404,000 on the road. No other Broadway production has totaled 5,764,000 paid admissions before revivals, and none ever boasted as many "repeaters" as Father. The two-timers are legion, and triplers common.

To date the record holder is Miss Marya Waite, of Winnetka, Illinois, with thirty-seven known trips to see it in several cities, principally Chicago. A soldier, last ranked as Sergeant Bob Brugger, of the 359th A.A.A., bought a ticket to see Father thirty times before being shipped beyond reach of a box office. Third place is held by George Allison, who sat in on twenty-two performances of the Boston company which played there for 22 weeks the first time.

Little wonder that $8,284,198 had poured through the box offices as of April 1st. A glimpse at the following distribution shows why Serlin gave up gag-writing, movie jobs and a possible athletic career to become a producer.

Serlin	$1,160,000
Backers	1,160,000
Mrs. Day	377,500
Lindsay actor, author	368,750
Crouse	198,750
Empire (rent)	580,000
	$3,845,000



"Yes, Kayo did all the decorating and furnishing himself"

COLLIER S

MISCHA RICHTER

The total to Mrs. Day is paid to the Clarence Day estate, of which she is administrator and, with her 13-year-old daughter, Wanda, co-beneficiary. She manages to pay taxes and living costs from her own half so that the child will reach maturity with her father's posthumous legacy intact.

Until the breath-taking sale of picture rights was consummated, Broadway was willing to dismiss Serlin's bonanza as a prolonged streak of good luck. The pendulum was merely swinging the other way from the days when he was associated with such financial turkeys as Skidding, The Guinea Pig, Solitaire, Jade God—all in 1929—and Lost Sheep the following year. Through his Broken Dishes, considered a success in 1929, he was credited with discovering Bette Davis.

The heartbreaks were a rather ironic climax to a tough life that began in Yalowka (Grodno), Russian Poland. He was nine when his parents brought him to Chicago. The kids lost no time ridiculing his lack of English vocabulary, and then his attempts to master it. But he went through the Chicago public schools like a whirlwind and wound up in De Paul Academy and University.

While at school he not only practiced enunciation before a mirror, but did part-time work in theaters as candy butcher, usher, ticket taker and box-office man. At eighteen he was assistant manager of the Olympic Theater in Chicago, yet had time to become football captain and make the Cook County all-star team. He wrote a varsity play, Pals, and starred himself in it, and turned out a few vaudeville acts.

Fifteen years ago he was trying to raise money to produce a couple of plays for two friends, but missed the boat and the bonanza: the plays were Paul Osborn's The Vinegar Tree, and Moss Hart's Once in a Lifetime.

Then he was caught up in a Paramount net when that company took on a batch of "assistant producers." It was a living, but Serlin had his tongue in both cheeks.

Today Serlin's dark hair is brush-cut, but in his Paramount days it was long enough to toss back and emphasize his lengthy discourses on Russia's five-year plan and the Communistic philosophy in general. Holding forth at a restaurant in the Paramount Building basement in New York, he sometimes startled co-workers—Russ Holman, Dick Halliday, Ed Wall, John Hicks, Jr.—with predictions of dire political changes, but they liked him. He could turn on Polish, Russian or Yiddish to produce a laugh when his penchant for puns failed.

But very little was esoteric to Oscar, because he wound up as head of Paramount talent in the East and made "talent scout" a household term. He is blamed for sending such film fodder to Hollywood as Cary Grant, Olympe Bradna, Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour and Margo.

The Strength of an Idea

After joining up with David O. Selznick, he scouted for a Tom Sawyer and came up with Tommy Kelly. He turned down one juvenile candidate with a pun, "too pewcocious." He took part in the ballyhooey that accompanied the alleged search for a Scarlett O'Hara and then came upon the gem of sketches by Clarence Day, Life With Father, in book form. He had read many of them in magazines, but now the impact struck too deep to be disregarded. It was 1937, and Day had been dead two years, but Serlin wired to a literary agent, Annie Laurie Williams, to tie up the dramatic rights at once.

Serlin's move was almost ten years after Marc Connelly and Brock Pemberton had talked with Day about a Father play, but Oscar was the first to take definite steps. Miss Williams arranged the meeting with Mrs. Day, and the widow was frankly amazed to see a comparatively young man, earnest, alert and wholly unlike the legendary Broadway producer. For his efforts, Oscar received only verbal permission to go ahead, and he was warned that two other people were working on some kind of script.

Oscar worked fast, dug up an author who failed him. Then he hunted around and learned that Howard Lindsay had been wanting to dramatize the Father book. They agreed to combine forces, and their efforts.

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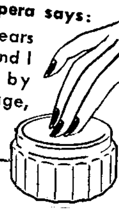

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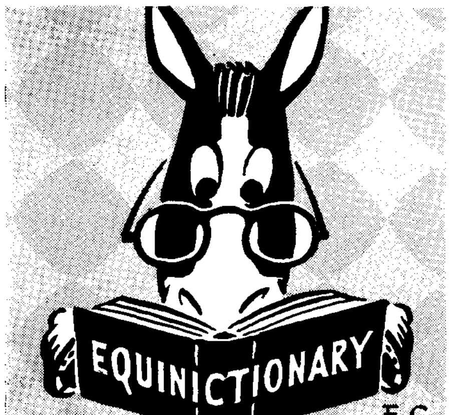

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after the help of countless aspirins and Russel Crouse, were finally whipped into something good enough for the Day family.

Picture companies were interested in Father when the sketches appeared in book form and Clarence Day was alive to enjoy the privilege of turning them down. Fox wanted it as a vehicle for Irvin S. Cobb, and Paramount hoped to build it around W. C. Fields!

Bids for the play began as soon as it had settled down in the Empire Theater as a hit, but wily Jake Wilk created his own inside track for Warner Brothers without asking or offering anything. Recognizing the intangible character of "ownership," he cleared the way as early as September by telephoning Leonard McLaughlin, manager of the Maryland Theater in Baltimore, and advising him to grab this Father play for a week. . . .

"On percentage," he added, "and you'll get a month's profit."

One day Lester Meyer, manager of the historic Empire Theater, called Wilk to present a problem:

"A kid named Serlin's got a costume play in Baltimore," Meyer confided, "and can't seem to get a New York Shubert house. He wants to come in here. We never let a show in here without a star. This thing has no star, and who is Serlin?"

"Forget all that," Wilk said, "and grab the play, or you'll make the biggest mistake in your life."

It would have been a half-million-dollar error, for that is what the theater realized in five years of starless nights.

Instead of plaguing Serlin with offers, Wilk assured him that Warner Brothers would stand ready to meet or top any offer for the film rights. Moreover, he advised Serlin to take his time.

What Wilk knew was that none of the three factions could sell the property without the consent of the others. Usually an author can force a film sale by getting a dollar more than the producer refuses. In this case the Day family had much to say about when the play was to be sold, to whom and for how much, proof of which lies in the fact that Warner Brothers' contract is not with Serlin.

While the picture offers were pouring in, as well as the cash to the Empire box office, Oscar tried his hand at a couple of productions. He adapted Molnar's The King's Maid in 1941, but it never reached New York. The following year he produced Steinbeck's The Moon Is Down, and critical disapproval was greatly assuaged by the sale of the movie rights for $300,000.

Serlin sweetened the rumors during the bidding sweepstakes for Father by announcing that he might produce the picture himself. This was not taken lightly, for he had proved his ability to defy the Shuberts by going into the Empire Theater and then outwitting them on the road where, through the United Booking Offices, they controlled and refused him the best legitimate houses. And so the picture bidding continued.

"I'll give him half of Hollywood, but oh, those Ten Commandments!" moaned Sam Goldwyn in disgust, and dropped from the race.

Mary Pickford offered $500,000 cash against 75 per cent of the profits.

Producing Artists, Inc., offered $600,000 against 50 per cent of the profits.

The co-authors broke out in nightly sweats as Serlin, now in the driver's seat, refused to sell. The Day family began to wonder what on earth he did expect to get.

Finally Oscar informed Wilk that they were ready to go to work on the price and conditions, which were more important than money. At the end of surprisingly peaceful negotiations, 72 pages of legal phraseology, signed in behalf of the Day estate, said in effect that Warner Brothers had *rented* the rights to Life With Father for seven years! And the bulk of the terms dealt with what could *not* be done.

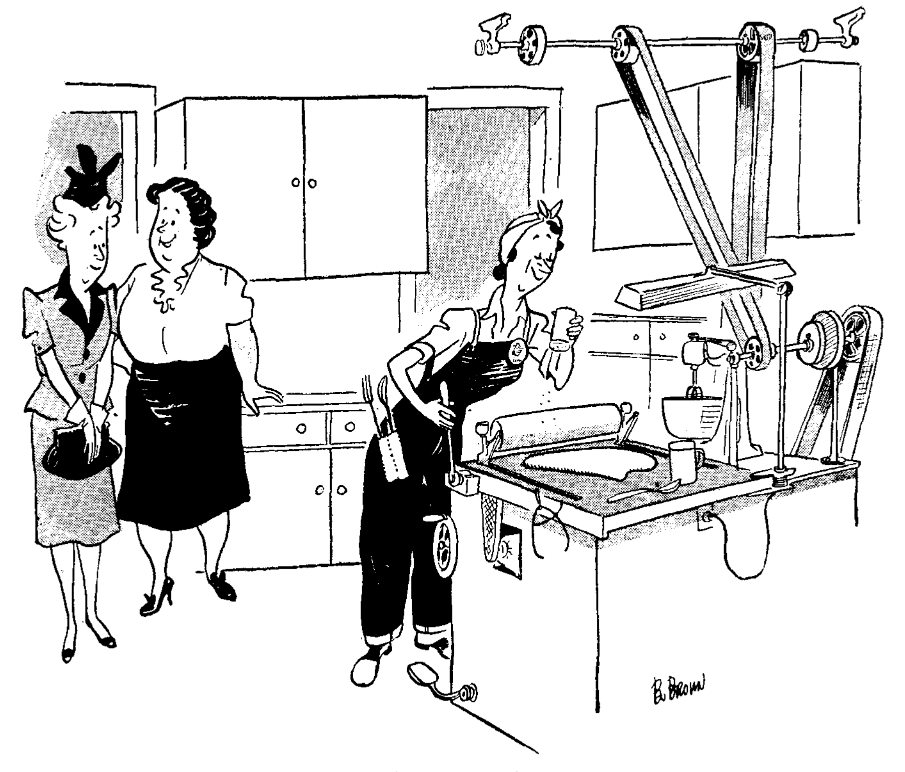
Something Worth Waiting For

For this privilege, Warners agreed to pay $100,000 immediately, $200,000 during the first week of 1945, and another $200,000 during the first week of 1946. Warners agreed to pay the owners 35 per cent of the gross receipts, after deducting 18 per cent for distribution, until Technicolor producing costs had been recaptured. After that, both parties would split the gross receipts evenly. If the picture eventually grosses $20,000,000, a reasonable estimate, some $6,000,000 will be realized by Oscar, Mrs. Day and the authors, minus the $500,000 "down."

Serlin, aside from being the most prominent member of the Litchfield County (Conn.) Farm Bureau, will be remembered as the producer who had the patience and courage to hold out for the best, and to those who would settle for less, he had a special message in the January issue of Theater Arts.

"The spirited young need the nutrition of the theater," he concluded. "We can aid them in the acquisition of joy and hope and belief in the future, and of the cultural habit of going to the theater where every day is Christmas. When that new day comes, the Broadway baboons will disappear with the trampled snow, the Lindy Landsmans will be swept back to their bagels and racing forms, and the young, with dynamite in their souls, courage in their hearts and juice in their veins, will reflect their world in their theater!"

THE END



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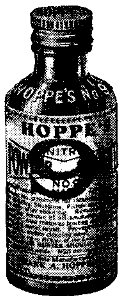

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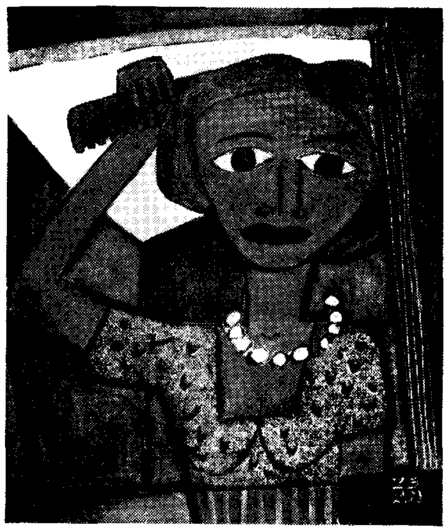
The Week's Work



Irs. Ed Zern—painted by Mr. Ed Zern

WHEN Stanley Ross' mother decided, one summer about ten years ago, to take a roomer into the fam- / home at Far Rockaway, Long Island, she arted the chain of events that led her son to his career as a Latin-American correondent, lecturer and author. (He wrote azi Nest Eggs in Argentina, p. 13.)

The roomer chanced to be a talkative enezuelan of a revolutionary turn of mind. ıd young Stanley was an eager listener hen this dashing caballero and his friends lked and argued about plots and plans for :aling with dictators on dark nights.

"I soaked up a lot of cops-and-robbers usions about affairs in South America," oss says, "but my interest was solid enough make me study Spanish in a serious way ıd to start me to reading books on Panmerican problems."

After college, Stanley got himself a job as litor of a semiweekly newspaper near his ɔme, while his friend, the Venezuelan, after me success in Wall Street, bought an old anish ship and sailed southward to take ırt in the violent overthrow of the Gomez gime in Venezuela.

Ross plugged away at several routine newsıper jobs for a while and then, impatient to : in on South America's adventures, paid , own way to Venezuela, where he soon ɔund plenty of work to do as a correspondıt for the New York Times, the Associ- :ed Press, BBC and NBC.

Later, during a fifteenıonth stay in Argentina, : was the only United tates citizen admitted to ıe secret meetings of the ro-Allied underground orınization, through which e gathered information for lazi Nest Eggs.

Some of his youthful ɔps-and-robbers dreams ıaterialized. He was inrumental in causing the rrest of the chief of a ierman espionage organiation, whom he had known ɔr some time as a "Danish lk-stocking salesman," nd, in regulation advenıre-story style, it was a :alous woman who tipped im off to the true identity f the phony salesman.

He was present at meetıgs where underground 'orkers made noise bombs. ı worker would hold one f these harmless giant firerackers concealed inside a ants leg, walk out into the :reet and let the thing slide own into a trolley track. /hen the trolley came long, the bomb would ex'ode with a tremendous ıcket—without injury to nyone—and as a crowd athered, another worker ould distribute "Viva Deıocracy" circulars. All this s a substitute for the free ress Argentina does not ave.

Once he was arrested, and another time, with police surrounding his home, he escaped to Brazil. Argentine officials wanted to force him to tell how he evaded the country's censorship, a question he couldn't answer without endangering his underground friends.

Ross, in New York now, is the Latin-American editor of the Overseas News Agency. He would like to see this country apply economic pressure to force Argentina to quit giving aid to the Nazis.

ISABELLA TAVES, author of Orders from Hollywood, p. 44, was the heroine in a number of short stories and in a novel before she ever wrote any fiction herself.

Her strange introduction to fiction occurred when she was a student in the English classes of Bernard de Voto at Northwestern University. De Voto used her as the model for the flighty flapper who skittered through the pages of his early work.

Seeing herself in print that way inspired her to try writing some things herself. They didn't get published, but De Voto encouraged her. She went on to various newspaper and magazine jobs in Chicago and New York, but always writing fact, not fiction. Now, she says, she has abandoned fact forever in favor of the pleasure of making things up out of her head. The background for Orders from Hollywood is factual, however, acquired while she was covering a movie story.

Isabella Taves

Stanley Ross

WHEN we asked Ed Zern (Gangway for Gabriel, p. 14) for a photograph, he replied with the fine irrelevance he displays in his fiction. "I haven't any pictures of myself," he wrote, "but I am sending you a portrait of my wife, which I painted recently. It's not very flattering but even semi-abstract she is purtier than I am. Judge for yourself.

"Several years ago," Zern continued, "I acquired a portable typewriter and almost immediately unearthed a vast nation-wide conspiracy to keep Ed Zern unpublished. This forced me to earn a very good living thinking up fancy reasons why people should buy things and writing them down in limpid prose for an advertising agency. At present, I am employed by Warner Brothers Pictures, in a capacity which is not entirely clear to anybody.

"Prior to this, I spent a year as a seaman on freighters, where I learned to tell a bosun from a barnacle, also that bay rum strained through a loaf of bread still tastes like bay rum.

"I am currently finishing a book on fishing, titled How to Tell Fish from Fisherman ($1.50 at all better bookstores)." . . . A. P.

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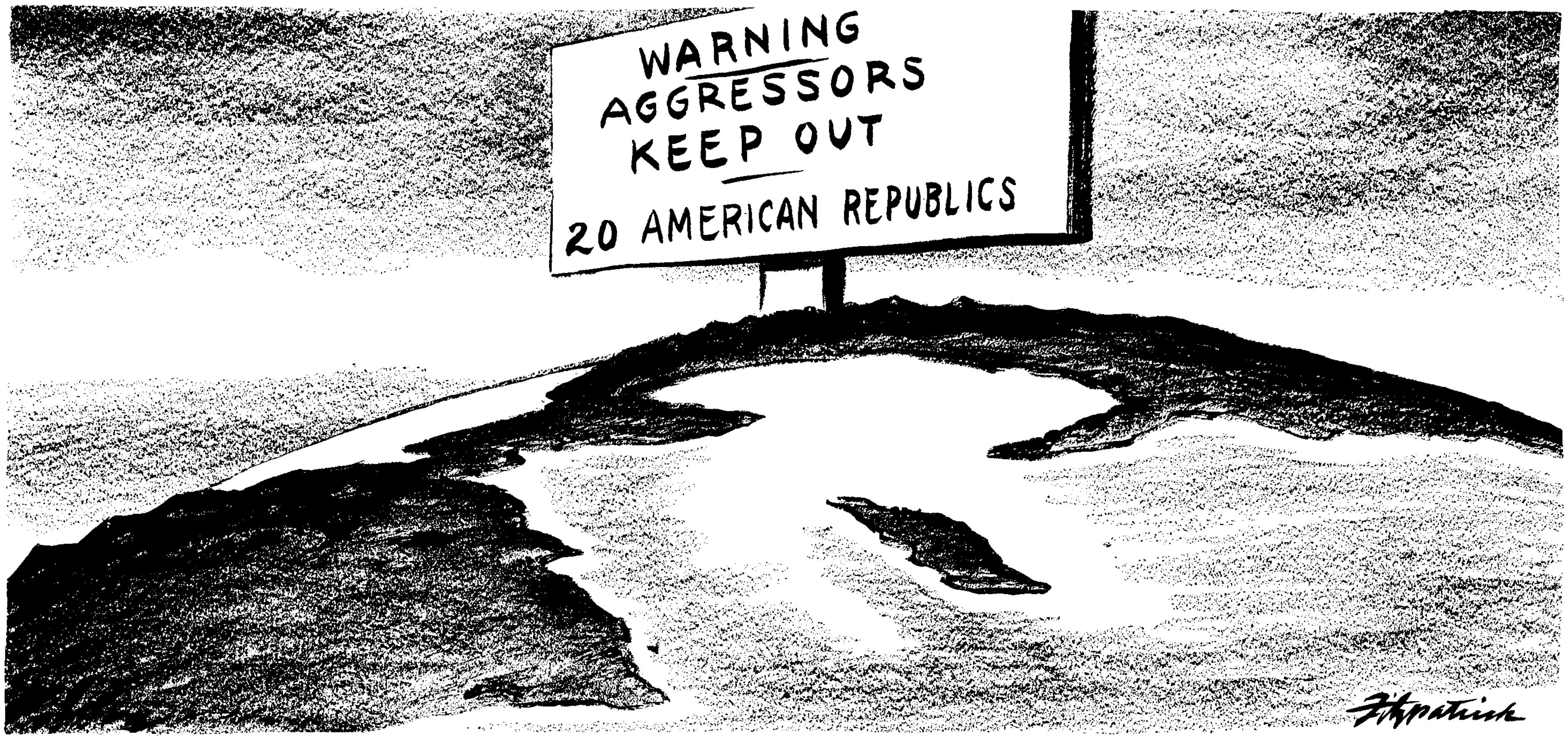


UNITED HEMISPHERE

THE ACT OF CHAPULTEPEC, so called, seems to us full of promise, both short-range and long-range. It is, you'll recall, the agreement entered into at Mexico City early in March by twenty of the twenty-one North American republics, Argentina being the missing one.

In effect for the duration of the war, the document is a contract of mutual defense against aggressors from inside or outside the Western Hemisphere. Action by the contracting nations against aggressors can be anything from recall of ambassadors or ministers to use of arms.

After the war, it is planned to turn the Act of Chapultepec into a formal treaty, with the United States Senate's okay requested.

Thus in large part comes true the dream of a Western Hemisphere united for self-defense and the preservation of hemisphere peace—a dream first dreamed by Woodrow Wilson 31 years ago.

The long-range aspect of it is this: There has now come into at least temporary existence an international organization embracing the greater part of half the world—though the smaller half, to be sure, as regards land area. If this organization works, its success should augur at least a chance of success for the all-world organization to keep the peace which is expected to be set up after this war.

If the world organization fails, and the world splits up into regional groups of nations clustering around the United States, the British Empire and Russia—well, this Act of Chapultepec has already mapped out for us the regional group to which we shall logically belong. And the thing has been done by free and voluntary consent of twenty of the twenty-one nations concerned, with the door left open to Argentina to come on in when and if it feels like coming in. The Act turns the Monroe Doctrine from a one-sided policy of our country alone into a policy of the overwhelming majority of Western Hemisphere republics and tacitly invites Argentina to join in that policy.

The short-range aspect of the Act of Chapultepec is that it constitutes polite but firm notice to the Argentines to stay off other people's toes and act like the members of the Western Hemisphere community that by right and by geography they are.

Altogether, the project has far-ranging possibilities, and Senate Foreign Affairs Chairman Tom Connally (Dem., Texas) would seem not to have overstated the case when he predicted that the Act of Chapultepec would probably become one of the great state papers of our history.

ESSENCE OF DEMOCRACY

WE WERE remarking in a recent editorial that freedom of the press in a democracy is not just a privilege bestowed on the press; that it is of the essence of democracy itself.

The proposition, we find, is impressively borne out by the noted Chinese writer and observer, Lin Yutang, in his new book, The Vigil of a Nation (published by John Day Co., N. Y., 1945, 262 pages, 18 illustrations, 1 map, $2.75).

Doctor Lin's book is an account, and an interesting one, of a six-months trip in China a little over a year ago. In his last chapter, the author looks over Chiang Kai-shek's part of China, and thinks in print about what is wrong with it and what is right.

One of its chief weaknesses, he feels, is that it does not have a free press; that all newspapers, magazines and books printed in Chiang's giant jurisdiction must be submitted to the government censors before publication, and that anything the censors rule out automatically goes out.

The Chiang government is not totalitarian, not despotic, according to Doctor Lin; it is merely too paternalistic in a well-meaning sort of way. It tries too hard to guide the people, and does not try hard enough to stimulate them to think for themselves. And because the press cannot talk back, the people don't talk back or hit back—though they do as much joking among themselves about the Chiang government's poppa-knows-best attitude as we Americans do in similar circumstances.

Lin sums up his opinion of the situation in these words:

> Freedom of the press is more important than the enactments of laws and constitutions. People who do not know how to talk against their government do not deserve a democracy. And the best government in the world, when it is deprived of the goading of democratic "gadflies," soon gets bored with its own virtues and dies of inanity. I sometimes think God Himself created Satan because He was so sick of the singing and flattering angels and wanted to save Himself from boredom. If the kingdom of heaven cannot do without opposition, how much less can a human secular government?

And that is what the shouting is about whenever the American press or any part thereof steps out to fight some threat to its freedom. It isn't fighting only for its freedom. It is also fighting for yours.

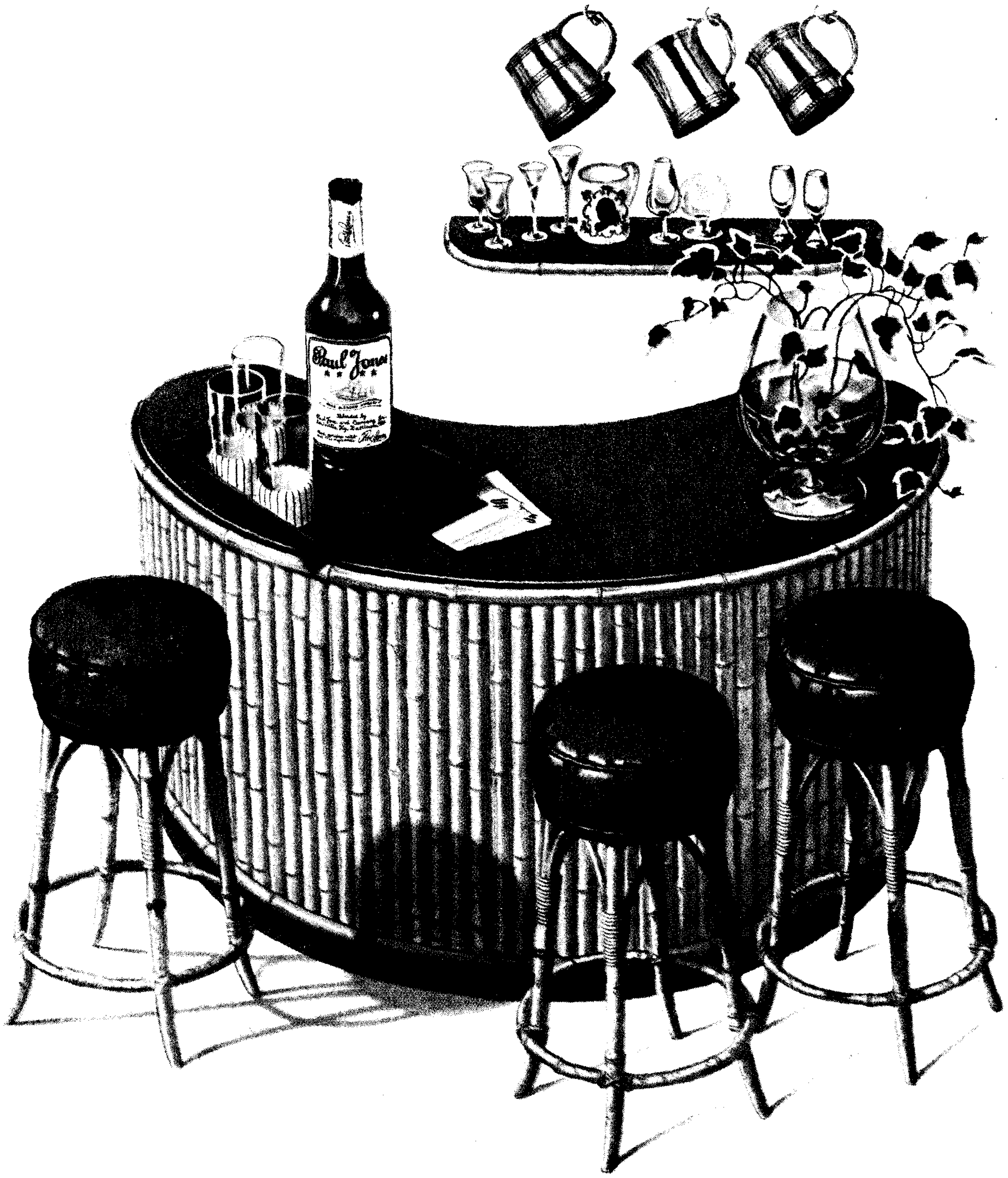
BETTER STAY INFORMED

MAJOR GENERAL William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, World War I daredevil and World War II head of the Office of Strategic Services, proposes that after this war we maintain some kind of central intelligence service.

It would not be a spy system, according to Donovan. It would be a centralized outfit that would gather international information which now drifts in to our government via a dozen or so Washington agencies without being sifted, co-ordinated or put in correct focus.

We'd say Wild Bill was talking sense on this subject, and that he ought to have Congress' careful attention.

One caution, though: We should on no account have in this country a big, all-inclusive merger of the F.B.I., Secret Service, and so on. Such an organization, however good its original intentions, might, under certain circumstances, become imbued with Gestapo and OGPU ideas. In the hands of some administration which didn't think much of American constitutional liberties anyway, it could become a weapon for the enslavement of all of us. Donovan avers that his plan envisions no such over-all intelligence organization. If Congress accepts Donovan's proposal, it should make that part of it official, unmistakable and nondetourable.



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